

COSMOPOLITAN

August 1952 • 35¢



JULIE HARRIS — From Finishing School to Stardom

August 1952 • 35¢

COSMOPOLITAN

Here's refreshment ...real refreshment

Each frosty bottle tells you why the tingling,
delicious goodness of Coca-Cola is so refreshing—
so welcome everywhere. Serve Coke ice cold,
right in the bottle. You like it that way
and so will your friends.



Chlorophyll—Green Magic

BY ELEANOR K. FELDER

CHLOROPHYLL PRODUCTS are painting the country green. An infant industry only a few years ago, chlorophyll products brought in \$35,000,000 in 1951. In 1952 sales are expected to top \$100,000,000.

Like small boys flocking to the circus, manufacturers are rushing to market with chlorophyll items. No fewer than 150 are on druggists shelves today, taking in everything from shampoo to foam-rubber innersoles. The list also includes deodorant tablets and lozenges, tooth paste, chewing gum, skin ointments, mouthwash, cologne, cigarettes, antacids, toilet paper, and dog food.

THE CONSUMER, who is being swept off his feet by the green tidal wave, is being told that chlorophyll will deodorize the breath and the body, assist in wound-healing, inhibit the formation of dental decay, and act as a body-tissue stimulant. Quite a billing--but the consumer seems to believe it. Reorders on, for instance, chlorophyll tooth paste have reached unprecedented new highs.

CHLOROPHYLL'S SUCCESS STORY has been a long time in the making. When research first began, scientists were seeking an explanation of why chlorophyll makes leaves green and enables plants to transform water and carbon dioxide into oxygen. Unexpectedly, chlorophyll's healing and deodorizing properties came to light. But in its natural state, chlorophyll is oil soluble, rather than water soluble, and thus cannot be absorbed by the human body. "If you could just pick some leaves and have an internal deodorant, it would be easy," one manufacturer explained. "But it doesn't work that way. A

Chlorophyll—Green Magic *(continued)*

vegetarian with bad breath is still a vegetarian with bad breath."

THE STORY BEGAN WITH Finnish-born Dr. Benjamin Gruskin's experiments with water-soluble chlorophyll. Performed at Temple University under a grant from the Lakeland Foundation, Dr. Gruskin's research into chlorophyll's therapeutic and deodorizing properties culminated, in 1938, in a patent in his name, owned by the Lakeland Foundation. In 1941 the Rystan Company bought license rights from the foundation, and in 1945 it bought the patent outright. The first Rystan product, a chlorophyll ointment, appeared in 1945. It scored a large success in military medicine, being especially successful in stimulating tissue repair and healing stubborn, foul-smelling wounds.

THE FIRST DISPLAYS on drugstore counters of chlorophyll products designed for the public were as sparse and timid as the first green leaves of spring. Within an amazingly short time, the warmth of public acceptance promoted a lush, tropical growth. Chlorophyll sales have now reached such heights that the Federal Food and Drug Administration is planning to set standards for the various products. First the FDA will have to tackle a few knotty questions: What is chlorophyll and what is the difference in material coming from various sources; and how much chlorophyll should a product contain?

ON THE MEDICAL SIDE, meanwhile, chlorophyll's deodorizing properties have been confirmed in treating colostomies and bone infections.

Its healing properties have been demonstrated on such skin troubles as burns, bedsores, and leg ulcers.

From the dentist's point of view, chlorophyll is on the way to being approved as an inhibitor of gum troubles and tooth decay.

Thus chlorophyll has become one of the most fabulous successes in drug history. And we can all be sure there'll be lots more of it in our future.

THE END

Rather be "Cut Out" or "Cut In"?



So much depends on You

SOMETIMES a very small thing spells the difference between neglect and popularity. Take Jennie's case. It's typical. It might be *you*. At almost every party the boys simply cut Jennie out . . . danced with her once, if at all, then snubbed and ignored her. And she, poor, bewildered child, never suspected what her trouble* was. Once she found out and corrected it . . . My! . . . how the boys came flocking!

Why Risk It?

Why let *halitosis (bad breath) put you in a bad light when Listerine Antiseptic is such a wonderful, *extra-careful* precaution against it? Listerine Antiseptic

is the proven precaution that countless popular people rely on.

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine and bad breath is stopped. Instantly! Delightfully! And usually for hours on end. Never, never omit it before any date where you want to be at your best.

Four Times Better Than Chlorophyll Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste

A nationally known, independent research laboratory reports: Listerine Antiseptic averaged at least four times more effective in reducing breath odors than three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes . . . stopped bad breath up to six hours and more.

That is, up to three to four times longer than any of the tooth paste or chlorophyll products by actual test!

Stops Bad Breath For Hours

You see, Listerine instantly kills millions of the very mouth germs that cause the most common type of bad breath . . . the kind that begins when germs start tiny food particles to fermenting in the mouth and on the teeth.

So, when you want that *extra assurance* about your breath, trust to Listerine Antiseptic, the proven, germ-killing method that so many popular, fastidious people rely on. Make it a part of your passport to popularity.

THE EXTRA-CAREFUL PRECAUTION AGAINST BAD BREATH . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL ★ FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN TOOTH PASTE

Picture of the Month

It will probably surprise you—as it did us—to learn that M-G-M's splendid picturization of "Ivanhoe" is the very first filming of the famed novel by Sir Walter Scott. For if ever there was a story of love and high adventure that was meant for the screen—and for Technicolor—"Ivanhoe" is that story.



To bring the beloved book to life, M-G-M sent a company to England to film "Ivanhoe" on the actual scenes of the story. They recreated the whole medieval pageant, complete with Norman palaces and moated walls; put thousands of archers into the fields adjoining Sherwood Forest; captured the very fire and spirit of the well-remembered characters. It's all there—as the minstrels sang about it, and the legends told about it, and Sir Walter Scott with his inspired pen wrote about it.

The story, of course, concerns the romantic adventures of the Saxon knight, Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe. You discover him disguised as a troubador in search of his captured king, Richard the Lion-Hearted. His quest leads him to a jousting tourney at Ashby where he is the mysterious black-armored horseman who vanquishes the best of the Norman knights.

At the storming of the castle of Torquilstone, you follow him in a flaming assault that frees the raven-haired Rebecca and the fair Rowena from the dungeon and the torture chamber. Finally, in the breathless Trial by Combat, you witness his clash with the wicked Du Bois-Guilbert. All the glory and terror of the era come to a climax in this mortal conflict which called for the weapons of broadsword and battle-mace. A woman's life and a king's throne tremble on the outcome.

Every role in the long roster is brilliantly cast and played. As "Ivanhoe", Robert Taylor is at his dashing best. Elizabeth Taylor is incredibly lovely as Rebecca. And Joan Fontaine is superb as the blonde and queenly Rowena. Around them storm the events and excitements of the Glory Age.

To all the millions in whose hearts there is the remembered joy of reading "Ivanhoe" and to the few who may have missed that unforgettable thrill, we say: "The word is GO! See 'Ivanhoe!'"

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents Sir Walter Scott's "IVANHOE" starring ROBERT TAYLOR, ELIZABETH TAYLOR, JOAN FONTAINE, GEORGE SANDERS, EMLYN WILLIAMS in color by Technicolor. Screen play by Noel Langley. Adaptation by Aeneas MacKenzie. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Pandro S. Berman.

COSMOPOLITAN

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COVER Julie Harris was photographed by Karen Radkai, who reports that the actress was a very challenging subject. Miss Radkai found herself seeing two personalities at once—the dreamy adolescent of "The Member of the Wedding" and the sophisticated playgirl of "I Am A Camera." Eventually she succeeded in blending them nicely into a portrait that reveals a third personality: the real Julie Harris.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE HEARST CORPORATION, 57TH STREET AT EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N.Y. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IN UNITED STATES AND POSSESSIONS, AND CANADA, \$9.50. RE-ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, MARCH 25, 1952, AT THE POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, N.Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879, AUTHORIZED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL, POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, CANADA. COPYRIGHT 1952, BY THE HEARST CORPORATION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED UNDER TERMS OF THE FOURTH AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION OF ARTISTIC AND LITERARY COPYRIGHT.

DANDRUFF? UNMANAGEABLE HAIR? FRIZZY PERMANENT?

CREAM-TONE YOUR HAIR

to radiant loveliness... at home tonight... with

NEW Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing

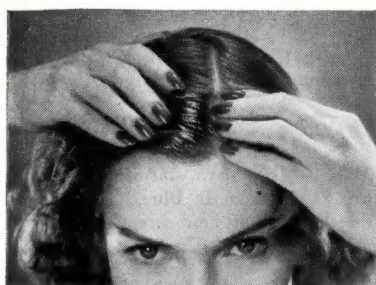
NOW'S the time to do something about distressing dandruff... hard to manage hair... a stiff, brittle permanent! Now's the time to give your hair CREAM-TONE care with new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing! It's the new amazing way to soften, soothe and beautify hair and make it extra manageable as well.

And here's news! You *can* CREAM-TONE your hair to radiant loveliness right at home! You don't have to soak your head in hot, smelly oils. No fussing with wet towels. CREAM-TONING is pleasant, relaxing, easy, simple and it works wonders with scalp and hair.

You'll love Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing, the exciting new product that makes CREAM-TONING possible. It's so smooth, so creamy, so flower-fragrant, flower-pink! It's a blend of soothing lanolin, costly cholesterol and other precious ingredients that do so much for hair and scalp!

CREAM-TONING is GUARANTEED... or *Double Your Money Back!* That's right! Unless you agree that CREAM-TONING gives you a cleaner scalp, more radiant hair, return empty bottle and get *double your money back*. Get Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing today.

Cream-Toning is easy... follow these simple steps!



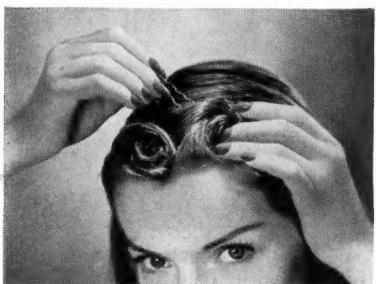
1 Brush hair vigorously. Part it section by section, rubbing Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing thoroughly along each part. Let the lanolated oils soothe, caress your scalp.



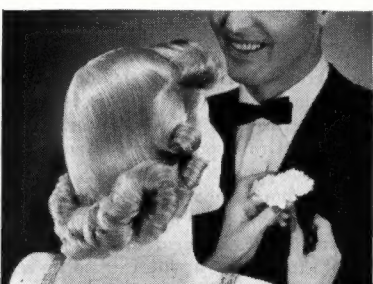
2 Continue rubbing until both scalp and hair are cream-washed, cream-toned. The rich oils in Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing work their way to the very ends of hair.



3 Leave this creamy lotion in the hair for a few minutes, a half-hour or all night. Then shampoo with Lady Wildroot Shampoo that cuts grease, floods away loose dandruff.



4 Now look at the results! Note how pink and clean the scalp is... how soft and pliable every strand of hair. Waves are now easy to set... need very little coaxing.



5 Whatever the problem...dandruff...stiff, dry hair...frizzy permanent...let CREAM-TONING solve it...give you lovelier, more manageable, more glamorous hair.



HAIR CARE HINTS FROM *Lady Wildroot*

Every day, rub a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing along the part, at the temple. Then brush vigorously...and see how easily your hair stays in place!

Between Cream-Toning... use

Lady Wildroot for quick touch-ups and to keep hair well-groomed.

When shampooing... if you lack time for CREAM-TONING, add a teaspoonful of Lady Wildroot to your final rinse, to wash away snarls and tangles.

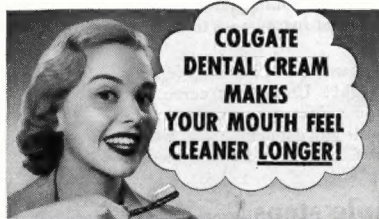
Today

... stop at your favorite store and get a bottle of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing and a bottle of Lady Wildroot Shampoo and start CREAM-TONING loveliness into your hair.

Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing... 50¢ and \$1 sizes

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
STOPS
BAD BREATH
AND
STOPS DECAY
BEST!

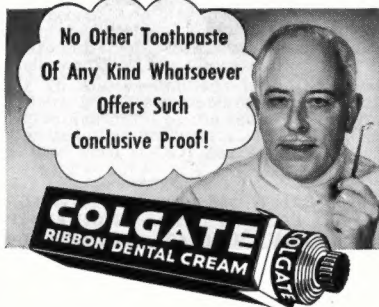
Colgate's Instantly Stops Bad Breath
 In 7 Out of 10 Cases
 That Originate in the Mouth!



It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth! Brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream gives you a clean, fresh mouth *all day long!* Scientific tests prove in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate's *instantly* stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. No other toothpaste has proved so completely it stops bad breath. No other cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!



Yes, the best way is the Colgate way! In fact, brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today. The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! Yes, to help stop bad breath and tooth decay at the same time, the *best* way is the *Colgate* way!



**PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S
 WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!**

What Goes On at Cosmopolitan

Money rains down, we uncover the anti-Communist underground, discover the sandwich, and lay previous claim to Broadway's newest miss

Gourmet roller coaster

Eating is a hobby beside which even birdwatching pales, John Sharnik tells us. Author of "Flying Sandwiches," on page 62, Sharnik has eaten all over Europe and has done considerable munching in the United States.

Sergeant Sharnik discovered food during the war, when he hit France, Belgium, and other countries on staff assignments for *Stars & Stripes*. The war ended, but Sharnik kept on eating and eventually discovered the sandwich as made by Davidsen's restaurant in Denmark.

"Davidsen's," Sharnik advised us earnestly, "is to the sandwich what Cellini was to silverware."

We had the feeling that at the moment Sharnik was so transported by visions of delicacies that he couldn't even see us—a feeling that rapidly proved to be a fact when we inquired if he knew an old friend of ours who'd been on *Stars & Stripes*. Sharnik brightened. "Good old Bill!" he said. "I'll never forget the terrific roast we had on May 14, 1949! The wine, a red, was perfect. A good year . . ."

Oh, well, we figured philosophically (as our girl brought in our ham on rye and container of coolish coffee), there are times people see us and times they don't.

Double your money!

The delirious fact that money really does grow on trees has definitely been established by two young writers, Leonard Praskins and Barney Slater, whose story, "It Grows on Trees," appeared in last month's *COSMOPOLITAN*.

The proof? The Praskins-Slater opus has also been bought by the movies. Irene Dunne and Dean Jagger will be its stars.

With recent *COSMOPOLITAN* stories selling to the movies like peanuts at a circus, there are afterhour evenings at our desks when we get the eerie feeling that the movies are peering over our shoulder, itching to snatch our newest story and speed it to the Coast. Last week, in the silent watches of the editorial evening, we misplaced our eraser for five minutes. "Those Hollywood people!" we found ourselves muttering in pleased exasperation.

Anti-Communist revolt

In his eye-opening article, "They Live to Revolt," Tris Coffin discloses the work-

ings of a powerful anti-Communist underground within Russia.

Author of best-selling *Missouri Compromise*, Coffin keeps close tabs on the Washington scene and thereby sniffed an explosive story at the Conference on Psychological Strategy in the Cold War. Constantin W. Boldryeff, professor of Russian at Georgetown University, had, at the Conference, mentioned a seemingly incredible possibility—the overthrow of the Communists within Russia.

Through Boldryeff, Coffin managed to meet a group of Russian escapees in New York and was put in touch with a handful of underground agents from Russia.

Beginning on page 81, we give you Tris Coffin's astounding and encouraging story of anti-Communism at work on Communism's home ground.

Coming Events

Twenty-three-year-old man-dazzling Maggie McNamara, star of the Broadway hit, "The Moon Is Blue," has just had inserted in her new screen contract the



Dazzling Maggie McNamara

stipulation that she can't be "changed or altered into Hollywood's idea of a glamorous girl."

Maggie used to model for *COSMOPOLITAN*, and you'll see her again on our September cover and in our fashion pages. As she is a girl who overwhelmingly represents the best in male taste we think—and we're sure you'll think—that the reservation was extremely wise.

Another *COSMOPOLITAN* event to watch for in September is novelist Owen Camerun's complete murder mystery, the suspenseful "Catch a Tiger."

DEAR COSMOPOLITAN READER:

A maxim of magazine publishing has it that no publication containing fact, fiction, art work, and advertising can be produced without "runover." The term runover, an expression peculiar to our business, applies to that age-old irritant that asks a reader to start a story on one page and then "please turn to page 110" for the rest of it. As you will see, this issue of COSMOPOLITAN has defied that maxim and eliminated runovers.

This issue has also added more features, more pictures, and more color, without sacrificing any of the fiction that has made COSMOPOLITAN a perennial favorite of short-story writers and readers.

If you have already looked through this issue, you have probably noticed the face-lifting. Perhaps you would like to know how it happened and why. Many years ago, before the family car, radio, and long before the exciting new medium of television, magazines almost singlehandedly filled a great void in family entertainment. Leisure hours were spent thumbing through pages, allowing a reader's imagination to wander in the company of great authors and thinkers. Today's reader still demands good writing and material that will excite the imagination in a way the written word alone can supply, but, in these times of daily tensions, worry, and struggle, he wants that material served up quickly, easily, and with a minimum of strain on his time.

The editors of COSMOPOLITAN are very much aware of the increased tempo of daily living. In order to meet this need, we have streamlined our magazine. More features, more information, more entertainment to provide nourishment for hungry imaginations.

This editorial concept began with the periodic inventory editors make to find out whether a magazine's contents capture reader interest to the full. In the earliest of these self-improvement sessions, fiction, article, and art editors tumbled over each other with ideas. Three months later, after the editors spent countless nights in the layout offices surrounded by mounds of cartoons, illustrations, photographs, layouts of experimental magazines, the August COSMOPOLITAN, guidepost to more exciting reading, was born.

We believe this magazine expresses an American way of life hopefully, optimistically, and subtly. This is not a magazine of rules. We are not primarily interested in telling our readers "how to." We seek only our readers' imaginations. We claim no other medium—whether it be radio, television, or motion pictures—can usurp the power of the modern written word to fire your imagination and free it of the cobwebs of daily living. This magazine is the only magazine that accomplishes this end. We hope you like it.

Sincerely,

JOHN J. O'CONNELL
EDITOR

IF HE TOOK HIMSELF TO THE THEATRE...

...HE'D CHANGE TO STOPETTE

Poof!

there goes perspiration

Stopette
THE ORIGINAL
SPRAY DEODORANT

If you went out with yourself, would your pleasure be dimmed by traces of perspiration? Remember . . . tension, excitement, even the fun of having fun can cause an unexpected surge of perspiration.

Dr. Jules Montenier, the noted cosmetic chemist, has provided—for this very reason—an extra Margin of Safety in Stopette. No surge of perspiration need embarrass you.

One quick squeeze of Stopette's flexi-plastic bottle—and Poof! there goes perspiration, effectively throughout your longest day. No other deodorant makes it so easy to be so sure.

Two sizes: \$1.25 plus tax and 60c plus tax
Wherever good cosmetics are sold

JULES MONTENIER, INC., CHICAGO



Dorothy and Dick's NEW YORK

AN INTIMATE VIEW OF MANHATTAN WITH KILGALLEN
AND KOLLMAR, NEW YORK'S MOST FAMOUS COUPLE

New York is a continuous newsreel—heaven for rubbernecks and the greatest place in the world for taking a walk.

In one hour on one bright afternoon, it is par for the course to bump into the former king of England walking his dog, observe Ethel Merman buying a screw driver in a Sixth Avenue hardware store, and overhear Marlene Dietrich, at a Bergdorf Goodman counter, throatily intone: "No, thank you; I'm just looking."

Turn a corner at three in the morning, and you suddenly discover that the lanky fellow coming out of the little bistro with his arm around a pretty girl is Dan Dailey. Go to Central Park, and the lithe gray-haired man sniffing the ozone as if it were a novelty is Walter Winchell, and the snappy blonde with the two tow-headed children is Betty Hutton. Pause at a bookstore window, and the reflection next to yours is the bearded image of Christopher Morley; board a crosstown bus, and the patrician profile beside you belongs to Basil Rathbone.

It's hard to tell at times whether you're in a salon or a saloon. Kyle McDonnell, the piquant night-club singer, recently decided to give her spirits a lift by changing the color of her hair. She ankled into one of Gotham's most elegant beauty parlors and asked to look at the color chart.

The hair shades listed were Martini
I.N.P.



Her eyelashes almost knocked him over.

Blonde, Benedictine, Champagne, Dubonnet Blonde, etc.

Kyle ordered a whisky and soda and decided to become a Martini Blonde.

My husband has dined with Dinah Shore, played games (parlor type) with

Joan Crawford, and danced with Ginger Rogers without losing his breath. Even after an evening with Hedy Lamarr his temperature was still 98.6° Fahrenheit.

But the day he met Garbo was the day he flipped. He came home with stars in his eyes, fever on his cheeks, and knots in his speech.

He reported, in about five thousand rapturous words, that she wore no lipstick, her coloring was fabulous, her features flawless, and when she lowered her eyelashes they almost knocked him over.

When I tossed him the wifely one about what did she have on? he recoiled as if I had said something sordid.

"I was looking at her face," he said.

Dorothy

Fifty-second Street, the cradle of jazz in the thirties, is now the old-age home of burlesque, and the spots that once featured hot bands are devoted to girlie shows of similar temperature. But the divas of these cellars are not strip-teasers in the classic sense of Margie Hart or Georgia Sothorn.

Connoisseurs realize this. The ladies billed as strippers don't strip because they are not allowed to—the Manhattan *gendarmierie* frowns heavily on that art. They take off a lot—starting with an improbable amount of clothing to give the illusion that they are shedding profusely—but at the climactic fanfare, they are down to nothing less than a brassiere and a rather voluminous G-string, slightly more than Mother wears on the beach.

It was different when I was a college boy. As I recall it—and I recall it as though it were yesterday—the routine went like this:

(1) Preliminary tease, while the orchestra played "Mood Indigo." (2) Pose in brassiere and rhinestone-studded G-string. (3) Brassiere off, arms crossed in attitude of supplication. (4) **FIRST FLASH**—arms spread-eagled for a hot second, then a hasty retreat behind the stage-left curtains. (5) **SECOND FLASH**—the snap on the G-string went, and what was under that was a panel, usually flesh-colored net to give the illusion of nothing at all. (6) **APPLAUSE**, **APPLAUSE**, while the stripper retreated

again. (7) A split-second peek while she thrust the curtains aside. (8) Kisses thrown by one white arm, all else modestly concealed by folds of red velvet.

People were much more thorough in those days.

In the huckster set, where it is fashionable (and sometimes imperative) to inhale a few cocktails with the business-

I.N.P.



The routine went like this . . .

man's lunch, junior executives with latent anxiety complexes have taken to ordering their Martinis made with vodka instead of gin—the theory being that vodka leaves no liquor odor.

It works to a degree. But no one has yet figured out how to unglaze the eyes.

Glancing casually around a plushy New York dancing place these nights, a man is struck by the pleasant realization that at least five models, two actresses, and three debutantes are seriously engaged in imitating Elizabeth Taylor—short, curly, black hairdo, heavily inked-in eyebrows, and dark-red pout.

Several of the mimics have achieved a remarkable resemblance to Liz. However, no mere resemblance is as remarkable as the real Taylor.

Dick

Bright new idea that's sweeping the country!

Vermouth "on the rocks"

Some like it sweet...



Some like it dry...



*Some like it
Half and Half...*



Find out why!

SO MODERN . . . *this* bright new idea that's sweeping the country! It's delightfully *light* . . . and downright *delicious*. Try Martini & Rossi Vermouth "on-the-rocks" yourself —and taste why so many smart people are serving it today! Yes! find out why it's great when you drink it straight!

*And don't forget: Insist on genuine imported
Martini & Rossi Vermouths . . .
for Matchless Manhattans
and Marvelous Martinis.*

MARTINI & ROSSI

IMPORTED VERMOUTH

RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD., N. Y., N. Y.

SWEET OR EXTRA DRY



THE TECHNIQUES OF SPIRITUAL THERAPY are used to bring into focus problems that trouble many men and women.

Memo to Worried Minds

BY DR. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE AND GRACE PERKINS OURSLER

Q. I AM A GI who served in Korea. I've had a complete breakdown and am in a hospital now. I am in love with my cousin's wife. My cousin and I were brought up like brothers. How could this happen? I wouldn't hurt him for the world. I love my cousin and so does she. My religion would never permit us to marry, anyway.

—Pfc. L. R., Base Hospital, California

A. Your religion would never permit any part of the situation: no religion would.

Don't you know the Tenth Commandment specifically orders: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife"? Those wise in spiritual laws learn to follow St. Paul's advice and "avoid the occasion of sin" at the first sign of possible disaster.

Your present breakdown, like many another, seems largely due to fear of the consequences of your sin, plus a deep sense of guilt. You cannot live in any peace or health with self-loathing or with fear of discovery. Your soul is sick—perhaps sicker than your body or mind.

Get clean with God and your conscience, find the right ways to do penance and make any possible amends. Above all, learn from this that you cannot make up rules as you go along and break the tenets of God and man.

Q. IT IS PAINFUL to say this but, frankly, I'm disappointed with the men of the cloth I have met. Churchgoing

would be hypocritical for me—or a most painful and boring duty.

—H. McV., Joliet, Illinois

A. This rather amazes us. We have been impressed with the men the ministry has attracted. Servicemen in World War II speak with respect and appreciation of the two-fisted, square-shooting, competent pastors, priests, and rabbis who shared their troubles and hardships. There were more chaplain casualties in that war than in any other.

Every profession has its unimpressive representatives. The ministry today in all faiths requires men of unusual ability, devotion, training, and personableness. We wonder, Mr. McV., if your acquaintance with clergymen may not be limited or casual. We suggest that you get acquainted with some clergymen, and believe you will change your opinion.

Insofar as you have contempt or respect for your church and its clergy, so your children will regard it and its teachings. This bears some thinking about. Quite clearly you realize this since you take the trouble to write about it.

Q. I HAVE TWO DAUGHTERS and a son. The girls always want to borrow. Now it is five hundred dollars for furniture for an apartment that, when rented, can bring them forty dollars a month to apply to their new fourteen-thousand-dollar home. I am fifty-five and my husband is fifty-six. He's been

a heavy drinker and we've saved little and have only a three-thousand-dollar insurance policy. Our other daughter now has two hundred dollars to repay us for a loan she made last December. I've told her to hold it for Dad, as otherwise he might lose it at poker. I'm scared of our future, but the children think I'm a pinchpenny. Should I help them and leave our old age to God? Or could I, perhaps, somehow make some money myself for our old age?

—Mrs. N. K., Grand Rapids, Michigan

A. Others write us about borrowing relatives, especially children. But at least your children seem to pay you back. Instead of asking one daughter to hold Dad's money, why not buy him a United States bond? At least he'll have that, and it is his due. She won't be tempted to reborrow it at will, and he is not so likely to cash and gamble a bond.

And as for the apartment-furnishing daughter, why don't you risk that five hundred dollars in her plan (which does sound very smart indeed) and declare yourself in on the investment? She might draw up a letter or paper entitling you to a percentage of the resulting monthly rent. This would seem better than a loan, and she should delight in helping you while she is helping herself.

All your children should be grateful that you are concerned about your old age and they should help you build toward it. It is to their advantage, too, for

your illness, accident, or indigent old age could be a loss to or strain on them, depending on their sense of responsibility, their concept of the Commandment "Honor thy father and thy mother," and their loving-kindness.

Unless there is severe need in your children's lives, or unless you and your husband wish to make occasional gifts, lending money should be on a business basis, with your children as eager for you to benefit as for themselves.

Q. MY HUSBAND has been in a mental hospital and is about to come home. I have prayed for guidance, but I am scared. The doctors say there can be recurrences and I must watch. I want to stay married because I love him and couldn't desert him. But everyone tells me there's danger. What can I do?

—Mrs. J. S., New York, New York

A. You must know there is excellent outpatient care for discharged patients of mental hospitals so that doctors can keep in close touch with patients returned to normal living. Keep your husband and yourself in close touch with doctors to guide and watch developments. Let both of you affirm confidence in his fullest recovery. Be ready to change completely any pattern of living causing strain or friction. Most of all, seek spiritual instruction, together or separately. The greatest need is to find a true and sure path to God, your loving Father.

Do not brood on the problem, or feel set apart. A staggering percentage of our population is similarly afflicted. With many it is temporary. Thousands recover. But recovery takes all the strength both of you can summon and develop.

Q. MY SON argues that what one generation finds horrifying is acceptable to another; what one nation or tribe taboos is laudable practice elsewhere; one set of laws contradicts another; and so on, endlessly. I say each man has a conscience and knows when he does wrong. I say even the least-informed human wants to run and hide when he has committed a wrong. Now, with my grandchildren, what can I teach them as a guide to distinguish right from wrong? There must be something.

—Mrs. L. E., Sanford, Maine

A. There is. Teach them the Golden Rule. Read it as Christ spoke it in the New Testament: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Teach them the Ten Commandments. These have served the world as basic moral principles for nearly six thousand years. They are found in Exodus and in Deuteronomy.

Some people have found it helpful to confront an ethical question by another question: What would Jesus Christ do about it? It's a good way to decide what right is. Your son's specious statements have long been widely taught and argued. They are facts. You and your grandchildren want Truth.

THE END



**Only one soap
gives your skin this**

Exciting Bouquet

**And Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild ... leaves
your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!**

Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love"—is proved by test to be extra mild too! Yes, so amazingly mild that its gentle lather is ideal for all types of skin—dry, oily, or normal! And daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring out the flower-fresh softness, the delicate smoothness, the exciting loveliness you long for! Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly ... for the finest complexion care ... for a fragrant invitation to romance!

Now at lowest price!

**Cashmere
Bouquet
Soap**

Complexion and
big Bath Sizes

—Adorns your skin with the
fragrance men love!

The Determination of Sex Before Birth

Science still seeks an answer to the riddle of the pink or blue layette

I.N.P.



Quadruplets in an even assortment of boys and girls were born in 1949 to Mrs. Charles Collins in a New York hospital.

Ever since Adam and Eve started raising Cain, expectant parents have puzzled over whether it was to be a boy or girl, and what, if anything, they could do to get whichever they wanted more.

One fact science now is sure of: After the process has started, you can never do anything about it. Sex is determined at the instant of conception, and by the father. The particular sperm cell of his that starts new life decides the sex. Which way it decides depends on the genes that are in the sperm cell.

Since male- and female-producing cells are all mixed together, chance alone seems to determine which will do the fertilizing. Trying to select a particular sperm would be complicated, considering that a hundred million of them occupy a single drop of fluid.

However, if some chemical could be found that would hinder or encourage one kind of cell, we would be on our way

toward fixing sex at the time of conception. Whether this would be good or bad for the human race is something else again. But scientists are working on it. They already have been able to control the sex of succeeding generations of fruit flies. Humans, though, are far more complex organisms.

Less ambitious are the efforts to find out a few months in advance whether a child is to be a boy or girl.

In some neighborhoods of this country in which foreign-born people have congregated, some old women have developed the extremely profitable profession of predicting a child's sex before birth. They usually charge five dollars a forecast, accuracy guaranteed. If the prediction is wrong, you get your money back.

A sure thing

Of course, the old seeresses can't lose. They're bound to collect part of the time. If they predict a boy every time, they'll

THE NEWS IS **rhythm-foam** . . . AND YOU GET IT ONLY IN RHYTHM STEP SHOES!

There's more bounce in Rhythm-foam, the really thick, luxurious sole of foam-plus-cork, a shoemaking secret that is Rhythm Step's. Discover this new wonder in Pedestriennes . . . covered-for-fall, but so light and soft they give barefoot freedom to your perpetual motion life.

rhythm step
PEDESTRIENNES

JOHNSON, STEPHENS & SHINKLE • ST. LOUIS

be right in more than half their pronouncements. The average is 105.5 boys born to every 100 girls. (Why? Best guess is that it's nature's way of keeping the balance, since the miscalled weaker sex survives in a slightly larger percentage than the male sex.)

Old-fashioned theories

Early Greek physicians thought if a woman slept on her right side she'd have a boy, left, a girl. Our grandmothers had a variety of beliefs: that girls were carried higher in pregnancy; that a larger right breast meant a boy, a pain in the left side, a girl; that if the mother ate sweets, she'd have a girl, meat, a boy. The French had some dandies: that a wife more passionate than her husband would produce a girl, and vice versa: that boys were conceived before midnight, girls after.

Five years ago a scientific test received wide notice in America. Thirty female virgin mice were injected with the blood of a pregnant woman, and then all the mice were killed and examined. Even this devious procedure didn't produce accurate predictions, and one of the scientists associated with the tests later pronounced them worthless.

The key to the riddle may eventually be found in our growing knowledge of hormones. We already know that the hormones differ in each sex. We also know that pregnancy does queer things to a woman's hormone balance. That is the basis of the tests that tell us whether a woman is pregnant. Scientists now suspect that a male embryo may affect the mother's hormone supply in a different fashion from a female embryo.

Dr. Garwood C. Richardson of Northwestern University has developed a test based on the presence of certain hormones in a pregnant woman's saliva. The test requires simple chemicals, takes about half an hour, and can be performed by any physician in his office. Dr. Richardson reports that he has tried this test on about six hundred women and that it correctly indicated the sex of their unborn almost nine times out of ten.

However, this is far too limited a trial to be sure of even partial success. And anyway, this test still permits too great a margin of error. Besides, Dr. Richardson does not recommend the test until three months before the baby is due.

Will they solve it?

Dr. M. Demerec, director of the Department of Genetics of the Carnegie Institution of Washington at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, commented: "There is no reason why it would not be possible to forecast the sex of an unborn child when we know enough about the physiology. Perhaps it will be accomplished through the hormones or perhaps by some method as yet unsuspected."

THE END

Put that \$100 gleam in your hair!

New Lady Wildroot Shampoo



Wildroot gleam girl, Diane Cheryl of Omaha, Neb. says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo rinses away like magic... gleams my hair without a special rinse... leaves it radiantly alive."



Wildroot gleam girl, Tommie Hendler, Vancouver, B.C., says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo makes my hair gleam because it gets it so clean."



Wildroot gleam girl, Barbara Ellen Myers of New York says, "I love the good smell of Lady Wildroot Shampoo... 'n' mother says it never leaves a dull film 'cause it rinses right out."

Does your hair have that \$100 gleam? Does it sparkle with highlights... does it have that alive look? Sounds like you've discovered new Lady Wildroot Shampoo... the liquid cream shampoo that gleams as it cleans... cleans as it gleams.

You see, Lady Wildroot Shampoo is more than just a liquid... more than just a cream! It's a combination of the best of both. It's a soapless shampoo plus soothing lanolin. Watch it foam into a quick lather for deep-down cleansing. Feel it leave

your hair soft, silky, in all its natural beauty... with just enough body to take a quick set... and to hold that set!

For a clean... deep-clean scalp... for softly gleaming, radiant hair... for manageable hair that never needs a special rinse... for a soft shampoo that protects your hair... try new Lady Wildroot Shampoo today!

How to win \$100

Want to win \$100? Want to have your picture in a Wildroot ad? Just send a snapshot or photo (not more than 8 x 10 inches in size) that shows your hair after using Lady Wildroot Shampoo, plus a Lady Wildroot Shampoo box top, to Lady Wildroot Shampoo Model Hunt, P. O. Box 189, New York 46, N. Y. Print your name and address on back of picture.

If your photo is chosen, a famous artist will paint your portrait from it for use in a Wildroot ad, and Wildroot will pay you \$100. Judges will be a New York Artist and art director. Decisions of the judges are final. No photos will be returned. Offer is good only in 1952. Send in your photo today. And keep that \$100 gleam in your hair just by using Lady Wildroot Shampoo!

Get New
Lady Wildroot shampoo
gleams as it cleans—cleans as it gleams



Three Sizes
29¢ 59¢ 98¢



...it's always
a pleasure



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The Gold Medal Whiskey

since 1872

**BOTTLED IN BOND
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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF.
I. W. HARPER DISTILLING COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

TEST YOURSELF

How Do You Feel About Men?

Angelo Pinto



Are you overanxious? Contented?
Clinging? Protective? Your basic
attitude will be revealed by
this intriguing personality test

BY CLARKE NEWLON

What are you really like? What are your emotional reactions to the countless human situations that go to make up day-to-day living? How does your behavior impress other people?

Chances are these questions are almost impossible for you to answer. They go to the heart of the age-old riddle of personality, and until recent years the answers were left to the poets, the philosophers, and the coiners of wit. Then the scientists moved in—and came up with ingenious means of detecting and describing the character traits that make up human beings. They devised tests that

measure, with extraordinary accuracy, practically everything about your character, from your ability to arrive at decisions to your feelings about the opposite sex.

One of the subtlest and most fascinating of the tests is called T.A.T.—the thematic-apperception technique. T.A.T. is often employed by large corporations to determine which of their employees have traits recommending them for advancement.

The person to be tested is presented with a series of pictures, which are so designed that varying interpretations of their meaning are possible. It is these interpretations that are so revealing to the psychologists. Each picture is linked to a specific trait—aggressiveness, hostility, and so forth.

On this page, and in succeeding issues, COSMOPOLITAN presents an adaptation of this interesting test. Follow it, and you may discover surprising news about yourself, for the tests are designed to disclose things about you that even you don't know.

Your reaction to the scene at the left—a man and a woman together—will, if you are a woman, indicate how you feel about men. It has been tried on hundreds of women. Three of the most common and revealing reactions are given below. These responses were written by actual people and chosen for their varying points of view.

Study the picture. Then select the description that most nearly coincides with your own feeling of what the picture shows.

Remember, *there is no right and wrong in the test.* Whichever response you select will merely serve to demonstrate your attitude.

A's REACTION

"John and Mary have just had a quarrel, and John wants to leave. Mary loves him very much and doesn't want him to leave. She tries to make him see the quarrel wasn't important. He finally calms down, and then they get along all right again."

B's REACTION

"The man is ready to go to work. He was eating breakfast at the table, and now he's ready to leave. The woman is holding him back because she wants to say good-bye. She's saying she hopes he liked his breakfast. She really knows he did."

C's REACTION

"The woman looks as if she is trying to stop him from getting into a fight. Someone insulted her man and he wants revenge. She is holding him back. She is afraid he will go out and get beat up."

Now turn to page 160 for the experts' analyses and find out how you really feel about men.

Escape from the commonplace



Ruins of ancient temple at Paestum near Salerno, Italy

Enjoy something different
...try **MARLBORO**
CIGARETTES

Finer taste, superior mildness—a luxury in smoking unmatched by any other cigarette!

When smoking has stopped being a pleasure and becomes only a habit, it's time to freshen up your taste. So if you need a change, *remember . . .*



IVORY TIPS
PLAIN ENDS
BEAUTY TIPS (RED)

Marlboros are better in every way
for those who smoke throughout the day!

New creamy-soft make-up
covers so lightly

Looks so naturally lovely

Feels like your very own skin

Your Pan-Stik* Make-Up is so gossamer-light, so dewy-fresh, it looks and feels like your very own skin. Yet it conceals every imperfection, stays lovely hours longer—with never a trace of “made-up” look. Try Pan-Stik today. See how Max Factor’s exclusive blend of ingredients gives you a new, more alluring, *natural* loveliness.



CINDY GARNER

as she looks when away from
the studio.

Now appearing in
“RED BALL EXPRESS”
a Universal-International
Picture

She uses Max Factor’s Pan-Stik
because it feels so light and free
compared with most make-ups.
And it looks and feels so *natural*.

Dress by Ann Fogarty

So quick!

So convenient! Easy to use as lipstick!



Pan-Stik

by
MAX Factor

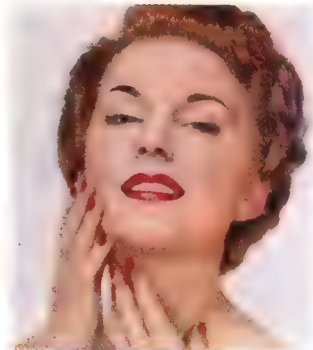
\$1.60 plus tax, in seven enchanting shades.
Delightfully right for suntan season:
Natural Tan, Golden Tan.

Available in Canada at slightly different prices.

1 Max Factor’s Pan-Stik is creamy make-up in new convenient stick form. No puff, no sponge, can’t spill or leak into your purse.



2 Swivel up Pan-Stik just like lipstick. Apply light strokes to nose, forehead, chin and cheeks. No messy fingernail deposits, as with ordinary cream make-up. No dripping as with liquid.



3 Now, with fingertips spread Pan-Stik gently over your face. Notice how smoothly it blends, how perfectly it covers. And how fresh and naturally lovely it makes your skin look and feel.

*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type make-up.



BEST PERFORMANCE—Top honors go to Will Rogers, Jr., for an acting job so remarkable that in "The Story of Will Rogers" the humorist's homespun outlook comes through forcefully. Here is far more than a startling physical resemblance between father and son.

LIKE SON, LIKE FATHER

THERE IS DEEP EMOTIONAL IMPACT IN WILL ROGERS, JR.'S, HONEST PORTRAYAL
OF HIS FATHER • COSMOPOLITAN MOVIE CITATIONS BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Will Rogers, Jr., looks so much like his father in "The Story of Will Rogers" that it seems as though my old friend has come back. Young Will tells me that this, his first picture, is his last. He agreed to make it only because of the great honor and respect in which he holds the memory of his father, the great humorist and homespun philosopher.

Will is the publisher of the Beverly Hills *Citizen*, "the largest weekly in the West," and a solid citizen. In some ways he is a more conscientious citizen than many of us, since he has always translated his patriotism into deeds. His first move, after graduating from Stanford University in 1935, was to buy the *Citizen*, which he used as a vehicle for public

(Continued on next page)



Scene from early Ziegfeld "Follies" in which Will Rogers starred in late 1900's. During this period he first began to work political problems into his drawling stage patter.

L.A.P.

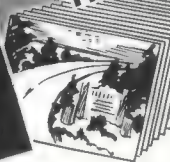
Take a Million!

... a million moments* of relaxation in NEW MEXICO'S cool, invigorating mountains. Free yourself from a troubled world. Revel in the wonders of nature. Laze along clear mountain streams — hunt, fish, camp, or enjoy horse-back riding in the enchanting atmosphere of New Mexico's ancient Spanish and Indian cultures. Plan your next vacation in NEW MEXICO, the Land of Enchantment, where it's always vacation time!

*1,000,000 seconds equal approximately 11½ days.

New Mexico
the place to go!

FREE!



Write today for colorful literature and maps to Dept. 1526

TOURIST BUREAU, Santa Fe, New Mexico
(A division of the Highway Dept.)



Jane Wyman hits a new high in sensitive acting as Betty Blake, who marries the disgraced, lazy cowboy after he has been thrown out by his senator father. The secret of Will Rogers, Jr.'s, fine portrayal is the same as his father's was—after intensive preparation for his role he relaxes into simply being himself before the camera.

I.N.P.



Will Rogers, Sr., and his family. Will, Jr., is at left, Betty and little Mary in foreground, Jim at right. It was during this idyllic era that his wry humor won him enthusiastic Broadway audiences—and a visit from two Secret Service men. They escorted him to the White House for an astonishing conversation with President Wilson.

ALTHOUGH A DEBUNKER OF HEROES, WILL ROGERS
BECAME AN INTERNATIONAL HERO HIMSELF



L.V.P.



In their attitude toward life there is a conspicuous similarity between father and son. Will, Jr., a foreign correspondent, was elected to the House of Representatives, from which he resigned to enlist as an Army private. Now publisher of the Beverly Hills Citizen, he's a solid member of the town of which his father was the first honorary mayor.

good. After a stint as a foreign correspondent, he was elected to Congress. He resigned his seat in 1943 to enlist as a private in the Army. He rose to a first lieutenantcy, and was wounded in the Ruhr Valley.

Will worked hard to perfect his father's mannerisms for this excellent biography of his father's life. "I found the toughest thing about acting was just walking or standing still," he says, "so whenever I could, I sat." He says the picture taught him things about his father he never knew before.

Will, Sr., once said he never met a man he didn't like, and his son has inherited that trait. Will was proud of his Cherokee blood. Young Will has expressed that same pride by adopting three Indian children: Randy, fourteen, is part Indian, and Clem, thirteen, and Carl, the baby, are full-blooded Indians.

In "The Story of Will Rogers," Warner Bros. has put together an excellent cast headed by Jane Wyman as Mrs. Rogers. Under Michael Curtiz' direction they have made an enduring contribution to the saga of a man who became a hero although he was a great debunker of heroes himself.

Martin and Lewis' sixth picture, Paramount's "Jumping Jacks," is their best. In this Hal Wallis production, Dean, a paratrooper, gets his 4F pal into a uniform to put on a camp show. The goofy routines that follow involve Jerry's frenzied attempts to get out of the Army. The picture rocks with new songs, new

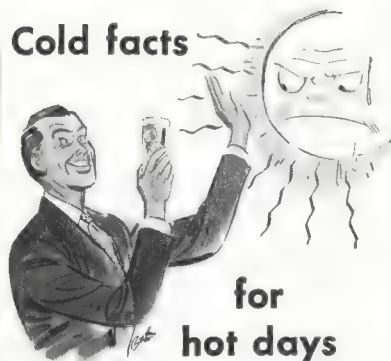
dances, new—and hilarious—insanities. **With "The World in His Arms"** Universal-International has given Gregory Peck a marvelous opportunity to shine in the dashing type of adventure role that he does with such sincerity. The time is 1850. Peck plays the unscrupulous captain of a sealing boat. Aboard his ship is a fortune in seal pelts—which he has poached while eluding Russian gunboats. Ann Blyth and Anthony Quinn are excellent, and Raoul Walsh's direction has resulted in lusty humor, furious action, and torrid love scenes.

Sir Walter Scott's immortal tale, "Ivanhoe," stars Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, George Sanders, and Joan Fontaine. The pace of the action is marvelous. Bob outdoes himself; Elizabeth shines like a pink pearl on black velvet; and George Sanders is a magnificent villain. Unfortunately Joan Fontaine is wasted, but the picture is romantic and charming, and M-G-M gives it a gleaming polish.

Samuel Fuller—who wrote, produced, and directed "Park Row"—knows the newspaper business thoroughly, having started out as an office boy to the late Arthur Brisbane. In the old days, New York's Park Row housed all the city's papers, and this picture projects the feeling of the old street with exciting power. Gene Evans, Fuller's discovery of "Steel Helmet," distinguishes himself as a two-fisted editor, and Fuller's even newer discovery, Mary Welch, turns in a good performance in the role of an arrogantly beautiful woman publisher.

(Continued on next page)

Cold facts



for
hot days

The cold facts are that you'll not find anything more refreshing or pleasant than long, frosty Wine Coolers made with the authority of Taylor's Rhine or Sauterne, Claret or Burgundy. For these are New York State wines, with body and flavor bred in! Ask for Taylor's wherever fine wines are served—or sold. The Taylor Wine Company, Vineyardists and Producers.

TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
Wines and Champagnes



From the
"Garden of the Vines"
in New York State
comes this
Captured
Flavor

From the famous cellars at Hammondsport, New York



*"We Powers Models
use only KREML
Shampoo"*

say Nancy Gaggin and June Thompson

These famous Powers Models must have hair that is glamorous, in spite of hot drying studio lights and frequent changes of hair styles. They use only Kreml Shampoo . . . made with enriching natural oils that leave hair soft and manageable, with sparkling natural highlights. Kreml Shampoo cleanses the scalp and frees it of loose dandruff flakes. Its exclusive water softening agent, FOLISAN®, assures rich lather even in hard water; gives quicker, easier rinsing. For beautiful hair, use Kreml Shampoo!



NANCY GAGGIN

JUNE THOMPSON

Kreml
Shampoo



YOUR BEAUTY SHAMPOO

MOVIE CITATION (continued)

FOUR BELL-RINGING SHOWS OF THE



BEST COMEDY—Hal Wallis' "Jumping Jacks" is tops in laughs when paratrooper Dean Martin guilelessly gets his 4-F friend Jerry Lewis entangled in the Army, and Lewis can't get out. Mona Freeman rates special honors for her vaudeville antics with Jerry.



BEST ADVENTURE—In this exciting film version of Rex Beach's *The World in His Arms*, Gregory Peck is the dashing but unscrupulous Boston sea captain who sails the Russian waters in the 1850's. Ann Blyth brings opulence and daring to her role of the Russian countess fleeing her betrothed, and Anthony Quinn is a formidable villain.

MONTH, FROM COMEDY TO DRAMA



BEST DRAMA—Robert Taylor as the Saxon knight, Ivanhoe, and Elizabeth Taylor as Rebecca, contribute absorbing performances to this brilliant version of *Ivanhoe*, Sir Walter Scott's stirring narrative of the Middle Ages. In Technicolor, this M-G-M film's star-studded cast also includes Joan Fontaine, George Sanders, and Emyl Williams.



MOST UNUSUAL—In "Park Row," newspaperman Gene Evans clashes with the arrogant Mary Welch, who heads the rival paper on the famous old publishing street. Their violent newspaper war mixes blood and ink in a dramatic fight for freedom of the press. **THE END**



New finer MUM stops odor longer!

**NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA**

- **Protects better, longer.** New Mum now contains amazing ingredient M-3 for more effective protection. Doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start!
- **Creamier** new Mum is safe for normal skin, contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.
- **The only** leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste. No shrinkage.
- **Delicately fragrant** new Mum is useable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today.



New MUM®
CREAM DEODORANT

A Product of Bristol-Myers



NEW FIGHT AGAINST POLIO

Thanks to a revolutionary discovery, paralytic polio may become one of the easiest diseases to prevent. Researchers have found that polio viruses, which are taken in with food, do not go directly from the stomach to the nerves, as previously believed, but from the stomach to the blood. There the viruses are usually brought under control by antibodies produced in the blood. This explains why 4 adults out of 5 have had benign polio without even realizing it. Crippling results only when insufficient antibodies are produced, allowing the viruses to leak into spinal-cord nerves and the brain.

Can virus-fighting antibodies be boosted? Gamma globulin, a human blood fraction, has done the job on chimpanzees, completely preventing paralytic polio.

Researchers, usually hesitant in hoping that an animal experiment will apply to a human disease, emphasize that the tests on chimpanzees simulated, by all known standards, what happens in a human population during a polio epidemic.

This summer, in large-scale controlled experiments, children in several epidemic areas are being protected with gamma globulin. Parents are asked to help by not demanding gamma globulin for their children. Only by carefully controlled investigation and comparison can doctors evaluate the effectiveness of the blood fraction—for the eventual benefit of all. For there is good reason to hope that paralytic polio may lose its terror.

Meanwhile, other helpful advances have been made:

- Priscoline, a drug used in blood-

vessel disorders, has relieved 45 of 71 acute-polio patients of muscle pain and spasm, making sleep and rest possible, eliminating the need for time-consuming hot-packing, and permitting more effective physical therapy.

- A cough-inducing device, attachable to the iron lung, promises to save certain bulbar-polio victims who might otherwise die. Unaided, they cannot cough up mucus, and this gets into the lungs and clogs the bronchial tubes, leading to infection and death.

- Retarded bones have been stimulated to grow faster in children who have come out of polio with one leg shorter than the other. Ivory screws, inserted in the bones of the short leg, accelerate their growth for 2 to 3 years, and are eventually absorbed by the body without harm.

Pale children are no more anemic than those with normal color. A recent British study of 1,200 school children showed no connection between color of lips and cheeks and blood hemoglobin. While pale children did seem less well nourished and averaged 5 pounds lighter and two-thirds of an inch shorter, they were not inferior to healthier children in intelligence, susceptibility to respiratory infections, educational standing, endurance, bone development, and eyesight.

Belching can be stopped at will. The habit is often begun when the patient feels sensations resembling gas pains and, hoping for relief, teaches himself to swallow and expel air. A patient can usually cure himself of belching if he understands that it is impossible to belch without preliminary swallowing, and this is difficult to do if the mouth is held open. Sensations that induce the desire to belch can often be stopped by a sip of hot water or by swallowing saliva with the head erect. Medical examination is wise to make absolutely certain that no organic trouble is present.

After a breast cancer is removed by extensive surgery, permanent swelling of the arm sometimes results. Now a new operative technique can prevent this. Performed immediately after the cancer is removed, it reattaches muscles so that dead space in the armpit is occupied and a living bridge is made, across which deep lymphatic vessels, cut during the cancer removal, can regrow.

Pernicious anemia in pregnancy has been made to disappear completely in 3 patients by combined administration of vitamin B₁₂ and vitamin C. This kind of anemia usually has not been helped by vitamin B₁₂ alone.

Hemophilia, the hereditary bleeding disease that may cause death, has been kept under better control by injections of a specially prepared human-blood-plasma product. Given every 7 to 10 days, the injections control the disease much as insulin controls diabetes. Tested on 19 hemophiliacs over a 3½-year period, they proved effective in both prevention and treatment of hemorrhages.

Drug addicts have been relieved of severe withdrawal symptoms and helped to overcome their craving by electroshock treatment. In 101 patients given 477 individual shock treatments, most withdrawal symptoms were gone after the second day, and drug craving was eliminated in 98 per cent. Moreover, relapse took place in only 15, as compared with a 50-per-cent relapse rate in patients given other treatment. Shock treatment produced little or no pain in most cases, reduced nursing care, and sped recovery.

A ruptured appendix or gall bladder, or severe pelvic infection may cause generalized peritonitis and spread poisoning throughout the body. ACTH or cortisone, however, caused an immediate reduction or the disappearance of all body poisoning in 6 cases. The hormones block bacterial poisons from harming body cells while antibiotics, given simultaneously, knock out the infection. This treatment was given to 6 patients, including a child who had shown symptoms of peritonitis for 52 hours before hospitalization. All of the patients recovered.

LITTLE JEAN MCKAY GLASGOW, of Charlotte, North Carolina, was stricken with infantile paralysis when she was seven years old. She is shown here at Warm Springs, Georgia, learning how to use her arm muscles again.



SIX YEARS AGO JULIE HARRIS was just another stage-struck girl with a finishing-school background and no noticeable assets of face or figure. But this year she was awarded the highest admiration and acclaim that Broadway has to offer.

The New First Lady of the Theatre

BY ALLEN CHURCHILL

Just a few weeks from now the big, star-billing lights on the marquee of the Empire Theatre in New York will be bright again, indicating that a wispy, boyish-looking girl who considers acting the most satisfying thing in life is right back where she belongs.

You know her. Julie Harris, who is only twenty-six, has won almost every award the theatre offers—and in only two spectacular seasons. You'll hear more about her, too, for gifted Julie is the theatre's most conspicuous First-Lady-in-the-Making. Broadway betting solidly backs her as the future Hayes or Cornell.

After seeing Julie in "The Member of the Wedding," Helen Hayes rushed home for a small, white, lace-bordered handkerchief. Originally it belonged to Sarah Bernhardt, who presented it to Julia Marlowe with instructions to give it only to someone who seemed most likely to perpetuate the great tradition in acting. Miss Marlowe gave it to young Helen Hayes, with the same admonition. Until "The Member of the Wedding" Miss Hayes had seen no one worthy of being the next recipient.

Julie has always managed to attract attention. The quality has made her something of a playmaker, too. The fact

that twenty-five-year-old Julie played a child supremely well in "The Member of the Wedding" drew attention to the play and helped start it on a prize-winning course.

A year later critics agreed that "I Am a Camera" was not much of a play (one wrote, "No Leica"), but that Julie's performance made it memorable.

Personally she is unobtrusive and retiring, with reddish hair and a pale, somewhat rabbit-like face. On the street she goes around lipstick-less. Backstage she stands quietly, even drably, awaiting her cue. But when it comes she bursts into life. Those who watch her do this never forget. After seeing her in a flop, producer Robert Whitehead phoned to offer her the part in "The Member of the Wedding," with Ethel Waters. "I've just signed for something else," Julie wailed.

So—considering that at twenty-four Julie was a largely untried actress—Whitehead did the unprecedented. "I'll hold the production for you," he said. In "Member" Julie played Frankie Addams, a tomboyish, disturbed twelve-year-old. Playwright John van Druten, who saw it three times, told her, "You do it so well I can almost see the dirt on your elbows."

Van Druten then wrote "I Am a

Camera," the heroine of which is Sally Bowles, a prewar Berlin wanton of twenty-five. He offered the part to Julie. "I'm not right for it," she told him in her husky, oddly definite voice. She listed reasons: "Sally dresses flamboyantly. I don't. She's a show-off who demands



JULIE ATTAINED STARDOM as Sally Bowles, the wistful tramp in "I Am a Camera." The part called for beauty, charm, and a beguiling sophistication.

Offstage, she's a frail, plain-faced little girl. Onstage, the passion and talent of a true artist transform her into a great dramatic actress

attention and then wallows in it. When I go to a party no one notices me, and I like it that way."

But Van Druten urged her to think it over, and on the way home Julie bought a loud lipstick, a tight satin dress, mascara, and a long cigarette holder, though she never smokes. She tried them all, to see whether she could ever feel like Sally. She decided she could, and first-night critics bore her out by tossing a thesaurus of flattering adjectives at her.

Among them were stunning, illuminating, fascinating, exciting, vivid, adroit, captivating, and distinguished, but Brooks Atkinson topped them all by writing: "She has the quicksilver and genius we all long to discover on the stage. She is magnificent."

With that, people began probing her background to see what makes Julie magnificent. There seems to be no answer. No matter how you look at her, Julie is an unlikely First-Lady-in-the-Making.

She was born in fashionable Grosse Pointe, Michigan, the daughter of extremely well-to-do parents. Nothing artistic colors her family tree. Her father deals successfully in stocks and bonds. Her mother had been a nurse.

But by the time she reached her early teens Julie was acting parts in school plays. Even so, it was her interest in dancing that led her one summer to enroll in the Perry Mansfield School, in Colorado. There she received a jolt. Sixteen was too old to begin professional dancing, she was told. Gloomily she allowed herself to be persuaded into acting the part of the suicide-bent woman in Sierra's "Kingdom of God."

Julie thinks that she read this part aloud the first time almost as well as she could do it now. "It was like an explosion," she recalls. "Instinct led me to know what was going on inside that woman. But I couldn't quite recapture it, and, of course, that is where technique and experience come in."

The explosion was seen by others. "You've got something special," dancer Valerie Bettis told her. "If you can't dance, act. Get to New York. That's the center of things."

At the age of seventeen, Julie did achieve New York, entered by her parents in the irreproachable Miss Hewitt's Classes. There she appeared as St. Joan and was soon told that Gilbert Miller wanted to see her. "Who's he?" she asked. She found out when the Miller office almost gave her a part in a play.

After the Miller interview, Julie decided to learn all she could about the theatre. She enrolled in the Yale Drama

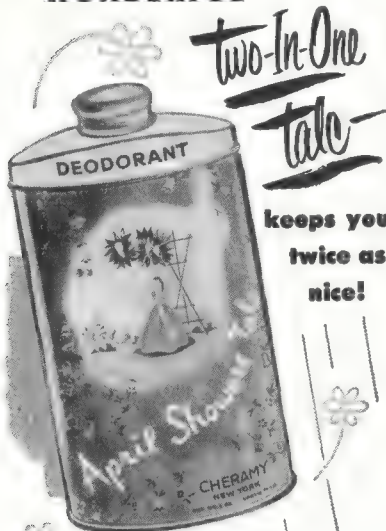
(Continued on next page)



HER FIRST IMPORTANT ROLE was the part of Frankie, the tempestuous adolescent in "The Member of the Wedding," last year's Broadway hit starring Ethel Waters. In it Julie showed an emotional range worthy of a veteran actress.

new!

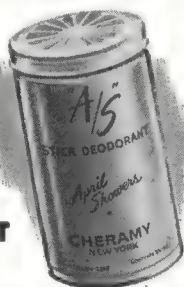
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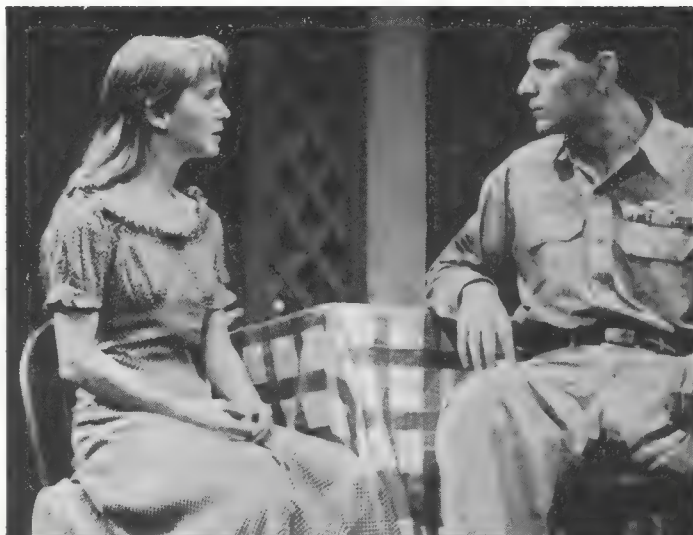


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by **CHERAMY**
PERFUMER

The New First Lady of the Theatre (continued)



IN "SUNDOWN BEACH," a 1948 flop, Julie got good notices but no raves.

School, which, because of the war, was only too willing to accept girls. She was practically the only student ever to get a Broadway job while at Yale. In New York one afternoon she read for the ingénue part in "It's a Gift." She got it, only to bump into what she considers the corrupting side of the theatre. "Keep your face toward the audience," the director kept urging. "Pretend to look at the person you're talking to, but cheat. The audience wants to see your face."

To Julie, whose favorite words are "true" and "honest," this failed to add up. When talking to a character onstage she expected to look at him. For sticking to this she got fired. Two days later the director phoned, apologized, and asked her to come back.

"It's a Gift" ran a month and became the first of six shows in which she appeared, getting increasingly favorable mentions in each. The only play in which she failed to get reviews was the Old Vic's "Oedipus," for which she was hired by Sir Laurence Olivier as a walk-on. As far as notices went, that part may have been a loss, but it allowed Julie to watch the English actors like a hawk. "They did the same thing every night, precisely to the same syllable," she reports, "yet they always filled it with joy and life."

The actor she watched most was Olivier. How closely she observed came out when the Oliviers came here this year to appear in the twin "Cleopatras." Their first stop was the Empire. Afterward they went backstage. "Where did you get that?" Olivier demanded, pointing to a line of white make-up under Julie's eyes. "From you," she admitted.

When "I Am a Camera" reached its fiftieth performance, Julie was officially elevated to stardom at an aftertheatre party. Four hundred theatrical names—among them the Lunts, Katharine Cor-

nell, Helen Hayes, and Judith Anderson—lifted champagne glasses to toast the new star. "Julie was completely undone by it," one of the guests says. "She did a little crying." But afterward she calmly joined her husband, took a taxi home, drank a glass of milk, and went to bed.

Julie is happily married to Jay Julien, a young lawyer with ambitions to produce plays. Julien has boundless faith in her talents, and on two occasions when Julie became depressed and seriously considered abandoning the theatre, he persuaded her not to.

Home for the young Juliens is a floor-through in an average Greenwich Village house. Two days a week Julie rises at nine and goes uptown for strenuous lessons in dancing and acting. "I've got to keep on learning in both fields," she tells you. Two other days she rises at eleven-thirty and goes uptown to give matinees. Sometimes her husband meets Julie after an evening performance; sometimes not. In either case, Julie prefers to go home or to the home of close friends. "We have one social rule," she says, "—no big parties, no night clubs." Later, Julie, who spent the summer making a film version of "Member," may tour with "Camera." She does not like to leave her apartment and her husband. "But," she says, "I owe it to the play."

Julie's quiet private life and her lack of driving ambition allow an unobstructed view of her ability. Stanley Kramer, producer of the movie "Member," says, "She is as great in the movies as she is on the stage. She'll get an Oscar, or an Oscar nomination, sure."

But some who focus on Julie's skills find them disturbing. John van Druten has tried to start a new play ever since "Camera" opened. "I'm having trouble," he confesses. "Everything I start shapes into something for Julie." **THE END**

On the stage she's portrayed wistful childhood and flaming youth with what one critic called "quicksilver and genius"

Photos by Graphic House



FOR HER TRANSFORMATION into a tomboy Julie parted with yards of hair.



HALFWAY THROUGH the cutting she began to worry about how she'd look.



SHORT-CROPPED, she was raggedy, unglamorous. and perfect for the part.

Go Swimming



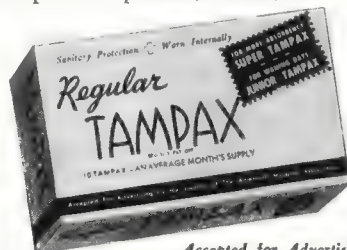
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Looking into People

SOME OF THE LATEST RESEARCH IN THE HUMAN SCIENCES TURNS UP NEWS ON JEALOUSY, LOVE, AND THOSE HE-SHE ARGUMENTS • BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD



Hostile dance musicians. Remember when you danced to that divine orchestra and just *loved* the musicians? Well, they didn't love you, says Dr. Howard S. Becker. After extensive research among professional dance musicians, he sadly reports that most of them heartily dislike the people they play for. Dance musicians, he learned, think they have mysterious gifts that set them apart from other people. (They're convinced, for instance, that they're the only ones who

inches in height (over an inch more than the average for *mature* men of a generation ago) and 133 pounds in weight. The sisters of these boys haven't yet been studied, but they also are probably making new records in height and weight. One of the practical results of this information is that farsighted manufacturers will begin planning on making clothing in larger sizes, beds and Pullman berths longer, doorways in new houses higher, and autos with more headroom.

Blue eyes and skin cancer. Those big blue eyes may win admiration, but here's a warning: Blue-eyed (or other light-eyed) people get skin cancer through overexposure to sunlight more quickly than brown-eyed people. Dr. A. Fletcher Hall of California has found that even brown-eyed people with blue-eyed relatives stand a greater chance of getting skin cancer than do those whose ancestors were largely dark-eyed. Apparently dark pigmentation gives skin greater immunity to the adverse effects of sunlight.

Dieting and love life. Women who diet excessively to slim down risk losing their sex appeal. Studies at the University of Minnesota on the effects of a starvation diet showed that an insufficient amount of needed foods often leads to a great lessening of sex drive and/or interest in sex, and to increased irritability, hypersensitivity, and erratic behavior. In support of this conclusion, some of my psychoanalyst friends cite instances in which frigidity developed in women who lost an excess amount of weight.

Who wins husband-wife arguments?

The one who can outtalk the other, is most opinionated, and is clearest thinking. This was the finding in an experiment conducted by Yale Sociologist Fred L. Strodbeck. He tested three different groups—Texas farmers, Mormons, and Navaho Indians—getting ten couples in each group to argue about questions concerning their friends. He found that among the Texans and Mormons more husbands than wives won out, but among the Indians more wives put over their viewpoints.

Parenthood and sexual adjustment.

What effect does parenthood have on the subsequent sexual adjustment of a couple? Professor Judson T. Landis and two associates interviewed couples in the barracks village at Michigan State College and found that, in general, couples well adjusted sexually before the wife's pregnancy had good sexual adjustment later. Some couples with poor sexual adjustment before had an improved relationship later; in other cases the reverse was true, the reason sometimes being that the wife was in poor health, or that she feared pregnancy.

The enigma of twins. The more scientists study human twins, the more amazed and puzzled they are. Some new findings: Mothers aged thirty-five to forty bear the most twins, but these are usually fraternal (dissimilar) twins, the result of the mother's having produced two eggs at a time. These older mothers are more than twice as likely to bear



really know how to make love to a woman.) They have contempt for people outside their group—whom they call "squares"—and resent any criticisms or attempts to tell them what to play. The one thing that makes the professional dance musician happy is that he's up on a platform and far away from the squares.

Giants on the way? Dr. E. O. Newcomer and Dr. H. V. Meredith offer evidence that the average height of Americans is increasing. According to results of a survey made among a group of fifteen-year-old Oregon boys, a bumper crop of youth—ranging from six to seven feet tall—is on the way. The boys proved to be taller, heavier, wider-shouldered, and bigger-muscled than any American group of this age ever studied. Although they had by no means gained their full growth, they averaged five feet eight



fraternal twins as are mothers in their twenties. Where twins are identical (from one egg) the age of the mother isn't a factor, which leads the scientists to believe that this type of twinning results from some trait not of the mother but of the egg, probably influenced by heredity. If a mother has already had twins, the chance is ten times the average she'll have them again. Perhaps most amazing of all is that nature apparently regulates the annual crop down to a fine percentage point. Dr. Percy Stocks reports that in the United States, England, and Canada, the annual twin-birth rates have been almost identical for years: These have been about twelve pairs of twins out of every thousand births.

Are you a flop in mathematics? If so, it doesn't necessarily mean you aren't smart otherwise. Sister M. Rosilda (St. Mary Convent, Iowa) found that about ten per cent of her high-I.Q. pupils did poorly in algebra, whereas a third of the fairly low-I.Q. pupils did much better.



Drawings by

Previous studies have shown that some special types of mental calculations—those involving powers of speed and memory—often enable even some feeble-minded people to be superefficient at figuring out the solution to various mathematical problems.

Sibling jealousy. Much attention has been given in recent years to the effects on a first-born child when a new baby arrives. But it's actually the new baby about whom parents should be most concerned, says Pediatrician Alfred E. Fischer of New York. In thirty-one families with two children he found that in the great majority of instances it was the second child who showed unhappiness, frustration, and abnormal behavior, starting between the ages of one and three. This was most marked when the two children were of the same sex and close together in age (particularly if they were boys), and the younger felt it necessary to compete with the older one. Dr. Fischer believes part of the trouble lies in the tendency of mothers to protect their first-born from jealousy, consequently leaning over backward to the point of neglecting the later arrival.

THE END

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Right for election-year pace, this pair of suède-and-calf pumps with slender medium heels will carry you day in and day out. White saddle stitching accents the calf mudguard; a rolled bow with fringed ends points up the tapered toe. By Jacqueline. In black or brown. About \$9. Morehouse Fashion, Columbus, Ohio; Denver Dry Goods, Denver.



FROM PRECINCT LEVEL TO PARTY HEADQUARTERS, shoes in combinations of two textures or colors will sweep the country this fall. Polished leather teams up with suède, patent leather, and even with fabrics to add a two-tone effect to the fall scene. The result is a handsome group of shoes, which are designed for comfort and excellent wearing qualities. The new colors are exceptionally attractive: gleaming black, briarwood, chestnut brown, ruby red, soft deep green, and the natural shades—two of the best being benedictine and sandalwood. To top off the picture, hats this season will be deep and small.

Keep tabs on the good news in these suède pumps with tabs in back, button trim on the vamp in contrasting leather. A new type of construction makes this soft shoe fit like a glove. By Delmanette. Black with black patent, navy with red calf. About \$14. Montaldo Stores.



Perfect candidates for the women's vote are these neat calf pumps with Italian heels and button trim on the vamp and sides. *Mademoiselle*. Medium heel in ruby calf. High heel in black or navy suède, briarwood calf. About \$16. Lord & Taylor, New York.



Early returns indicate this single-strapped shell will carry the nation. *Paradise Kittens*. In black suède with benedictine calf. About \$13. Shillito's, Cincinnati.



Due to sweep the country—these low-cut calf pumps for daytime wear follow the two-tone line with side tassels and lacing around the top in another color. *De Liso Debs*. Black with sandalwood, ruby with black patent. About \$17. Jay Thorpe, New York.



The shoe of the hour, for light-footed campaigning. Of perforated suède, trimmed with calf. By *Rhythm Step*. In black suède. About \$14. Franklin Simon, New York.

E.N.P. photos by Rudrick Horne



A landslide of votes is predicted for this delicate opera pump in suède, touched up with a calf heel and a narrow band of calf around the topline, to wear with all your daytime clothes. By *Life Stride*. Black or brown. About \$9. Famous-Barr, St. Louis.



Happy compromise between two leathers: this shell pump in suède with calf heel and trim. *Velvet Step*. In black only. About \$11. Carson's Inc., St. Petersburg.

MORE for your money
already!



**...and you're
only on page 30**

If you began reading this issue at the beginning, you've now seen nearly one-fifth of the "new", streamlined Cosmopolitan.

It's changed quite a bit since you looked at it last month. There are a lot more short, punchy features (*and several new departments*) "up front". And every article you've read has been completed on *consecutive* pages.

These are just the *first* signs of a streamlining program that has eliminated "hop, skip and jump" reading and introduced a wealth of new features.

Among the innovations and added attractions you've already seen are: "Dorothy and Dick's New York" (*page 6*); a monthly profile of our cover subject ("*The New First Lady of the Theatre*", *page 22*); a new personality test for Cosmopolitan readers (*page 12*); and the use of short news features to introduce regular monthly departments like "Movie Citations" (*page 15-19*).

There are a lot of other sparkling new features between this page and the back cover, so read on with a peeled eye and look for our next announcement on page 94.

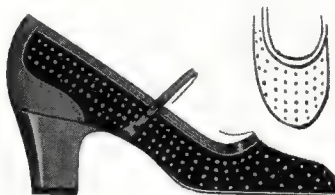
THE COSMOPOLITAN LOOK (continued)

Winners in a Walk



Primary requisite in every shoe wardrobe, this strapped calf flat with foam-rubber sole, by Prima. Russet-glow or ruby. About \$8. At Best & Co., Department H, New York.

You'll know where you stand on any issue in this shallow calf moccasin with its tapered heel. By Deb. Benedictine or red. About \$10. At Bloomingdale's, New York.



Forty-eight states agree this is the perfect daytime shoe for grass-roots or big cities. Perforated suede trimmed with calf, narrow instep-strap, and soft toe. Tweedie.

Foreign issue for domestic consumption, an easy walking shoe by Hayhills of London. Black, green, rust, ruby suede, contrasting calf trim. About \$15. Lord & Taylor, New York.



We point with pride to this handsome walker in calf with contrasting suede vamp and wedge, by Queen Quality. Benedictine with brown. About \$11. Crowley, Milner, Detroit.

Campaign special, a shallow pump of two-toned suede with calf scallops on the vamp, and a calf heel, by American Girl. Black or brown. About \$7. Jordan Marsh, Boston.



Fashioned to Win



A side issue, this velvet profile hat. Black, brown, and navy. About \$8. Pink pigskin gloves by Kay Fuchs, about \$9. Ronay's calf envelope bag, about \$11.



Standing ovations for the cloche with the saw-tooth brim, about \$12; for Wear-Right's tabbed gauntlet, about \$4.50; for Jana's three-way bag, about \$11.



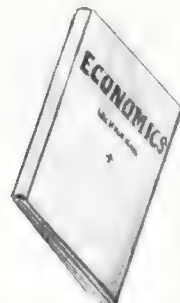
So goes the nation with these three. The deep felt cloche, about \$11. The cotton shorty by Crescendoe, about \$3.50. Jana's fitted calf bag, about \$11.



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A NEW ENGLAND TRAGEDY

A teen-age fling became a national scandal and cost a young girl's health, a family's savings, and an innocent man's life

BY PAUL MARCUS

The headlines were lurid. What had at first seemed like adventure to three teen-age girls ended in damaged lives, a maimed body, anguished parents, and death.

It began with gossip. Had it not been for gossip, the girls might not have stolen the doctor's money for a New York spree, the two young men they met might not be in prison on morals charges, Eileen Jeffrey, eldest of the girls, might not be maimed, and Dr. Covner might be alive.

The fantastic chain of events began in Lynn, Massachusetts, not far from Boston. Eileen Jeffrey, one of the teen-agers involved, lived in Lynn. Eileen is a small, freckled, blue-eyed redhead, regarded by everyone who knew her as warm, sympathetic, and possessing a good sense of humor. Not a brash, adventurous girl, as one might imagine, but quite the opposite.

"Eileen always clung to me," her mother, Mrs. Josephine McDonald, recalls. Mrs. McDonald (who was divorced when Eileen was three and remarried two years later) is a warm, attractive woman. She remembers that Eileen was always timid, passive, and unusually

good. "I've had the normal troubles with my other four children," her mother says, "but never any with Eileen." Many children will steal at some time or other, but Eileen "never took a nickel."

Eileen was a slow student, who still played with dolls and believed in Santa Claus when she was twelve. As she grew up she was excessively modest; she chose high-necked dresses, and when she showered she not only locked the bathroom door but also shoved the clothes hamper against it.

Eileen was slow to go out with boys, and never "went steady." Her mother says, "I've often thought, since this whole thing happened, that when she was fifteen and sixteen other girls her age in the neighborhood were going out with boys, but she wasn't. She'd sit out on the porch alone for hours."

At Lynn Classical High School, when she was seventeen, Eileen formed a friendship with another student, Marilyn Curry, sixteen, a girl with a twice-widowed mother. That summer the girls met Roberta McCauley, fifteen, who lived in nearby Nahant and attended Lynn

English High School. When the fall came the three girls began going out on dates together.

Gossip about the girls soon began. It was said that they were fast. Later, in court, one of the girls said, "Boys wouldn't take us to dances. All they wanted to do was drive to a lonely place and park." Another testified: "Nobody would bother with us; we were talked about because someone started a lie that Eileen was smoking marijuana." Eileen had tried a tobacco-filled cigarette in the school gym and had become ill. Two girls whose imaginations were inflamed by headlines saw her and invented the marijuana story.

Roberta, youngest of the three but in some ways the most mature (a wealthy aunt had taken her on expensive trips to New York, Canada, and Bermuda) was often a baby sitter for Dr. and Mrs. Albert H. Covner of Nahant. They considered her "a very reliable young girl." Dr. Covner was a heart specialist with offices in Lynn. A small man of fifty-one who had suffered several heart attacks himself, he was highly thought of in the

(Continued on next page.)

Photos by I.N.P.



After taking the money, Marylin Curry, Eileen Jeffrey, and Roberta McCauley rushed to New York City, where they bought expensive clothes, visited the Latin Quarter, and ordered tall highballs.



Later the police picked the girls up. It was the first time Eileen had ever been away from home—her first brush with the excitement of night clubs, police stations, and newspaper photographers. When a cameraman asked her how she felt, this gesture served as her reply.

A NEW ENGLAND TRAGEDY *(continued)*

Eileen never went out much, and sex jokes passed right over her head

community and is described by Eileen as "kindly and a gentleman."

When Roberta was asked to "sit" for the Covners the night of October seventeenth she asked Marylin and Eileen to keep her company; the girls then invited three boys over for the evening.

The Covners, unaware that Roberta expected visitors, departed for a Boston theatre. Shortly before the boys were due to arrive, Roberta and Marylin went upstairs. Soon Eileen heard a scream, and she raced up the stairs.

Roberta and Marylin were in the Covners' bedroom, an opened strongbox at their feet. They were wildly throwing money up in the air in cascades. "Why, there must be five hundred dollars there,"

Eileen cried, and she joined in the fun.

The girls stuffed the money—some-where between eighteen and twenty-four thousand dollars—into a red alligator bag. When the boys arrived, the girls told them that the Covners were returning soon, and hustled them away. Then they went out and hitched rides to Boston. From there they took a bus to New York. **When the Covners** returned home they thought their house had been broken into and robbed and Roberta taken as hostage. They notified the police. The doctor explained that he had got the money in a recent real-estate transaction.

The police worked the story out very quickly. The boys told of having been sent packing, and a man told how he

had given the three girls a lift. The following day a radio announcer recalled having seen the three girls that noon in a tearoom, where he had heard them mention New York City. The hunt was on, and an eight-state alarm sent out.

In New York City the girls asked a cabdriver to suggest a hotel for them, and he took them to a modest hostelry on Eighty-first Street. They registered under assumed names, and then opened the bag and tried to count the money. "Every time we counted it, it came out different," Eileen said later. She estimated the total at eighteen thousand dollars.

The girls each took a thousand dollars in bills of small denomination and stuffed the bills into handbags and pockets. The balance they put into a large paper bag.

They then took another cab, and asked the driver where they should leave some "valuables." Following his advice, they put the bagful of money in a twenty-five-cent locker in Grand Central Station. Then they embarked on one of history's most monumental teen-age spending sprees.

They began by buying new and larger bags to accommodate their wealth more comfortably. They then hit a long succession of exclusive shops. They bought



At the police station the girls basked in their newly achieved notoriety. They huddled together, threw wisecracks at the police, and, when the photographers asked them to pose with their fancy clothes, squealed happily, and waved these flimsy underthings.

lighters, watches, costume jewelry, expensive shoes; lingerie, and dresses; they ordered custom-made clothes. (When police finally caught up with the girls, Roberta was wearing a \$235 Dior creation; Eileen was wearing a \$100 black-velvet skirt and an expensive blouse.)

In the early evening they began a fantastic round of night spots.

It isn't easy to get a straight account of that night. It is certain, however, that they went to the Latin Quarter, for they had their photograph taken there. (The club later had its liquor license suspended for a week, because it had served liquor to minors.) They stayed at the club until it closed at two o'clock in the morning, and then began visiting small bars around the city.

At one bar, the girls met three young men to whom they boasted about their cache. One of the men stole the locker key from Roberta's handbag, substituting another. At another point Marilyn overheard a sailor remark that he had spent all his money and couldn't get home on leave; she handed the startled gob a hundred-dollar bill. Still later they met three other young men and took them back to their hotel rooms.

Sometime in the early morning these men were also told of the cache of money. One suggested, "Let's buy a car and go to Mexico." This sounded like a sensible suggestion to all hands. One of the men (who is still unidentified) disappeared. Roberta and the remaining two men went downtown to retrieve the money.

On the way downtown, the trio stopped to buy a paper and saw their escapade splashed over the front pages. Roberta and one man registered at a downtown hotel to wait while the second went to get the money.

Meanwhile, Marilyn and Eileen, who had gone to a beauty parlor, were recognized. The police quickly picked them up at their hotel. When Roberta phoned in to say the locker was empty, the police traced the call and picked up Roberta and her two companions. The money had vanished.

The girls were taken to the Twentieth Detective Bureau on West Sixty-eighth Street, where they were swamped by photographers and reporters. They happily posed for pictures, holding up some of the clothes they had bought. "Don't tell my folks you saw me smoking a cigarette," said Eileen to a reporter. "They'd be awful mad."

The girls had less than sixty dollars among them.

Roberta's parents flew to New York and engaged a lawyer. The court assigned the Legal Aid Society to defend Marilyn and Eileen. The society's attorney, Benjamin Schmier, says, "Eileen was very subdued by that time; she was disillusioned with the big city she had thought so glamorous, and wanted only to get back home."

Back in Lynn, the girls' parents were
(Continued on next page)

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A NEW ENGLAND TRAGEDY

(continued)

She jumped out the window—"I just wanted to go home," she explained

already paying—in painful publicity and personal anguish—a high price for their children's escapade. "We had to move out of the house for a while because the phone kept ringing so," Eileen's mother recalls. Marilyn's mother cried out to a reporter, "I've worked hard all my life. Where have I failed? Was it because I had to work to support my children and couldn't give them twenty-four hours of my day?" Eileen's mother said, "That's just not my Eileen," and she told a reporter, "I think they all ought to be psychoanalyzed."

Eileen's mother came to New York ten days after the arrest. In the grim Women's House of Detention she spoke to her daughter over a communications system. "Oh, Mother! Mother, can't I please come home?" was all Eileen could say.

When Mrs. McDonald called Dr. Covaner to express her regrets he said, "I'm not worried about the money. I just hope the girls don't get hurt over it." As it turned out, he was to be the most injured of all. He was besieged by phone calls and letters, accosted by pranksters on the street: "Do you want me to babysit for you tonight? Have you got any money left?" Many of the phone calls and letters were either defamatory or threatening. Unfounded gossip about the source of the money and about his personal life became scurrilous almost beyond belief.

Ten days after the incident, the doctor told his nurse and secretary that he was "tired and disgusted," dismissed them, and said he was going to Florida for a rest. Instead, he got into his car, drove a few miles, parked, walked into the woods a short distance, and took an overdose of morphine.

Three boys found the body. Dr. Covaner was lying with his head against a tree,



Eileen Jeffrey (left) looked thoroughly subdued and frightened by the time police-woman Theresa McDermott came to take her back home to Lynn to stand trial.

his right arm resting across his forehead. His last living gesture was one of warding off.

Over seven hundred people attended the doctor's funeral. Soon after, his widow, Mrs. Ruth Covner, bore the dead man a second child.

The two young men who had become involved with the girls were sent to prison. Eileen, held in a city jail, was quartered with prostitutes and habitual criminals. She watched in horror as a drug addict died.

In late December, the girls were returned to Lynn. While awaiting trial, Eileen refused to leave the house. She was ashamed of what she had done and didn't want to meet any of her friends. Her mother insisted—"You've got to learn to face people"—and took the girl Christmas shopping.

The Lynn court put Eileen on two years' probation, a condition being that she spend the first year at The House of the Good Shepherd in Springfield, Massachusetts.

But the tragedy had not yet run its course.

"Eileen could never stand being away from home," her mother says. She thinks that's why the girl tried to escape. A friend who knew Eileen well says, "She had never been able to face issues and had been escaping all her life." Whatever her motivations, Eileen had been in The House of the Good Shepherd only ten days when she knotted two bed sheets together and dropped them out her fourth-floor window. Apparently only when she had reached the end of the sheets did she realize they were fifty feet short of the ground. She jumped and collapsed in a bloody heap.

They rushed her to Mercy Hospital in Springfield, where she underwent a spinal fusion. Doctors told her mother they had little hope that she could survive.

But she lived.

For eight or nine weeks she was in agony, unable to bear being touched. Then, gradually, she began to improve. "Mama, I just wanted to come home," was her only explanation.

Eileen is on crutches now, and may suffer a partial paralysis for life. For the moment, at least, it brings the score to a grim total: Dr. Covner is dead, his wife widowed, his two children orphaned; two young men are in prison; three young girls' lives are damaged, one's body is maimed.

Some who have known the case intimately think that, in addition to gossip, the lure of "glamour" is to blame. One of these is Benjamin Schmier, Eileen's Legal Aid Society attorney.

"I hope," he says, "that the story of Eileen Jeffrey will teach thousands of girls in small towns a lesson. I hope it will help them realize that rather than glamour there is much sordidness in the big city. I hope they will stay home, and stop dreaming."

THE END

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Rodrick Horne

Are You an EVERYDAY NEUROTIC?

DO PEOPLE PICK ON YOU? PARTIES GIVE YOU A HEADACHE? DO YOU FIND LOVE UNSATISFYING, DECISIONS HARD TO MAKE? THESE ARE SYMPTOMS OF THE NEUROTIC FEELINGS THAT CRIPPLE THE LIVES OF MANY OF US

BY MAURICE ZOLOTOW

This is about you and me and the lady next door. But most of all it is about you. When it comes to the lady next door (the one who yakity-yak-yaks all day long) or the man your sister married (who won't buy so much as a tie without consulting his mother) you can readily understand their peculiar little crotchets. You know that your neighbor suffers from what the psychiatrists call compulsive behavior. She *has* to talk. And your brother-in-law is what the psychiatrists call morbidly dependent.

You can see these things in other peo-

ple—but here's the test: Can you see them in yourself? The chances are there are elements of neurotic behavior in your everyday life. You take them for granted because they are a fixed part of your pattern of living.

Neurotic behaviorisms can prevent you from having a satisfying marriage, advancing in your job, achieving a happy social life, and enjoying your children. They can make what should be pleasurable experiences—like kissing your wife—disagreeable tasks. They can turn what should be routine acts—like shopping in

a department store—into nightmares of conflict. They can poison your life with arguments, tensions, frustrations, and a variety of bothersome ailments, like headaches, backaches, and dyspepsia. They can make you withdraw from life, avoiding intimate contact with people.

How can you tell whether something you do shows a neurotic tinge? Dr. Lewis Wolberg, New York psychoanalyst and author of *Hypnoanalysis*, explains it this way: "Almost anything a person does to an *extreme* can be neurotic. It isn't the thing one does, or the fear one fears—we

EVERYDAY NEUROTIC? *(continued)*

NEUROTIC MOTIVES ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR MOST OF OUR CONFLICTS, TENSIONS, AND FRUSTRATIONS. WITH INSIGHT WE CAN SIMPLIFY OUR LIVES AND IMPROVE OUR RELATIONS WITH OTHER PEOPLE

all have our emotional problems and our fears—but the hyperintensity, the perfectionism, the concentration upon the act or the fear to the exclusion of other factors in our life, that show us the existence of problems.”

Do you have a ritual?

Take the case of Mrs. Anna G., who is twenty-eight years old, has been married six years, and has a four-year-old son. She lives in a two-bedroom house and has made a career of keeping it fanati-

cally spotless. Some women give their house a thorough cleaning once a week; Mrs. G. does it every day. From morning until bedtime, she scrubs, vacuums, polishes, waxes. She is proud of her shining walls, gleaming silver, spotless rugs. Her son is the best-groomed child in his nursery school. Her husband thinks an ashtray is something in which you deposit cigarette butts, so Mrs. G. has to clean out the ashtray several times a night.

Mrs. G. thinks she is quite normal and that other women are poor housekeepers.

What she doesn't realize is that she is defeating her own goals.

If you were to ask Mrs. G. what she wants out of life, she would say a pleasant relationship with her husband and a happy son. But her obsession with house-keeping makes this impossible. It has seriously strained her relationship with her husband and cramped the personality development of her child.

People like Mrs. G. are known as “obsessive compulsives.” They resort to rituals, such as fanatical house cleaning or bathing, to avoid unbearable emotional conflicts. If they omit or cut short their rituals they feel uneasy and anxious. Most psychiatrists feel that an obsessive-compulsion pattern is caused by an underlying difficulty that has nothing to do with the actual ritual that is performed. For example, a person suffering from a vague feeling of anxiety may try to focus this anxiety on a specific danger, like dirt or germs. This creates an obsessive thought—“There are dirt and germs

Some neurotics substitute food for love. Without knowing it, compulsive eaters fear close relationships.



everywhere," then a ritual act—"I must take a two-hour bath to protect myself."

Are you afraid of love?

Let's consider the case of Herbert R., twenty-five years old, unmarried, a skillful layout man in an advertising agency. Despite talent, good looks, a charming sense of humor, and a good deal of sophistication, Mr. R. is making no progress in his job. In his personal life he suffers greatly from loneliness. He says he wants to go steady and insists he would like to marry but, although he dates many girls, nothing ever develops.

Mr. R. is completely sloppy. His trousers are unpressed, his tie doesn't fit neatly under his collar, his shoes are unshined, his fingernails are dirty, and there is a disagreeable odor of perspiration about him. He is often unshaven. Many people have to go through a ritual of soaping their hands and face and brushing their teeth before bedtime, but Mr. R. *cannot* go to sleep if he brushes his teeth first. He realizes that if he took pains with his appearance he would move ahead faster, but he cannot do so.

Mr. R. fails to see the connection between his sloppy habits and the fact that girls aren't interested in him. He would reject violently the suggestion that he fears a close relationship with a woman, and that sloppiness is his unconscious attempt to fend off involvements that might lead to love and marriage.

Often people like Herbert R. have been treated with coldness, emotional detachment, even outright rejection by their mother. They unconsciously expect (and fear) this treatment at the hands of every woman they meet. And so Herbert R. has developed a complicated scheme of living that invites the very rebuffs he fears. His experience with the first (and most important) woman in his life was so painful that he makes certain he can never again be so vulnerable.

Do you overeat?

An amazing fact about people is that they seem to thwart their own desires.

Take Ruth R. Twenty-four, single, and living with her parents, she is deeply unhappy and frustrated. Although she has a beautiful Botticellian face and a kind and gentle spirit, she is obese to the point of looking grotesque. She isn't attractive to men, she says; nobody will ever marry her; she is ugly and repulsive. She knows that by combining a sensible diet with moderate exercise she could lose weight. But she is unable to take any systematic steps to make herself attractive. Once a year, in desperation, she goes on a starvation diet and

(Continued on next page) 41

The compulsive cleaner wears herself out with exhaustive, pointless tidying.

Photos by Maxwell Coplan



A woman whose marriage is unsatisfying may try to avenge herself by spending her husband's money extravagantly.

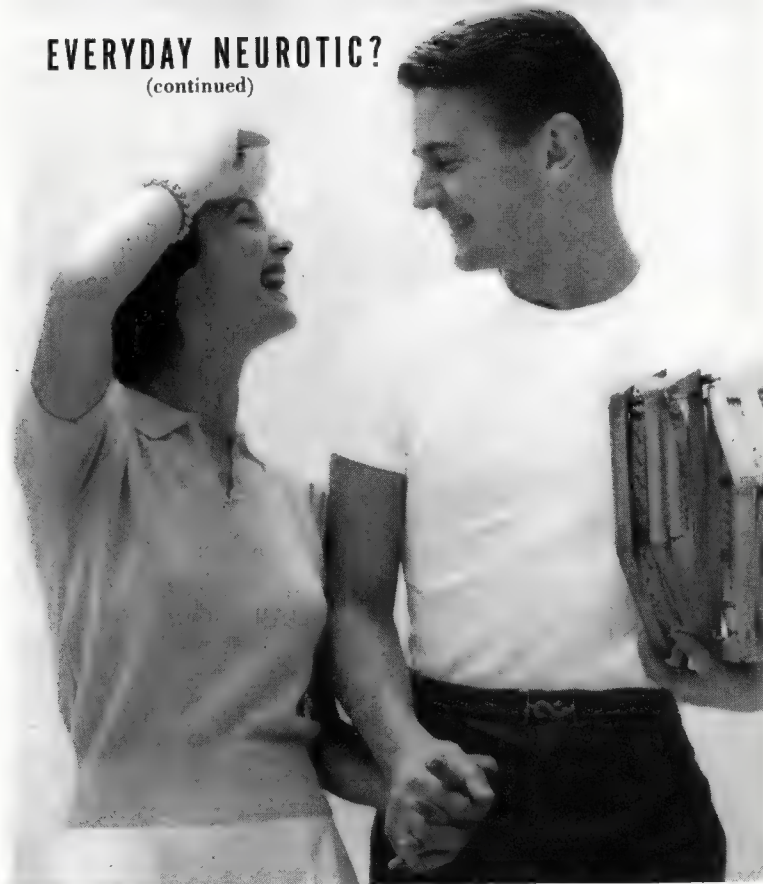


To the neurotically indecisive person any choice, even a simple one such as picking out a tie, can be unbearable.



EVERYDAY NEUROTIC?

(continued)



Stephen Colbourn

ENJOYMENT OF LIFE COMES EASILY TO THOSE WHO, THROUGH SELF-UNDERSTANDING, CAN FREE THEMSELVES FROM CONFLICT AND WORRY

loses twenty or thirty pounds. But as soon as something unpleasant happens, she seeks consolation in a chocolate sundae or a huge chunk of layer cake.

Psychiatrists believe that people like Ruth substitute food for love. They go through life with the unconscious conviction that they cannot be loved. The expression of love through sexual intercourse poses insuperable difficulties for them, though their natural instincts drive them to seek amatory satisfaction. Food is one substitute, but there are others. A woman may seek compensation for her sexual frustration by spending an excessive amount of time at the hairdresser's or going on a shopping orgy. A husband who is sexually frustrated may indulge himself by buying a dozen expensive ties or gambling recklessly for excitement. Many gamblers report that while playing cards or watching a horse race they experience the intense stimulation and ecstasy that is normally experienced during the act of love.

This inability to express sexual feelings normally is a definite indicator of basic personality maladjustment.

Fifty years ago, sexual desire was not a socially approved impulse. Married people who were unable to love and be

loved did not feel guilty if they avoided intimate relations. Today the picture has changed. As a result, many married people force themselves to go through the motions, thus causing neurotic conflicts.

Do you feel put-upon?

Mrs. Alma W. is another kind of everyday neurotic. She starts the day by arguing with her husband. Then she tries to make a telephone call, gets the wrong number, and bawls out the operator. While buying some stockings in a department store, she fights with the clerk for waiting on another customer before her. If she takes a bus, she manages to get involved in a hostile interchange with the driver. She always feels that she is discriminated against.

The polar opposite of the chip-on-the-shoulder type is just as ill. He never disagrees with you, always lets you have your way, must do favors for everyone—and inwardly seethes with resentment and frustration he does not even know exist. Dominating his behavior is a fear that he will be disliked if he asserts himself.

Lucy Freeman, in her *Fight Against Fears*, the 1951 best seller that described her analysis, wrote, "When I bought shoes or dresses, and they did not fit or I

did not like them, I would not dream of exchanging them. To keep them was less terrifying than to persuade a clerk to take them back. The clerk might not like me then." This short passage brought her more letters than all the rest of her 332-page book.

When this artificial and basically dishonest sweetness permeates a marriage, it leads to an extremely difficult relationship. There cannot be an honest marriage unless both parties openly express their feelings at appropriate times, whether the feelings are affectionate or resentful. When a wife who is annoyed at her husband gets a headache instead of openly expressing her annoyance, she makes any real working out of their difficulties impossible.

Can you stand alone?

Another common phenomenon is the grown person who continues to be dependent on his parents. Dr. David Hays, a Westchester psychiatrist, told me of a woman in her late thirties who had two children. She wanted advice on how she could get her husband to come back and live with her. It developed that this woman was completely dependent on her mother. During the war, her husband's work took him to Minnesota. He rented a house there for his family, but three weeks after arriving there, she returned to their home town in the South. Her explanation was that there was too much snow and ice in Minnesota, and she had no friends there. But in reality she left her husband to be near her mother again.

Martyred?

Another variety of the everyday neurotic is the martyr. According to Dr. Clara Thompson, executive director of the William Alanson White Institute of Psychiatry, Psychoanalysis, and Psychology, "The martyr is always doing things nobody asked her to do, and then suffering when her efforts are not properly appreciated. She serves you, and makes you pay heavily for it. If you refuse her so-called sacrifices, she complains that she works her fingers to the bone, and this is all the gratitude she gets."

There is also the morbidly indecisive person, to whom any choice—whether to wear a blue or a gray suit—presents an overwhelming problem. There are those who are unable to form any durable relationship with a member of the opposite sex. There are people gnawed by a sense of failure, a feeling that they are not fulfilling their potentialities in their profession. There are people who seem destined to be the victims of repeated accidents—driving a car, walking down stairs, crossing the street—their life histories are full of broken bones, stitched cuts, smashed fingernails.

But now let's get back to you. How can you know whether you are an everyday neurotic, too? One of the surest

indicators is constant fatigue, according to Dr. Thompson. She says, "There's something wrong if you find you're extremely tired all the time, particularly if you wake up tired."

This fatigue may be caused by some physical condition, but if it fails to respond to medical attention you can suspect suppressed resentment. "You're fighting something in your life all the time," Dr. Thompson explains. "You're not aware of it, but your muscles are constantly tensed. It's fatiguing to be angry all the time."

Children are extremely sensitive barometers of any neurotic traits that may exist in their parents, according to Dr. Thompson. "Children—particularly small children—are very responsive to the moods of their parents. If a parent is unconsciously hostile or uneasy with them, they sense it and feel rejected and soon develop tantrums or other difficulties."

Warning signals

If you don't suffer from a feeling of constant fatigue and there are no children to reflect any neurotic traits you may have, check yourself against these eight red lights:

1) You engage in some meaningless compulsive action day after day. When you try doing without this action, you find yourself getting tense and uneasy.

2) You find yourself getting into fights with most of the people with whom you come into contact, especially your husband (or wife) and children.

3) On the contrary, you will go to any lengths to avoid a fight, even to the extent of submerging your interests and stature as a human being.

4) You make love to your husband (or wife) out of a sense of duty.

5) Instead of enjoying the serenity of fulfilled love, you find yourself getting your pleasure from substitute activities—buying clothes, getting new coiffures, playing canasta, overeating.

6) You constantly do and say things that subtly antagonize other people and frustrate your own ambitions and goals.

7) You cannot go through the day without getting your mother's or father's approval of each activity.

8) You suffer from a variety of ailments no doctor seems able to do anything for.

Don't let yourself be cheated of happiness by a neurotic trait. Try to be objective about your behavior and recognize any neurotic habits you may have. Once you can recognize something you do as neurotic, you have gone a long way toward ceasing to be an everyday neurotic.

THE END

A low opinion of yourself can give you a subconscious fear of offering or accepting love.

Angelo Pinto





ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

The child's bleached curls glittered in the spotlight. She turned to the audience and performed a teetering curtsy. Then she began to dance.

Her name was Nancy Donner, and she was most fetchingly pretty. She had startled blue eyes and a tip-tilted nose. With repeated bleaching her fair hair had turned the color of cream. Her fingernails were lacquered orange-red. When you asked her how old she was, she said five and a half, going on six.

Actually, she was six and a half, going on seven. Mrs. Donner believed in overlooking no possible advantage to the working out of her scheme, which was to make her daughter a star in the movies.

Almost everything that had ever happened to Rosine Donner had led toward this resolve. In the first place, she had lived all her twenty-eight years in Los Angeles, and had been exposed early and constantly to that city's most publicized industry. Long ago she had decided that there were only two realms of existence—pictures and everyday life.

And everyday life had always let her down. When she was a beautician she had pored over fan magazines, pausing now and then to look in the mirror. What she saw discouraged her—a face like so many others, with wide, gray, attentive eyes that her glasses magnified.

There were, of course, little compensations. She danced better than any of her friends. This and the popularity it caused made up, in part, for the glasses—slaked something unfulfilled and wistful in her nature. But not until she heard a gentle melody being played in a record shop on Vine Street one afternoon did she really know what kind of haven music could be. She went inside and asked the salesgirl what it was.

"It's the 'Waltz of the Flowers,'" the girl told her. "From the 'Nutcracker Suite' by Tchaikowsky. Pretty, isn't it?"

To Rosine it was more than pretty. Some day, she promised herself, she would own that record.

She was neither evil nor stupid. Her only sin was her ambition. Her favorite words were "refined" and "artistic."

The man she married was neither. Hoadley Donner, whom she met while

Everything she'd ever dreamed of being would come true for her

Only Child

BY ROBERT WALLSTEN

he was in the Army, was stubby, forthright, and almost crude. He bubbled with a happy-go-lucky gaiety she mistook for a permanent aspect of his character.

But he fell in love more completely than he had ever expected to; he was surprised when she actually married him. To him she represented an ideal—he thought her sophisticated, distinguished.

After his discharge from the Army he returned to his old job as foreman for the Multigraph Repair Company. He offended all Rosine's sensibilities by being interested in none of what she called "the finer things" and by the fact that his short fingernails were permanently rimmed with black grease. In a half-hearted way, she resigned herself. Everyday life was disappointing.

At first, Nancy's birth did nothing to arouse her. There would be no escape ever now, Rosine thought. But one day, when Nancy was about a year old, Rosine made a discovery. "Hoad," she said, leaning over the crib, "she's pretty!"

Hoadley took the news calmly. "What did I tell you?" he said. "That's a prize winner! The prettiest girl in the world!" Then, chuckling, he corrected himself. "The second prettiest."

Rosine didn't answer. Her eyes were remote, thoughtful. "A prize winner—" she repeated softly.

The seed grew imperceptibly, without discussion of any kind. Rosine's dreams for her daughter were a secret she hugged to herself. Nancy's life would be different. Through Nancy, hers would be different, too.

You could see this conviction in the way the baby was caparisoned. Her mother's rabbit evening wrap became her carriage cover, and pink ribbons fluttered like streamers when Rosine pushed the carriage. When people approached the baby Rosine listened to their homages with a faint, remote smile on her lips.

You've seen nothing yet, she thought. Just wait. Not so many years hence they would exclaim, "Nancy Donner? Yes, we

used to see her with her mother on the street—and we knew *then*!"

Hoadley's pride and his love made the getting of money for Nancy's wardrobe an easy matter for Rosine. His first doubts were tentative and indulgent. It was hard to break his habit of respect for Rosine's judgment. But more and more he wondered. There was the time, for instance, when he found her playing the phonograph very loud, right next to the crib, and singing along with it. "Have a heart!" he said. "What is that anyhow?"

It was, of course, the "Waltz of the Flowers." She read him the title from the label.

He grimaced. "She don't understand it any more than I do."

Rosine answered hotly, "My daughter's going to learn to *like* the finer things!"

For a moment Hoadley considered reminding her that Nancy was his daughter, too. But instead, he said, "Okay, baby, okay. You know best."

"What in heaven's name have you gone and done to her hair?" he demanded a few months later.

"It's a perm," Rosine said. "Looks cute, doesn't she?"

"Looks like hell, if you ask me."

Rosine stared coolly before she answered. "I didn't ask you," she said.

From then on Nancy was never without her golden ringlets. They hung like a doll's and looked like six-inch springs. And now she appeared in a new collection of picturesque, lavish clothes.

"Curtsy, dear," Rosine would say. "Show Daddy how you curtsy. . . . See? My daughter's a little lady."

Hoadley shook his head. Once he said, "I don't know nothing about kids, but that's the damndest way to bring one up I ever saw." Rosine ignored him.

On a Sunset bus one morning Rosine learned something about the picture industry. A woman across the aisle caught her eye and, indicating Nancy, asked, "On your way to Metro?"

"To where?" Rosine asked. "Oh—no." "Oh," the woman said, "I thought you

were in pictures. There's a call for little girls at Metro."

"We *want* to be in pictures," Rosine said, "but we're not, as yet."

"Why don't you go over there now?" The woman got up. "Go to Central Casting first."

"Thank you so much!" Rosine said. "Good luck!"

Rosine whispered to Nancy, "Honey, we've started!"

The feeling of exultation lasted slightly more than an hour.

There's a call for little girls?" she asked the studio guard, presenting her slip from Central Casting. Nancy was lagging, but Rosine had her firmly by the hand. "Be polite and smile," she whispered as they followed the guard's directions to a sound stage. She looked at the lovely girls and the lithe young men. Soon this world would be hers.

Once inside the door she saw how wrong she had been. She had never seen so many mothers or so many little girls—dressed up and prettified according to their mothers' taste. Suddenly Nancy became just one of many.

They were wise, too, these children, far beyond their years. They knew they were in competition. At perhaps five years of age they were savage rivals.

Cards were distributed, and the mothers were told to fill them out. Name, address, telephone number, age. And below—questions: Could she dance? Sing? Did she have any previous experience, and if so, what?

"Form a line, please," a young man said. At the other side of the stage a tired-looking man—the director—was seated at a desk, surrounded by some other men and two girls. One by one the children appeared before them, handed their cards to one of the girls, curtsied, said "Good morning," and were led away. Sometimes the card would be put in a special pile, the little pile of the lucky ones.

"Watch the others," Rosine whispered to Nancy. "Do what they do. And honey lamb, don't forget to smile!" She pushed

Only Child (continued)

Nancy forward, she herself smiling propitiously at the director. Nancy stood alone, big-eyed, undecided, silent.

"Thank you," the director said.

And it was over. Twenty-five little girls were chosen. Nancy was not among them.

The hundreds of mothers and children—the rejected—walked slowly to the studio gates. Rosine was suddenly tired. She was afraid she might cry.

"Don't feel so low, dear."

Rosine looked around. It was a little, bird-eyed woman, dragging a redheaded daughter. "Your first time, isn't it?"

Rosine nodded and swallowed.

"You'll get used to it. The trouble is, there are so many of them. Being pretty isn't enough. They have to stand out."

"Yes," said Rosine dully, "but how?"

"Well, take Mrs. MacFarland. She and her two little boys stood in front of the Brown Derby every night for a solid week. The little boys danced on the sidewalk and sang. For a solid week! And then one night an agent came along, and before you knew it, they had a contract. Shows what you've got to do."

Rosine nodded. "It certainly does."

And her eyes grew very thoughtful.

Before she tried the studios again Rosine decided to make Nancy unique. There were no sacrifices she would not make for Nancy.

Nancy took singing lessons. She also took dancing lessons—both ballet and tap. It was plain to her teachers that she had no talent, but her obedience and eagerness to please were almost adequate substitutes. In addition to the permanent, she now had her hair touched up periodically. For special occasions she wore make-up—a hint of pink on her cheeks, a touch of salve on her lips, and sometimes brown mascara on her lashes.

The story of Mrs. MacFarland lingered in Rosine's mind. Somewhere, somehow, there must be a Brown Derby for Nancy. And one Sunday morning, reading the newspaper, she found it.

"Hoad," she said, trying to steady her voice, "Hoad, there's a lovely symphony concert at the Philharmonic Auditorium on the fourteenth, Dmitrieff conducting. I think I ought to take Nancy."

"To a concert?"

Rosine nodded. "It's time she learned. Music's very important."

Hoadley thought about it. "Well, it's all right with me," he said, "as long as I don't have to go."

On the night of the concert Nancy wore a new, plum-colored dress, and a matching hair ribbon. Her coat was pale-blue, and her pale-blue bonnet had a wisp of pink flowers on the brim.

Rosine, no less resplendent, smiled her most refined smile as they were led to their seats in the fourth row, far left.

Nancy sat very straight while Rosine

leafed through the program. She turned the page and found what she was looking for. "Nutcracker Suite," the program said, "Tchaikowsky." Underneath were the Roman numerals and all the subtitles of the parts of the suite. At the last: "VIII. 'Waltz of the Flowers.'"

It would be a long wait, but Rosine was happy.

The orchestra came in and tuned up. Then the lights were lowered. Dmitrieff entered. He acknowledged the applause with a businesslike nod; he was eager to get on with the concert.

Rosine closed her eyes and appeared to listen entranced, but her mind was not on this part of the program. She was already feeling a little supercilious about the mothers who dragged their children to general calls at the studios.

Eventually an hour and a half had passed, and the "Nutcracker Suite" began. Rosine's heart began to pound. She grasped Nancy's hand and pressed it.

Nancy looked up at her. "Now, Mommy?"

"Not yet," Rosine whispered. "In a few minutes, though." She pointed to the steps. "There," she said. Nancy nodded.

Dmitrieff brought the "Dance of the Reed Pipes" to a precise close. Then his baton rose sharply. The "Waltz of the Flowers" was next.

Rosine turned her knees to the side to let Nancy pass. "Now!" she said.

The child, big-eyed, moved out into the side aisle. Rosine, with a gesture, urged her forward, and with her lips, voiceless, said, "Go on!"

Nancy obeyed at a run; tripped at the bottom step of the platform; righted herself; hesitated. She looked back at her mother in sudden panic. Rosine, hands clenched, leaned forward in her seat. The "Waltz of the Flowers" began.

Nancy heard the familiar strains. It was her cue. In a moment she was on the platform in front of the orchestra. She turned to the audience, stretched her arms and, teetering, curtsied.

Rosine heard a gasp nearby, and scattered whispering. Then the child began to dance. Members of the orchestra spotted her, looked startled but went on playing, because Dmitrieff was still oblivious. Nancy pirouetted across the platform and stopped. Isolated giggles erupted all over. Nancy clasped her hands over her head, stretched them again as she went into an unsteady arabesque, held it and turned, and stopped again. Suddenly she remembered and smiled the dimpled smile she knew so well. From the gallery descended a patter of derisive applause that Rosine mistook for praise. Then Nancy leaped into the air in an *entrechat*—

That was as far as she got. The voices around Rosine were unmistakably angry. From somewhere a photographer appeared; there was a pop; a flash of light. People rose to their feet and yelled.

There were more flashes from cameramen. And in the middle of it all, Dmitrieff at last became aware of the little girl. Turning, mouth open, he stared. He signaled the orchestra with a sweeping arc of his arm. There was silence.

Then, with a yell, he broke his baton in two and hurled the pieces to the floor. Men rushed from the wings, some to soothe the conductor, some to get Nancy out of the way. Suddenly Rosine could no longer see her daughter, and she was terrified.

"Nancy!" she called. "Nancy!" She scrambled into the aisle and up the stairs of the platform. She heard Nancy's wail, high, loud, frightened. "Mommy! Mommy!"

Rosine tried to claw her way to Nancy's side. "Let me by!" she screamed. "Let me by!"

A light blazed, a camera pointed, a man came running toward her. "Are you the child's mother?" he asked. His voice was eager.

"Yes," she said. She called out, "Here I am, honey! Here I am."

The man whipped out a notebook. "Just a minute, madam," he wheedled. "I'm from the *Times*. That's a bright child you have there. If you'd be kind enough to give me a little information. . . . Just your name and address—"

Rosine told him, and then she saw Nancy standing miserably in the middle of the group that was trying to calm her. Nancy—with sick eyes, face shining wet, green beneath the make-up.

Whimpering, the child clasped her around the knees. Rosine turned savagely on one of the men. "Did you put a hand on her? Did you touch her? What have you done to her?"

"What have I done?" The man's jowls quivered with anger. "Look at her—look what you've done. Disrupting the concert was bad enough, but you've also made a spectacle out of her. You aren't fit to be her mother."

Rosine's impulse to lash back at him died as she glanced from his face to the others around her. They all reflected what he had said.

"Be quiet, Nancy," she said mechanically, but Nancy was beyond obeying.

"I want to go home," she sobbed. "I want my Daddy."

Rosine looked down at her. Nancy, too, she thought—blaming her as the others were. Suddenly she knew she had been wrong. She stood dazed among the ruins of her ambition. From the beginning she had been wrong, and Hoadley had been right.

Remorseful tears fogged her glasses. And then gently, protectively, contritely, she picked the child up and cuddled her in her arms.

"Come on, darling," she whispered. "Come on. We'll go home."

The blue bonnet and coat lay forgotten on the orchestra seat. THE END



"Woman," by Gaston Lachaise, possesses the vitality and the towering strength of a poem by Walt Whitman. In 1927, when this figure was first shown, its exaggerated form met ridicule. Today we know that Lachaise was a master sculptor. There is genius in the buoyant, graceful rhythm that extends from the woman's toes to her curled fingers and proudly held head.

Seven Art Wonders of America

Selected by PROFESSOR OLIVER W. LARKIN

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD AMAZED ANCIENT TRAVELERS. HERE AN OUTSTANDING CRITIC SELECTS AND DESCRIBES THE SEVEN WONDERS IN AMERICA TODAY. THE PROFESSOR'S SELECTIONS MAY ASTOUND YOU, BUT THEY ARE MASTERPIECES NO MODERN TRAVELER SHOULD MISS

(Continued on next page)

Seven Art Wonders of America (continued)

Courtesy of The Philadelphia Art Museum, A. B. Gallatin Collection



John Marin's water color of Marin Island, Maine, conveys the excitement of a flashing outdoor moment in a visual language peculiarly his own. Marin has worked out his own cryptic way of suggesting the dip and flash of sailboats, the stirring of pines in the wind, the slap of waves against rock. These things, he once said, made him "expand nigh to bustin' point." His water colors bring that excitement to us once we know his odd signs and symbols and realize he is not a prose artist, but a poet, stirred by nature in the long tradition from Anne Bradstreet to Robert Frost.

Courtesy of The Art Institute of Chicago





William C. Eymann, F P G

Winslow Homer's "Croquet Scene," with its bold colors, its feeling of clean air and sunshine, shows his ability to combine ordinary things into an unforgettable image. In 1864, when Homer painted this picture, he did not know that European artists were already groping toward livelier, more daring schemes of color, and new methods of suggesting the play of light. Independently he observed the green, tree-shaded lawn where the players moved sedately among the wickets, the impact of sunshine on the satiny white, green-blue, and flaming orange of the girls' dresses. All this he rendered broadly and simply, bringing new brilliance into American painting.

The Golden Gate Bridge leaps over San Francisco Bay like an athlete with muscles and nerves of steel, marking the latest—but not the last—of our victories over space. In 1937 Chief Engineer Joseph Strauss and his associates completed the longest suspension span in the world—4,200 feet between towers that rise nearly 750 feet above the bay. Statistics prove the courage and skill of the builders. They do not reveal the airy lightness of the roadway, the graceful swing of the cables curving down to meet it. Here engineers and architects working together have superbly demonstrated the close link between art and science, beauty and function.



Courtesy of Harvard University

Seven Not Wonders of America

(continued)

Ralph Thompson




The campus of the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, designed by Thomas Jefferson, is still the finest in America, fusing classical beauty with common sense in what Jefferson called an "academical village." Instead of the one or two bulky buildings customary at the time, Jefferson designed a group of "schools." At the northern end of a spacious terraced lawn stands the Rotunda, an adaptation of the Roman Pantheon. Ranged on its sides are templelike pavilions intended for the professors, each bearing details from some famous building of antiquity. Between the pavilions are dormitories, and a covered passage links all of the structures. The university opened in 1826.

John Copley's portrait of Mrs. Boylston, a Boston matron, which was painted in 1766, stands as a superb record of Yankee character. Mrs. Boylston was the wife of a shopkeeper and the mother of eight children. In painting this worn, shrewd, half-humorous face, the delicate black lace, the lustrous satin of her best dress, and the capable old hands in her lap, Copley made her a symbol of the thrift, hard work, dignity, and intelligence that built a firm foundation for our national independence. Copley's life was an American success story. At twenty his skill surpassed that of many much older painters. At thirty his brush was demanded by every New Englander of importance.



The S. C. Johnson Buildings in Racine, Wisconsin, were designed by an American genius, Frank Lloyd Wright, who used the materials and construction methods of our time to meet every practical need and to create a kind of beauty the past had never seen. The needs of clerical workers inspired the general form—brick walls insulated by cork, sealed against fire, noise, and dirt, and a vast, air-conditioned room with diffused light from a ceiling composed of bundles of thin glass rods. Columns with small bases flare out like mushrooms at the top. A recently added tower carries its whole weight in its core and is covered by a glass shell that glows at night like a huge lantern. Without ornaments, the clean and efficient business structure proclaims its purpose and achieves a startling beauty.





Old Out of Focus

Only on rare occasions did Ortie Osborne Fitzgerald do the right thing—with either his camera or his girl

BY ELLIOTT CHAZE

Her skin was the color honey would be if you could get honey hot enough to melt a fistful of pearls in it. Her legs just missed being straight as an eight-year-old boy's, but the way they missed it was out of this world.

Ortie was very hungry. His stomach growled and he laid his hand against it, pacifyingly, almost reprovingly. It was at least a half hour past his regular lunchtime, but still he sat there in the darkroom, peering out at her. For three months he'd been trying to get up gump-tion enough to ask her to lunch. Every day about this time he began peering from the damp gloom of the darkroom, watching her.

She moved so interestingly from desk to filing cabinet to desk that each trip seemed brand new and different.

He said her name, very low, to himself: *Francie*.

It was the first time he'd tried saying it aloud. He moved from the door to the darkroom sink and dredged three limp prints from a tray, sloshing them in another tray of running water.

The pictures were of a fat little woman holding a paper bag. The rippling water in the tray made the oldish woman's cheeks shake, as if she were still afraid of the redheaded gunman who three hours earlier had handed her a similar bag and said: "Fill it up, Sugar."

She had been shaking this morning when Ortie took the pictures.

Ortie turned her over face down in the water. His stomach snarled softly as he slipped into his jacket and left the darkroom. He walked straight for Francie's desk. Then, three paces away, he veered and fled. She didn't even look up.

It was the closest he'd come to asking her.

He wheeled and started for the stair well, pausing at the end of the corridor to look down on busy Fifteenth Street, awash in the afternoon sunlight. He waited ten minutes, hoping Francie would show down there, but she didn't. He went on downstairs and outside, hitting the street at the exact instant the newsboys came out of the building with the noon edition. He bought a paper. After fifteen years service as a news photographer he still paid for his papers. He disliked asking the editors for free ones.

Someone slapped Ortie on the back. and Dave Foy stood there in six feet or so of gray flannel, the shoulders dimpled expensively. He was humming, as usual, with health. He always made Ortie feel like an underexposed negative.

"Hello, Dave," Ortie said, making it neither cold nor warm.

"You et yet?" Foy asked.

"No."

"Let's do it together. I got medicine to make with you."

"Medicine?"

"Western talk, boy. This is the West,

He wanted to hold her in his skinny arms and kiss her till her ears rang.

In one contemptible, embarrassed spurt, Ortie spoke his first words to his beloved—he introduced her to the best and best-looking photographer in the world

where men are occasionally men, and women are tickled to hell about it."

With Foy in the lead they made good time down Fifteenth, turning left into Zodie. Foy moved fast, head high, and Ortie bumped repeatedly into the backwash of the noonday crowd as it closed behind the bigger man.

"Hurry up," Dave Foy said.

Ortie came to heel.

Francie. Her skirt was the same color as Dave's suit, a nice, cloudy gray, and soft. His mind moved naturally and unresentfully to the admission it would be

nice to be a guy like Foy and know a girl like Francie. Foy not only filled a lot of gray flannel, he filled a lot of women's lives to overflowing. On top of that he was the best wire-service photographer in Denver. Foy had ability and insane luck. He appeared at the right place at the right time. He didn't photograph plump women holding paper bags.

"Hurry up," Foy said.
"I'm hurrying."

It wasn't a bad restaurant. Foy knew the waitress, and that helped with

the butter and water. He called her honey, and she hung over the table like a starched white cloud.

Foy ate as earnestly as he did everything else. He said little until the boysenberry pie, and what he said then was: "Who is she?"

"Who's who?" Ortie asked.

"The mouse, the little wiggler."

"I don't know any mice," Ortie said. He swallowed almost apologetically and added earnestly, "And I don't know any little wigglers."

But he knew. And he knew he knew.



ILLUSTRATED BY

Alvin B.

before he'd taken another bite of the boysenberry pie.

And so it came to pass that Ortie Osborne Fitzgerald—known affectionately to his friends as “Old Out of Focus”—who had not spoken more than a hundred words to Miss Frances Sunblade, spoke another twenty-five or so that afternoon. All in one contemptible, embarrassed spurt.

He introduced her to Dave Foy.

It worked out kind of funny in a way, because after Ortie introduced them she took to coming into the darkroom whenever the bureau chief gave her a break in the secretarial routine.

The talk in the darkroom was generally about Foy, but it was still talk. Ortie would gladly have talked about garroting his grandmother if it appealed to Francie and meant being close to her.

Her eyes, he discovered, were auburn. He'd look into them, his heart jittering in his chest, and say things like: “Dave's war stuff on Leyte's Red Beach—you must remember it—was the best.”

Francie ate it with a spoon. “Last week his shot of the driver in the burning truck was the picture of the week,” she'd say.

“Sure, it couldn't've missed.”

And what he was thinking was: Francie and Foy. That couldn't have missed either, could it? You both gleam. You both bubble. So it couldn't've missed.

“No.” She smiled. “It couldn't have.”

Ortie wanted to blurt out: “I was on Leyte, too, Francie. Six months, and I saw some bad things. I had a little trench coat with a belt and I ran around all over the place looking dramatic as hell.” But, in truth, it had been the same then as now. Ortie had reached the hot spots only when Foy had finished with them. The flag had been raised or the sniper buried. On the rare occasions Ortie and camera reached the right place at the right time, Foy managed to be at a better place at a better time.

Ortie thought it was a little grisly. The two of them had worked competitively in Atlanta for three years. Then the overseas hitch. Back to Atlanta and almost simultaneous transfers to Denver for both of them four months ago. But whether Foy got there early or late, he was riding the winner in the stretch.

“You really like him, don't you?” Francie would ask during their dark-room sessions.

“Salt of the earth.”

“He is a keen fellow,” she'd say. “And so darned good looking.”

“Smart with it.”

“I love the way he laughs,” she'd say.

“Yes,” Ortie lied. “I do, too.”

He wanted to take her in his skinny arms and kiss her until his ears rang. But he stood there at the sink with a stiff smirk on his face and said what she wanted to hear.

One day Francie told him she'd been upstairs to Foy's darkroom. “I just got back,” she said. “Dave turned off all the lights but the little red one on the wall. He showed me how to develop things.”

“He did?” Ortie chuckled wearily.

“At first it was almost all black and then I got used to it and it was wonderful.”

“Oh?”

Ortie smiled, walked around his own darkroom turning on all the lights, lit himself a cigarette, tried to laugh, and in general made an ass of himself. In the end there was nothing to do but look at her.

“Well?” she said.

Ortie began casting around in the back of his head for something to say, anything at all. You couldn't walk up to a girl, not a girl like this one, and stand there smelling her perfume and patting yourself on the head. Finally he croaked: “Let me show you my gun.”

“Your what?”

“Gun. It's a really good one.”

Nothing could have been more asinine, he knew. He might as well have said: “Let me show you my left sock, the one with the crooked clock.”

He kept the gun in an oiled rag in a cabinet behind the electric drier, a .25-caliber Nambu automatic, machined down so smooth the jacket of it tugged at your fingertips. Like a baby's skin. Getting it out of the cabinet required a certain amount of time and concentration, and he was grateful for both.

“You going to plug me?” Francie sounded almost hopeful.

The familiar weight of the gun quieted him. He rubbed it with the rag. It had a fine smell.

In a quiet voice he began telling Francie the story of the gun, of how he found it on the island of Luzon the day Ernie Pyle was killed. He hadn't been within several hundred miles of Ernie that day, he said, but there was a funny kind of tie-up in his mind, and it made the gun more precious.

He leaned back and told her all the stories he knew about Ernie and of how Ernie told him one day: “A camera is the only honest-to-God accurate reporter there is.”

Francie sat forward, chin on one hand, listening. It struck him as odd for her to listen like that, with the talk so far away from Foy. Usually when he talked to anybody he had the feeling they were going to interrupt him, that he wouldn't get to finish it. This was different. He felt almost dynamic.

“Ortie?” Francie said finally.

“Huh?”

“Nothing. I just wanted to say ‘Ortie,’ and I said it.”

“It's a laughable name.”

“No, it's a fine name.” Francie moved toward him, light and easy as a child.

Then Dave Foy came into the darkroom, and the moment was gone.

“Ho-la!” Foy said. “Lay that pistol down, suh. You shoot one curl off that old head an' you'll answer to me.”

Ortie dropped the gun in his jacket pocket and waited for the rest of it.

“Ortie was going to drill me.” Francie made a comical quaver of it.

“You got a lease to drill this gal, suh?” Foy had himself a huge time with

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Despite a small marble quarry they'd dug out

of his scalp, he was well enough to

reach for the nicest present

the town had to offer



IN A QUIET VOICE he began telling her the story of the Japanese gun—how he'd found it on an island in the Pacific the day that Ernie Pyle was killed.

the rebel dialogue, demanded to know if International Wire Service rodged-up all its photographers, ha-ha-ha, and if so, why, ha-ha. Ortie thought that Francie's smile stiffened. When Foy had had enough of it he left, taking Francie with him, and Ortie was left alone.

The elevator girl, the bamboo-blond one, whistled all the way down. Her lipstick was slightly smeared.

It must have been about three-thirty when Ortie stepped out of the elevator into the lobby. The lobby was square with a speckled-stone floor, flanked on the left by a brass-and-marble barrier. Behind this were the cashiers, four of them in separate cages of tubed brass. Two frameless doors of inch-thick glass opened onto the street at the far end of the room opposite the elevators. Ortie always found the lobby soothing. There was a sense of thick, shining strength down here away from the tinny teletypes and darkroom trays.

It was payday, and some twenty-odd people were queued before the brass cages, cashing checks.

Ortie was glad the shortest queue fronted Mr. Berzins' cage. Mr. Berzins popped each bill like a firecracker between thumb and forefinger, making eighty in tens and twenties seem a cele-

bration, a whopping amount. When he handed you the money he never forgot to smile.

Just as Ortie's turn at the window came, someone hit him hard with a hip. From the right.

A tall, young-looking man with crew-cut red hair seemed to have sprouted up from the terrazzo flooring. He rested what appeared to be a small-caliber Mauser on the ledge of Mr. Berzins' cage. "Put the money in the bag," the red-haired man said. "Fill it up."

"You're kidding me." Mr. Berzins grinned.

"No, I'm not kidding you, Dad."

A stocky woman in a purple swagger coat pushed into the lobby through the swinging glass door. She opened and closed her mouth twice, like a dog squaring off to bite a flea. That was all. No sound. The red-haired man said, "You move, Sugar, and I'll blow you up."

The roomful of payday employees was frozen tight. One man in a hairy tweed suit at the cage nearest the elevators still held out his check.

The red-haired man relaxed his gun arm, resting the Mauser flat on the marble counter. He smiled kindly at Mr. Berzins, leaned forward, and clunked Mr. Berzins' bald head with the barrel of the automatic. Mr. Berzins still sat

there, kind of settling in his skin until finally he fell off the stool, raking most of his cash with him.

Ortie flapped his hands helplessly. Not until then did he remember the Nambu automatic in his jacket pocket. It hit the inside of his wrist. He cuddled his wrist against it, sweating icicles as he remembered the scene in the darkroom with Foy and Francie. A cold, graveyard wind tickled the back of his neck as Red Hair looked at him.

The man near the elevators who had been holding the check stuck his hand overhead now, two fingers spread in a V. He coughed until Red Hair looked at him. "I got to go to the bathroom," the man with the check said.

"You swing your arm around like that," Red Hair said, "and you won't live long enough to need a bathroom." He turned back to Mr. Berzins' cage, peeked down at the fallen cashier, and waved at the glass doors. Two dark men in tight overcoats came in, both carrying .45 revolvers. "Mike, Eddie, get around behind and clean them out," Red Hair said. "If the old boy on the floor gets spry just konk him again."

Mike and Eddie nodded and moved around the cages. They were workman-like and followed instructions. When Mr. Berzins sat up one of them folded him again with the snout of a .45.

Thinking back on it later it seemed to Ortie that it was the noise of the gun against Mr. Berzins' friendly old skull that did it.

Ortie shot Red Hair from point-blank range, not taking time to remove the Nambu from his jacket pocket—shooting through the pocket movie-style. Red Hair raised no fuss. He sat down, then lay down on his back, soft and thoughtful, as if he'd come home late from poker and didn't want to rouse the Missus.

The stout woman in the purple coat screamed, smacked into the glass door with her rump, and backed on out into the street, howling high and steady like the brakes of a runaway truck. The three remaining cashiers in the cages and Red Hair's two helpers dropped out of sight behind the marble ledge. All together. As if they'd rehearsed it for months.

Five seconds later Ortie was alone, staring dazedly at the hole he'd blasted in the fabric of his twill jacket. He could see the nose of his gun through the hole. No sound came from behind the marble barrier as he removed gun from pocket.

Ortie thought, I really ought to call the police.

Mr. Berzins groaned, and someone clunked him again, making the same soggy sound as before. Ortie dropped to his knees and began moving around the

end of the counter near the doors, the gun well out in front of him and away from him, its handle slippery in his grip. If only they'd leave Mr. Berzins' head alone, everybody could go home and put their guns away and quit all this.

Ortie edged around two sharp marble corners. Then he was looking along the tiled stretch behind the tiled cages and there was nothing to see. Messrs. Eddie and Mike were holed up for the season. They were going to wait for him to show. He rubbed at the sweat in his eyes with his sleeve, and just then there was a roar from the farthest of the four cages. His head began hurting, and he saw from the sides of his eyes that a very valuable chunk of marble was missing from the slab near his cheek. How much of it was in his scalp? He was afraid to feel. He wanted nothing so much as a truce with Eddie and Mike.

Mr. Berzins was moaning piteously down there near the elevators. Had they dragged him to the end cage?

Ortie got to his feet and walked down the line behind the cages; his need to stop the moaning was more important than any of the rest of it.

Mike and Eddie stood up then, hands overhead, and the three cashiers came up, too, white and embarrassed. Ortie waved his gun at all of them and felt faintly sick. Where was Mr. Berzins? The floor waved beneath Ortie's feet, then wagged violently, so that he had to lie down and hold onto it. Somewhere there was a bright flash. Then nothing.

When he came to it was in a splendid, clean-smelling world with a great deal of slick white ceiling.

There was a girl named Francie who wouldn't go away, and that was wonderful.

And there was a gentleman in the next room who was going to have a bad headache for the next week or so but who, Dr. Henderson said, would end up as "good as new." This Dr. Henderson was a tall article with compassionate, blood-shot eyes who had blossomed out of the whiteness along with the girl Francie and the bandage around Ortie's head.

Dr. Henderson said Ortie was remarkably alive despite the fact that a small marble quarry had been mined from his scalp. "You're the only bona fide hero we've handled in some time," Dr. Henderson said. "The town is yours—but you must know that."

"No," Ortie said. "I didn't know."

"Well, it is," Francie stated.

"I wonder," Ortie said, pulling her face close to his, doing the clumsy job of it he always had known he'd do, "—if I could have a small down payment?"

He didn't know how long they were there together, Francie leaning over him, before the knock came on the door. It was the kind of knock that made you

The talk between Francie and Ortie was generally about another man, but Ortie didn't mind. Just to be near her, he'd gladly have talked about strangling Grandma

want to pick up a shoe or something and knock back.

"Come in," Francie said, still busy with the down payment.

"Whoa, there!" said Dave Foy from the doorway. He stood there, gleaming and bubbling, spraying the old charm. But it was wasted on Francie. "I say!" he said.

"Go ahead and say," she said. "Goodness knows you've had practice."

Foy came bedside. He laid some newspapers on Ortie's sheeted knees. Francie said, "You be careful!"

Page one of the *Ledger* was an eight-column picture, twenty inches deep, and clear as a desert summer. Foy spread it proudly over Ortie's knees. The picture showed a thin blond in a rumpled suit waving a small automatic pistol at two men in tight overcoats. There were three other men standing, pale and sheepish, and one man on the floor. Mr. Berzins.

"Nice," Ortie said.

"It's the picture of the year." Foy made the words juicy.

"It's beautiful," Francie said.

Foy shuffled around a bit, but no one

was looking at him. "I took it as the police crashed the party."

Ortie choked back the dirtiest word he knew, remembering now the bright flash just before the darkness.

"Strobe light," Foy grinned, as if he'd heard Ortie's thought. "Strobe did it."

It made Ortie's head hurt. This seemed too rich for the grinder. It was one thing to have a man beat you at your work when the odds were even, when no one had the jump on anyone. But to have him use you as a model—the dirty word began strangling him, fighting to get itself said. But it never made it. Because Ortie Fitzgerald began laughing.

He laughed because Francie said, "I don't see what difference it makes who took it. Or how. The important thing is it's a picture of Ortie."

"Hero worship," Foy smiled uncertainly.

"It'll do until I can fall in love with him proper."

On that Ortie collected another bit of the down payment.

THE END



HE SHOT RED HAIR from point-blank range, firing through his jacket pocket, movie-style. Red Hair lay down quietly, one very dead bank robber.



What Happens to Quiz Kids?

THE BABY GENIUSES OF YESTERYEAR ARE BIG BOYS AND GIRLS NOW. THEY STILL AMAZE THEIR ELDERS —AND PROVE THAT IT HELPS TO HAVE A HEAD START



VANESSA BROWN graduated from the Quiz Kids to the movies. Her latest film is "The Fighter," in which she co-stars with Richard Conte (above). Vienna-born and Paris-schooled, she won a place on the Quiz Kids at fourteen. She had no special field of knowledge, but was all-around bright. At fifteen she made her Broadway debut in "Watch on the Rhine." She has since appeared in movies and television.



his parents wanted him to complete his schooling at the usual pace.

JOEL KUPPERMAN, a mathematical wizard, made his debut on the program when he was five. Now sixteen, he has made over four hundred radio and television appearances, more than any other Quiz Kid. He has a scholarship to the University of Chicago, which he will enter this fall. He could have been doing college work long ago, but



Hall. A fine pianist, she has appeared on radio and television.

JOAN BISHOP was thirteen years old when she appeared as one of the original group of five remarkable kids, whose first broadcast was in June, 1940. At twenty-five Joan is launched on a successful stage career. She is a coloratura soprano, and has starred in a Broadway musical, sung with two opera companies, and appeared at Carnegie



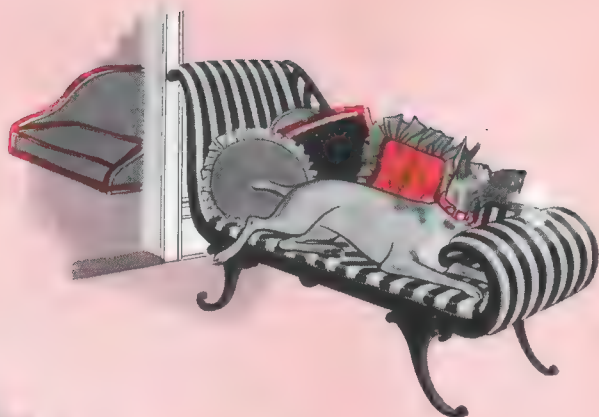
or director. Meanwhile, he is expecting to serve a stint in the Army.

HARVE FISCHMAN was an outstanding Quiz Kid for many years. This year, at twenty, he graduated from the University of California at Los Angeles, with a major in theatre arts. A gifted student, Harve wrote and directed the varsity show last spring. He hopes to work in the theatre, but hasn't yet decided whether he wants to be a writer, actor,

Photos by I.N.P.



A Dog's Best Friend



With the help of comedian Sid Caesar (left), television audiences have come to understand the thought processes of such assorted objects as penny-gum machines, airplanes, and red convertibles. For COSMOPOLITAN readers, Sid, a man with a perennial hang-dog look, tackles the plight of a recently purchased pup who just can't fathom the ways of his well-meaning, apartment-dwelling master.

"There's a guy needs a friend, and I'll bet he can afford me easier than Blondie."



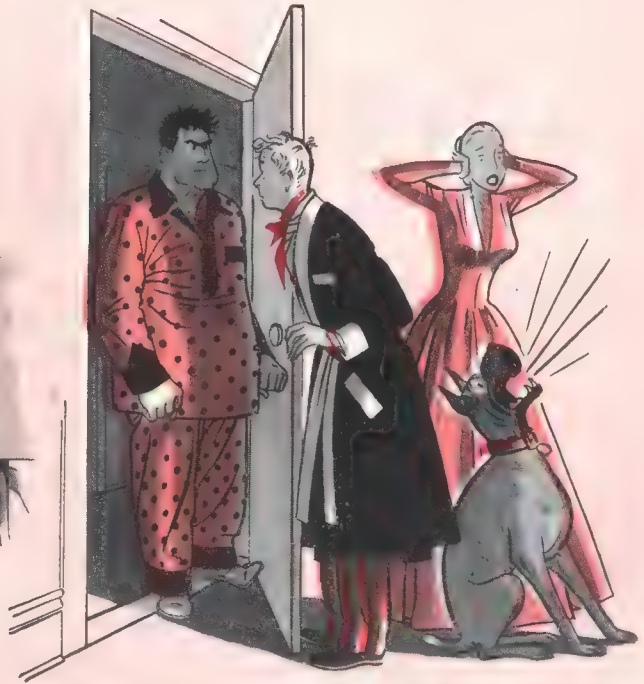
"As long as he hasn't heard of canned dog food, I won't be the first to tell him."



"Don't look so nervous, I'll wait till I'm outside."

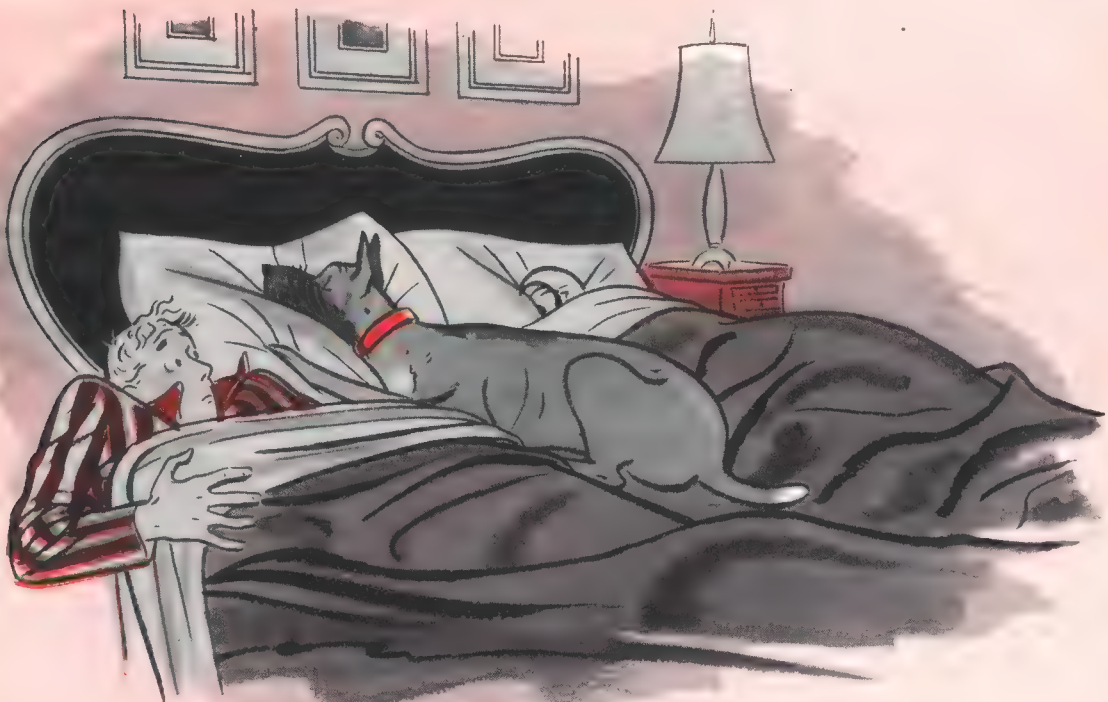


"If you don't like me
doing this, get tough."



"Tell him to go back where he came from."

He had Johnnie Ray on last night. Am I worse?"



"If I can keep this up, he'll either move to the country
or trade me in on a canary. Either way I win."

FLYING SANDWICHES

The Babe Ruth of the sandwich world is a Danish innkeeper who piles a dozen ingredients on a slice of bread and will gladly deliver his creation right to your door • BY JOHN SHARNIK



From Copenhagen, Davidsen's ships sandwiches by airplane all over the world.

After returning from a vacation trip to Denmark, a New York matron found herself troubled by vague but persistent pangs of hunger. She finally sent an urgent cable to a Copenhagen restaurant called Oskar Davidsen's, and forty-eight hours later she blissfully opened an air-mail package containing the item that quickly appeased her craving—a sandwich.

The remedy bore about as much resemblance to the conventional American ham-on-rye as a *chateaubriand de boeuf béarnaise* does to a hamburger. Smørrebrød, the sandwich that is a Danish national institution, comes in 172 variations and in proportions ranging from merely huge to monumental. In bulk, color, and architectural daring, it makes a conventional sandwich look about as hearty as a soda cracker.

Superstructure

Smørrebrød — “smaw-ra-brud” — literally means buttered bread. From this rather matter-of-fact base rises a gaudy superstructure of fish, fowl, meat, eggs, cheese. The main ingredients are joined by dressings—plain, blended, spiced, and sometimes even spiked—and garnished with a garden of vegetables and herbs. Covering this structure with another slice of bread is unthinkable to artistic Danish cooks. It is also impossible. So your smørrebrød is always served open-faced.

Axel Svensson, co-proprietor of Davidsen's along with Per Davidsen, the grandson of the founder, claims, “For forty

years I've been trying to find foods that go together, and I'm still finding them.”

Some of Svensson's discoveries appear, to the timid eye, to be pretty rash. To the palate, they are strokes of sheer imaginative genius. Svensson has successfully wedded smoked salmon and mushrooms, sardines and anchovies, veal and Camembert cheese, and poached egg and lobster.

Striking combinations

Plank yourself down at a table in one of Davidsen's wood-paneled rooms, unfurl the menu, and you'll get the idea. Before your eye has traveled an inch, it blinks in disbelief at an item called “Shrimp Pyramid”—130 to 150 pink-white shellfish bedded on a thin slice of bread covered to the edges with fresh creamery butter. The shrimps, of course, aren't our bayou jumbos; they're the tiny North Sea variety—fingernail size, delicate and sweet.

Once past what the Danes consider a warm-up for a solid meal, you might consider this striking combination; two generous slabs of liver pâté, pungent with spice, pan-baked, graduating from tender beige at the center to crumbly brown at the edges, overlaid by two wide strips of bacon, crisscrossed with a portion of stewed mushrooms, flecked with parsley.

A royal sandwich

Davidsen's is accustomed to the long-distance cravings suffered by nostalgic customers. Of the million sandwiches Davidsen's produces each year, hundreds are air-mailed to hungry patrons in other countries. Buckingham Palace, for example, is just one address on Davidsen's list of foreign clients. The royal family's patronage goes back to Edward VII, the great-grandfather of Elizabeth II. On his visits to Scandinavia, he always stopped in Copenhagen to have Davidsen's whip up a concoction of ox tongue, calf sweetbreads, and fresh mushrooms poached in wine.

Davidsen's, according to Axel Svensson, will put anything that a customer really wants into a sandwich. “But,” he adds, “if the combination is too hor-

rible, we do our best to persuade the customer against it.” Svensson's idea of a horrible combination is boiled ham and smoked eel.

While thinking about this article, the maestro came up with what will become No. 173 on the Davidsen menu—THE COSMOPOLITAN. Svensson herewith presents it for COSMOPOLITAN readers to try out:

Lightly butter a slice of good fresh bread, using either a white bread made of unbleached flour or a Danish-type dark rye, also called “Westphalian.”

On this, overlap thin slices of tender white breast of chicken and smooth over it mayonnaise spiked with a dry white wine—a half teaspoon to a half cup of mayonnaise.

On this arrange three or four small oysters—raw or deep-fat fried in a batter of egg and flour. Sprinkle some paprika over the sandwich, and serve at once.

Roll your own

From the COSMOPOLITAN it's an easy step to any number of other smørrebrød combinations. There are only a few simple rules to keep in mind: Be sure your ingredients are fresh. Drain or blot excess water, juice, or grease to keep flavors from running together. When using fish or sea food, add to the butter a drop or two of lemon juice, a pinch of pepper, a sprinkling of parsley. With ham, try butter mixed with mustard. With beef, add a bit of horse-radish to the butter, and try Axel Svensson's remolade dressing—made by stirring minced onion, cucumber, and parsley into mayonnaise. And decorate your sandwiches. A twisted half-slice of lemon adds a bright touch to fish, a twisted full slice of tomato spruces up meat.

If you like the Danish-sandwich idea, hundreds of possibilities await your palate. Remember, cautions Axel Svensson, each production requires care and patience. If you like the idea but don't have the patience, just drop a note to Davidsen's in Copenhagen. They'll be pleased to save you the trouble and (for a price) air-mail their creation to you. THE END



Dick Hanley

After his NBC television show, Dave Garroway invites vocalist Connie Russell to his kitchen for a sample of the "Cosmopolitan," No. 173 on the Oskar Davidsen world-famous sandwich menu. The "Cosmopolitan" was created especially for our readers by co-proprietor, Axel Svensson.





Gazing at the far mountains, he knew why he had come.

Return of the Prodigal

The boy came home, if only for a little while. Another journey lay ahead, but first he had to learn the meaning of love and the mysterious ways of God

BY GEORGE SUMNER ALBEE

Putting down his suitcase with its small blue-and-gold University of California sticker, Thad rested his firm, fine horseman's hands on the gate. The bleached wood was seamed like an old range-rider's neck. Then he raised his eyes. The colors of the ranch blazed in three horizontal stripes across the universe. The uppermost band was blue sky empty of anything but vibrant light and the frosty breath of the jagged, enormous, distant mountains. The middle band was green; it had in it the silver flash of cottonwoods and the darker green of alfalfa. And the lowest band was white—the white of the weathered wooden gate, of the great plateau's dust.

Blue, green, and white, cool and simple and ash-pure—this was Utah; this was why Thad had come home. He had questions for which he must find answers. And he did not have much time.

The breeze chill on his forehead, he walked the two hundred yards from the road to his father's house, noting gratefully that the suitcase hardly tired him.

No ranch house is so solid as one built of brick, the Thorpes had learned. In their early days, when Thad was a baby, their house had been the only solid thing on which they could lean. Wallace Thorpe had failed for lack of acreage in an attempt to raise beef cattle. An experiment with truck gardening had proved

disastrous. Then, taking a long gamble, Wallace had planted cherries. Twice, waiting for his trees to bear, planting others with every dollar he could find, he had come close to losing his land.

But now the cherries were flourishing, and the Thorpes with them. The T-Bar-T Ranch was a comfortable place. Wallace could afford the best tractors, the best sprayers; he could even afford to keep a small herd of pedigreed dairy stock as a hobby; and his cow barn had as many gadgets in it as his wife's all-electric kitchen. The T-Bar-T shone with the trim look of money well and generously spent. Its tile silo gleamed red; the wire of the hen run was taut; and the white half-doors of the stable boasted latches of black wrought-iron.

And young Thad had been sent away to college—hundreds of miles away to Berkeley, at the edge of the salt water for which he had felt a mountain boy's yearning.

Thad found his mother alone in the kitchen and gave her a hug. He said only that he was home for a while and would tell her all about it later. Mrs. Thorpe, surprised, nevertheless replied placidly: "All right, son." Alice Thorpe had long since concluded that the decisions of menfolk were matters of whimsey. And in any case, being

a woman of enormous endurance and many enthusiasms, she was busy. When not at a meeting of the Home Bureau or the women's auxiliary of the Legion, she was off on a passionate pursuit of Navaho rugs or Mexican miracle-paintings.

When his father came in from the orchard, Thad explained his homecoming in the least possible number of words. He had not been feeling well, he said. The doctors at the university infirmary thought he ought to take things easy for a while, maybe a month.

"Glad to have you home, boy," said Wallace Thorpe. "I know you went to Cal to try out for the crew," he added in his calm voice, "but you didn't have to try out for every sport in the book. What do you think you are, a one-man Olympic team?"

"I sure found out I'm not," Thad said.

Alice Thorpe gazed in contentment around the room that was her joy. Everything in it, except the gray-and-black Navaho rugs on the floor of plastic tile, was new. The chairs of bleached and sandblasted oak had seats of interwoven nylon straps. The lamps were slim aluminum tubes with aluminum helmets. A fervid reader of the decorators' magazines, she had waited twenty years for her living room.

"I'm no doctor," she stated, "but I

Return of the Prodigal (continued)

always said you were getting your growth too fast. Six-foot-one, at your age!"

Thad thought, despising himself. Well, I've done it; I've lied to my father and mother.

Thad's father, like his mother, was short and stout. His body was the perfect tool for heavy labor. He needed work and enjoyed it, sweating with his hired hands in the orchard. But he was also a well-to-do rancher, a success, and this gave him another role to play, even a prescribed costume to wear. With his tangabardine trousers pressed to an edge, with his fifty-dollar hat of lightweight felt squashed on the back of his round head, he drove his huge, accessory-laden car hundreds of miles to discuss weather, water, crops, and politics with other ranchmen. Because he had succeeded with no help from anybody he had infinite respect for the individual; it was unthinkable for him to say to his son, "Now, come on, bub, tell me why you are home."

What can it be? Wallace asked himself. Has he got a girl out there into trouble? No; he'd come right out with that; he knows I'd see him through. Has he stolen money? He wouldn't steal a thousand-dollar bill if you rammed it up his nose. He and some other kids must have busted the window in the dean's office, or something like that, and got themselves suspended. He'll tell me about it in his own good time.

Once more in Levis and boots, and with the brim of his flat-crowned black-felt hat carefully molded into a curled V, Thad kept to the ranch as if it were an island. If he was not tagging at his parents' heels like a four-year-old, he was in the stable with Charlie, the top hand, currycombing his father's buckskin, Nap.

Charlie, an old-time rider, was a left-

over from Wallace Thorpe's misadventure with beef cattle. He governed, fed, and vetted the ranch animals. Fifty years earlier a horse had kicked him square in the face, breaking his jaw and his nose. He still carried the print of the horseshoe, complete with nailheads, and talked with a snuffle.

"Thay, Miguel still hath 'at 'ittle palomino," reported Charlie.

Before leaving home Thad had longed to buy the golden horse with the blond mane. Only two things had he ever coveted—a .22 rifle, when he was thirteen, and his friend Miguel's magnificent horse. "I'll get over to see Miguel before long," he answered. He wanted badly to see his best friend, but in Señora Oliveras' opinion the briefest visit anybody ought to make was two weeks.

"How is the long drink of water, anyway?" he asked Charlie.

"He's fine, fine." Charlie squirted tobacco juice. "You an' him mad?"

"Miguel and me?"

Charlie snuffled, relieved. He liked friendship to be permanent. "Now you're stayin' home a w'ile," he suggested, "why'n't you buy 'at 'ittle horth?"

"It'd be pretty silly, wouldn't it? I got to go back to school." There, thought Thad, that sounded so true I believed it myself while I was saying it. And in the black cavern of his mind, where of late he had seen himself as a small figure crouched and whimpering, he took his arm away from his eyes, rose to his feet, and grew a bit taller. It proves I'm doing right, he told himself. If lying makes me stop being afraid, then lying is the right thing for me to do. The first of his questions was answered.

In the afternoons, after they had finished with the milking, they washed up at a soapstone sink in a corner of the

barn. They always stripped to the waist to make a good job of it, and Thad had cautioned Charlie not to speak to anybody about the lumps on his back. But, as bad luck would have it, Wallace came into the barn one afternoon just as they tossed aside their denim shirts.

"For the Lord's sake, son," he demanded, shocked, "what you got all over your back?"

"Boils," Thad replied casually, quickly hiding his face in lather. "Well—not really boils. They just kind of swell up and turn red."

"Don't they hurt?"

"Naw." Even his shrug hurt.

"They look mean. When you went off to school," said Thorpe, "you promised your mother you'd go to a good doctor in 'Frisco if you ever got sick. Did you see a good man about these things?"

"Yes, sir," replied Thad, and, before he thought, gave his father the physician's name. Panicky under his soapsuds, he made another misstep: "The only reason I got boils," he blurted out, "is I had a couple of transfusions. The fellows on the crew gave me their blood. I guess one of 'em had some germs in his blood. But he couldn't help it."

"Just so you saw a good man," Thorpe said quietly, and changed the subject.

But boils were one thing, and transfusions another. From a booth in town that night Thorpe called San Francisco. Then he sat in the lobby of the Boyceville Hotel for an hour.

Cells, deep in the bones, that went on strike and refused to do their job. Blood that grew paler and paler, turning to something like water. Transfusions at two-week intervals might keep Thad alive for a few months, the San Francisco doctor said, but Thad had refused to have any more transfusions. He saw no reason to postpone a thing that was going to come to him anyhow; he wanted only to get home so it would find him there.

When Thorpe finally got back to the ranch, he stood for a moment in the darkness outside the cow barn. Inside, a thirsty cow pressed her nose into the bowl of her automatic drinking fountain. Water hissed, and there came a rhythmic *hup-thuck* as the electric pump switched on to bring the pressure back to forty pounds. My cute little machines, said Wallace to himself; my private fort! Who did I think I was protecting? Help me to bear this, God.

The following day, though he thought Mexicans shiftless and strongly disapproved of his son's friendship with one, he drove to the Oliveras shack, told Miguel about Thad, and asked him to come and stay at the ranch.

In the afternoons, when he thought no one was watching, Thad, conserving his ebbing strength, sat on the sheltered brick



Those covered wagons, he thought, did things the hard way.



He had always coveted Fernandito, the beautiful horse that was Miguel's pride and joy.

terrace. He gazed at the mountains—challenging them with his second question, staring them down. They looked, in their blue-and-white radiance, like morning-glories growing along the fence of the horizon, but their beauty was an illusion. Or was it?

Was man part of the earth, were his views of it valid? Or was the planet merely a pebble with beings, called human by themselves, managing furtively to survive here and there in its dimples and crannies?—perhaps tolerated, perhaps actively hated. It was a massive question for an eighteen-year-old. Nevertheless, chiseling away at stone, Thad shaped an answer that seemed to him logical. Mountains did not deliberately topple over on men. They were not inimical. They were neutral; they sat; they were. If being, if presence was what counted, then you could not say all the rest of the universe was design and only man an accident. Man had his rank, and it was a proud one.

"So," came a soft voice, "put a saddle on these bricks and they will be softer."
"Miguel!" cried Thad, getting up to shake hands. "*Qué tal?*"

Miguel wore boots with stars on them, paratrooper pants from a surplus sale, a sweatshirt, and a red baseball cap with a long visor. The Oliveras family acknowledged that the frigid climate of the United States demanded clothing, but what form the clothing took interested them not in the least, except that they enjoyed a touch of color. Miguel, shorter than Thad, slim in the thighs and flat in the butt, had round, brown eyes in a

round, brown, almost Chinese face. His black hair, neatly trimmed because he was a Saturday-night dandy, might have been waxed and polished.

"Why ain't you been over to the house?" he asked. "Mama thinks you're high toned because you been away, that you don't like her enchiladas no more."

"Gee, I don't know why I haven't been over. How'd you find out I was home?"

"In town somebody told me."

"How'd you come? On Fernandito?"
Fernandito—Little Fernando—was the palomino. "Let's have a look at him. You're going to stay for a while, aren't you? Dump your stuff in my room."

"It's there," said Miguel. "How you been sleeping in California? You still gotta have the right side of the bed?"

So it was better for Thad. But it became worse for his mother.

The first time Wallace opened the French window in the middle of the night, tiptoed out, and stayed away for an hour, Alice Thorpe thought he must be worrying about one of his prize milkers. But when he did it a second night, and a third, she thought, Bad news. Bad news about Thad, because Dad's only started doing this since Thad came home. It must be serious, she knew, since both Wallace and Thad were keeping it from her.

She noted that Wallace kept his eyes off the boy with the greatest effort. During long evenings in the living room, he asked Thad questions without end. Thad would tell of the racing shells, of long oars, of sunsets across the dark, gassy water of the Oakland estuary, of the

friendly give-and-take of the monumental oarsmen in their shorts and sagging woolen socks. Then, when he stopped, Wallace would spur him on: "How do the slides work? How do you feather an oar?" He keeps him talking. Alice said to herself, because he can't bear to let him out of his sight. It's sickness, all right. Thad is sick. But then why doesn't Dr. Rosenbaum come out from town?

"Miguel," she said, "how about getting your guitar? Play '*Bahia*' for me."

Now that Miguel and Fernandito were there Thad had to ride. If he refused he would give himself away. At the corral they tossed a coin, and Thad whistled for Fernandito. The horse, glistening in the morning sun like butterscotch, did not know he was handsome. He did not know, for that matter, that he was a horse. He believed himself to be one of Señora Oliveras' children, with whom he had played ever since he was a foal. And, like Mama Oliveras' other youngsters, he had never known pain or fright or harshness. His stroll became a playful hobbyhorse canter as he spied the saddles on the corral rail.

"What a clown!" grumbled Miguel. "A hog, too. Eats like crazy."

"Say, I had flu down at school; I'm still kind of weak," Thad said. He held up the bit and Fernandito opened his mouth for it like an obedient child. "If I get dizzy or anything, just tie me across the saddle and pack me in, huh?"

With it said, he felt neither humiliation nor fear, but elation. Surely, of all the wondrous treasures, this was the very best: to know a friend so well, to rest

Return of the Prodigal (continued)



Riding toward the mountains was questing for the Holy Grail.

such confidence in him that you could be sure, no matter what the emergency, he would manage. If he had found nothing else, friendship alone was sufficient reward for a visit on earth.

If it happens while I'm out with Miguel, Thad thought, so much the better. I don't want Dad or Ma to see it.

But they rode day after day, and nothing happened. Riding off toward the mountains was questing after the Holy Grail, since the peaks were fifty miles away; in the crystal air they merely receded, shrugging sharp blue shoulders an infinitesimal inch higher into the sky. But in the chill breeze that coasted down from them, Thad could think clearly about his third question.

There were, his astronomy professor at Berkeley had said, tens of thousands of planets in the sun's galaxy, and, in all probability, those planets were inhabited by men, or creatures very like men. That amounted to quite a colony; much too large an enterprise to be dismissed as happenstance. So there must be a plan, which was the same thing as saying there must be a God. But, if there was a plan, then how explain war, or famine, or a jack rabbit crushed to an ugly smear of blood and fur on the highway—or a boy dying of hypoplastic anemia.

Gingerly he sought Miguel's aid. "Do you think accidents are really accidents," he asked, "or do they just look that way to us?" But Miguel, though he knew there was urgency behind his friend's question, could not answer it and was too honest to pretend he could.

"Don't ask me," he replied with a shrug. "I ain't got much brains."

One day, looking for a place to eat their sandwiches at noon, they were attracted by a pale-green mist of willows promising water, and turned the horses

up a draw. It had low clay banks at either side and a floor of white sand.

"Hey," Miguel exclaimed abruptly. He reined in. "That's a rib, ain't it?"

"Steer," Thad said, glancing at the bit of bone curving up from the sand. But Miguel, riding Fernandito, swung down from his saddle, tossing the reins over the palomino's head. With the edge of his boot sole he uncovered more chalk-white ribs. Kneeling, he brushed away sand with his brown hands and disclosed thigh- and shin-bones. Thad found the skull and a brass belt buckle.

"How long he's been here, this fellow, you think?" asked Miguel.

No campfire had smudged the clay walls; there was no broken glass, no rubbish. "A long time," hazarded Thad. "Why ain't anybody found him?"

"We may be the first riders that have been here in fifty years. A hundred, even. There are a million little draws like this."

Miguel, squatting, glanced ahead at the feathery willows. "He was doing like we're doing, looking for a water hole, only he couldn't make it, the poor son. Maybe his horse pitched him off. Maybe he was one of them Gold Rush guys, or a Mormon scouting ahead of the wagons."

The mountains, the arid plateau had not murdered the man. But they had let him, blind and mad, stumble for miles under the sun to die horribly at last of thirst. This was pure accident, Thad said to himself; bad luck. Aloud he said, "What an awful waste, those covered wagons going west. Why didn't they just wait, and do it in automobiles?"

Miguel chuckled. The notion of pioneers riding in streamlined sedans caught his imagination. He was still mulling it as they ate their lunch under the willows, and having at last satisfied himself with private speculation, he said, "Okay,

them covered wagons done it the hard way. Well, we do things the hard way, too, don't we?"

"Not you," said Thad.

"And I know why we do," Miguel said, ignoring the insult. "We got to, because if we don't they ain't nothing to it. You think God didn't know we was going to invent automobiles? Hell, boy. He knows everything beforehand: He's *El Supremo*. But just the same He's got to make it tough for us, see, or we'll never learn nothing, never do nothing; we'll just sit around and bang guitars, like me. Sure, He could have made it all perfect back at the beginning. But then this would be Heaven. And it sure ain't, boy."

Thus it was Miguel, after all, who supplied the answer to the most important question. Even an all-powerful God had to limit His own power, had to allow room for chance. . . . *El Supremo* knew all about Thad Thorpe.

"You should write a book," Thad said.

"I should read one," Miguel said, already penitent. He distrusted thought. It got people into trouble.

Two days later, Thad fainted in the saddle. The horizon had grown dark suddenly, his heart had lurched in fear, and he thought: Here it is. But, why, death doesn't hurt at all. It's just like going to sleep. . . . Waking to find himself lying on the road, with his hat under his head for a pillow, and a pale Miguel massaging his neck and cursing unapardonably in Spanish, he was embarrassed.

"Flu," he murmured.

"That flu, she's bad stuff," said Miguel. "My old man had it last year, and it took him all winter to get well enough to get drunk. Maybe we better not ride."

But if they could not ride they could walk. Walking—slowly—they visited all the nearby spots that contained their boyhood memories. Strolling, dawdling, they peered into the cave in which they had nearly smothered themselves roasting potatoes; they climbed the miniature bluff atop which they had fought a duel with wooden daggers stained with red ink; they tossed pebbles into the hollow where, devil-may-care matadors waving gunnysacks and shouting "*Toro! Toro!*", they had dared Wallace's apathetic white-faced steers to charge them. They sunned themselves on the terrace, where Miguel composed passionate guitar accompaniments to the California football songs.

Alice Thorpe, watching them, could bear her silent waiting no longer. "Wallace," she said, "I've got to know—"

They were undressing in their bedroom.

"I guess maybe I should have told you right off," said Wallace, settling his heavy body on the bed. "He's a sick boy."

"We're going to lose him."

"Yes, we are."

"But how? What—?"

"Something to do with his bone marrow. There's no pain. The doctors say

he'll just get weaker and weaker and kind of drowse away. That's it, Allie."

Alice wept only briefly. Then, "What can we do?" she asked.

"Do? Good God," exclaimed Wallace, "don't you suppose I've done everything there is to do? I've been sitting in Irving Rosenbaum's office for weeks. We've phoned every specialist in the country."

"I mean, is there anything you and I can do?"

Wallace turned his huge, sunburned hands palm upward. "When I found out, I wanted to buy him things. I couldn't. He would have figured right away that I knew. But Allie, Allie, that was all I could think of! Something's wrong with me. I had to bring Miguel here so the boy would have a friend with him; I love him, and I don't know how to let him know. Something's wrong with me."

Alice had only to look at his face to see how deep the spear had struck. "You did get Miguel. And Thad knows we love him," she said. "There's nothing we can do, then, except go on pretending. You were right not to tell me. Thank you."

For the first time since the days of failure, Wallace went to sleep with his head on his wife's arm. Alice, lying in the dark ignoring the numbness in her arm, thought, This is marriage. Now, after all these years, we are married. We've paid for it with our only child, but this at least we'll always have.

Thad was visibly weaker. He slept until ten o'clock every morning, he took a long nap every afternoon, and even so could barely call up the energy to carry himself from his room to the terrace.

Miguel, his round, dark eyes full of tenderness and rage, followed Wallace out to the orchard. "Mr. Thorpe, it's nearly a month I been here," he said. "Maybe he wonders why I'm staying so long this time, I think."

"Even if he knows, that's better than your going," answered Wallace. "You can't go, son. You've got to stay. Don't pull out on us now."

"Okay. But I got to give him Fernandito. I don't know how to do it. You got to tell me."

Remembering with deep shame a stranger named Wallace Thorpe who had despised Mexicans, who had thought friendship something to be censored, Wallace laid a hand on Miguel's slim, hard shoulder. "You don't have to give him your horse. Thad isn't doing any more riding," he said gently.

"*Pero hombre*, that is why! Look," said Miguel. "Would this work? I tell him, see, I'm drafted for the Army. He has to take Fernandito and keep him for me because I'm in the Army."

"But if you tell him you're leaving you'll have to leave. That's no good."

"Maybe I'm not drafted right away," suggested Miguel. "Maybe I get—how do they say?—thirty days' grace."

"That might do it. I could ask the

draft board in Boyceville to send you a letter telling you to report in thirty days."

"Okay," said Miguel. "Get me the letter, please, Papa Thorpe."

When the letter came Miguel opened it as Thad looked on. The leading actor of the best theatre in Mexico City could have been no more dramatic. Miguel groaned, he cursed, he took his head between his hands and rocked it. He trusted no one to care for Little Fernando. His brothers? His brothers, pursuers of women, he trusted least of all; they would sell the horse and buy perfume and garters with rosettes.

"Look," he said to Thad, "you like Fernandito. I'll sell him to you cheap."

"Ah, you take on like an old woman," said Thad. "Leave the nag here. When you get out of the Army, if you ever do, you can pay us for his feed."

"Okay. But I'll feel better if you say, 'He's my horse.'"

"Okay," Thad mimicked him, smiling. "He's my horse. Let's go down to the stable and take a squint at him. I want to make sure you're not gypping me."

He got to his feet, waited until the dizziness passed, and set out for the stable at what he hoped looked like a brisk pace. "Mother," Wallace called out, "Miguel's giving Thad his horse," and Alice came out to join them.

They passed the pump house, the hen run, the cow barn. At the stable Charlie appeared, remarking, "Thith lookth like a parade." Fernandito, a practical joker, pressed his nose sentimentally under his new owner's ear and mischievously blew.

"Well, Thad," said Wallace, "he don't look like much of an animal to me, but you're getting him free, so I suppose it ain't polite to complain."

"Now you got a horth," said Charlie, "I got thumpin fer you." He hurried up the stairs to his room, and came down

with a black-and-white hair rope he had made—a year's labor.

I can't look at them, thought Thad, and, turning, he spoke to his horse: "You're just a kid. I'll have to take you out and pound some sense into you. You can't just stand around and look pretty on the T-Bar-T; this is a working ranch. I don't want you getting fat like my old man." But then he thought, I don't need to feel ashamed to let them see me cry. These are the ones who love me. These are the people I've got to show that I'm not afraid. I've fooled them, but when I go they'll suffer, and what will make them suffer most will be wondering if I was lonely and sad. I've got to let them see into me, see right through me, so they'll know I wasn't hiding any sadness. He turned, laughing. "Hey, look at me," he said, rubbing his nose on the sleeve of his checkered shirt, "crying because I'm so doggone happy. See? See?"

But they did not see. His father only muttered, "It's all right, boy." His mother only smiled. Miguel and old Charlie only stared at the planks of the floor. They don't see. My voice isn't carrying to them, Thad said to himself, because I'm moving away from them now at infinite speed like one of those red stars on the outer edge of space. I know things they can't know for a while yet. I know I'm cherished and safe. Here in this stable love is flashing all around me, like these little dust motes from the hay. I know, but they can't know; not yet. It's the covered wagons again. They're going to have to make their own crossing, in their own time.

So he spoke, instead, the words of a ranch boy who has just been given a fine horse and a fine lariat. "Say, ain't this a day!" he said. "Say, now, folks, ain't this a pretty thing to ride!" THE END



Always beyond the dusty plateau were the unreachable peaks.



AT THEIR MOUNTAINTOP HOME, Hilary picks a gardenia for his wife, Betty, to wear on their evening out. In Dayton, Ohio, their home till last year, Betty loved orchids. But they grow wild in Puerto Rico and now "seem quite common."

AMERICAN FAMILY ABROAD

The Rossens of Puerto Rico

COFFEE GROWS IN THEIR YARD, AND THEIR CHILDREN'S EARS ARE PIERCED



TRAILED BY HER HOUSEMAID, who carries a shopping basket, Betty and a neighbor shop at the native market. Food prices are unusually high; eggs, no bigger than Ping-pong balls and often not fresh, sell for ninety cents a dozen.

The first six months after Betty and Hilary Rossen tore up the generations-old roots of their life in Dayton, Ohio, scarcely a day passed during which they or their two young daughters didn't present a convincing reason for taking the first plane out of Puerto Rico.

They had come to that island possession of the United States—which the Government Tourist Office calls "The Tropical Paradise of the Caribbean Sea"—to make their new home. "We'd expected to find it strange and foreign and different, of course. But everything seemed *too* different."

The sun is brighter and hotter on the island Christopher Columbus discovered on his second voyage to the New World, and Betty, who had been warned before she left Dayton that it is dangerous to stay in its glare, kept shooing the children into the shade. The people speak Spanish, and it was almost impossible for the Rossens to make themselves understood. The cost of living is higher than at home by at least a third—a grievous disappointment, for Hilary Rossen had hoped to save most of the increase he got by making the move to Puerto Rico. **The house they live in** seemed queer and dangerous, perched as it is on the side of a mountain in a setting that looks as precarious as it is beautiful.

The Rossens are Baptists, but the only school available for the children was the Roman Catholic *Colegio San Antonio*, conducted by the Dominican Order of nuns.

The children were miserable because of the strangeness of the Puerto Rican students in their school. "They wear rings stuck through holes in their ears," Joyce said scornfully. For a long period, Lynne, the younger child, refused to go to school because of the language difficulties.

"Then, one day," says Betty, "Joyce came home from school screeching that she wanted her ears pierced."

That night, after the children were asleep, Betty and Hilary talked things over. "We told Joyce she could have her ears pierced," says Betty, "and Lynne, who wanted pierced ears, too, agreed to wait until we found out how Joyce liked it. They were suddenly full of stories about their friends in school, and we realized that, without our noticing it, the children had gradually accustomed themselves to the foreignness of the place, and that they were learning the language and customs and liking everything. We realized that we also had gradually grown accustomed to almost everything, and that we liked it, too, but had gone on griping and complaining out of habit."

Hilary Rossen, who is thirty-three, a year older than his wife, has worked for sixteen years—with time out for a year and a half in the Army—for the Univis Optical Corporation in Dayton. He was assistant foreman of the lens-grinding department when, one day in May, 1951, he was called to the front office and told that the company was opening a branch factory in Puerto Rico and that he could be foreman of the lens-grinding operation, at a substantial increase in wages, if he would go to Puerto Rico.

"It was such a surprise," says Rossen, "that my first reaction was that I couldn't think of leaving Dayton. But they told me not to make my mind up right away—to go home and talk it over with my wife."

"I was amazed," he says, "that she could get so enthusiastic about it. I guess women are basically more adventurous than men. 'You go back there,' she said, 'and tell them we'll go.'"

Talking it over that evening, Hilary and Betty concluded that any move that promised as many benefits and advantages as the Puerto Rican offer was worth risking. "Ever since I'd got out of the Army," Rossen says, "I'd been going deeper into the hole. Living costs were

so much higher. And I was in a rut in the factory. It didn't seem I'd ever be able to get higher than assistant foreman, because the man over me was not much older than I. I was making about forty-eight hundred a year. They offered me an increase of a little more than a thousand dollars a year to start with, plus some extras, and that seemed awful good. So the next day I went back to the plant and said we'd go."

For several months the Rossens and the other Univis families who were going to move to the new branch were briefed on what to expect in Puerto Rico. They were shown films of the island, and a Spanish instructor from the University of Dayton lectured to them once a week on the island's customs, language, and history. Late in August of last year, the Rossen family climbed into a plane.

"It was our first airplane trip," Betty says, "and we were all terribly excited."

The home the Univis Company had found for them is on a mountain called *Jajome Alto*, on the *Guayama-Cayey-Jajome Carretera* (road), two thousand feet above sea level. The road, built by the Spaniards, makes 365 blind hairpin curves in the few miles between the towns of Cayey and Guayama.

In front of the Rossens' house is a carefully tended formal garden filled with tropical flowers. (A caretaker-gardener comes with the house, rent for which is seventy-five dollars a month.) The three-story house is built on the side of the mountain. Only one floor is visible from the road, the other two in the rear going down the mountain along beautiful terraces. The house sits on nine acres of land, on which grow bananas, grapefruit, limes, guavas, papayas, and coffee.

The road-level floor—the top floor—has three bedrooms, two baths, living room, dining room, kitchen, pantry, and a porch overlooking the plant-covered

THEIR BLONDE, BLUE-EYED CHILDREN ARE A CURIOSITY TO LATIN NEIGHBORS

terraces and the valleys and towering mountains of Jajome Alto. On the floor below are two servants' rooms with a bath and a magnificent guest room with bath. On the lowest floor is a laundry and storage rooms.

One of the largest adjustments the Rossen family had to make was having a servant in the house. "Back home," says Betty, "I never had anybody, except once or twice when I was sick in bed. But a servant costs only sixteen to twenty dollars a month here; one of the few things that are cheaper than back home. For that she cooks, cleans house, and does all the washing and ironing from seven in the morning until after seven at night.

"Of course, I do some of the cooking, because I like to and because the girls I've had so far couldn't cook very well—except for native dishes. I had to learn all over, too, because cooking in this altitude takes longer than at sea level.

"It's hard to make the native people do things our way. The first time I saw our maid washing our clothes I was horrified. She laid the clothes on a rock and beat them with a stick. I showed her how to scrub clothes, but she wouldn't put her hands in hot water." So I had my washing machine sent from Dayton."

Food costs continue to horrify Betty and Hilary. "Back home," says Betty, "I spent about twenty dollars a week for food. Here it costs at least thirty. Practically everything we eat is flown or shipped in from the States."

Bread, flown in from Miami, costs thirty cents a loaf. (The local bread, coarser and heavier, doesn't taste right to the Rossens.) A bunch of celery costs seventy-five cents; lettuce, forty cents a head. By the pound pork chops are \$1.10; bacon, ninety cents; T-bone steak, \$1.95; and chicken, sixty-five cents. (Puerto Rican chickens, the Rossens found, are small, tough, and have very little meat.) Eggs are ninety cents a

dozen. (Puerto Rican eggs are no bigger than Ping-pong balls and not always fresh.) Butter is \$1.10 a pound, so they use margarine, which is forty-five cents.

"I make out a marketing list every Monday morning," Betty says, "and the company sends it to San Juan, which is about thirty-five miles away. Later the company truck picks up our order."

"Apples cost sixteen cents apiece," Hilary says, "and pears fifteen cents, and generally they're bruised. But once in a while I have to have an apple or a pear because I get tired of all this exotic stuff that grows on the place. The thing I miss most is buttermilk. I used to drink it by the gallon. But here it costs fifty-seven cents a quart, so I don't touch it. Rum is much cheaper, comparatively. Cigarettes cost thirty cents a pack."

Mrs. Rossen had her sewing machine sent down, and she makes most of her own and the children's clothes. They have to send to Dayton for shoes, because the stores estimate foot sizes by eye. Mrs. Billie Jonas, one of the Univis women who came from Dayton, does all the *norte-americanas* hair.

"We've stopped complaining about most of the things here," says Betty, "although some things still annoy us, like the electricity's going off at least once a day and stopping all the clocks. We save a good deal of money because we don't need winter clothes, but we do need a lot more summer clothes because we can't wear shorts or slacks. Upper-class Puerto Ricans frown on shorts and slacks. We've got to conform if we want to be accepted. We've all got over our fear of the sun. For a long time I was afraid that the native doctors wouldn't be much good. But then Lynne got tonsillitis, and I found that the doctor in Guayama was a very able man, who'd studied medicine in the States."

The children picked up the Spanish language rapidly, although at first Lynne

was mystified because a radio set they had brought with them from Dayton broadcast Spanish programs though it spoke only English at home. Now she goes to the local movie house and translates the dialogue for her parents.

Hilary Rossen expects to save a tidy sum each year he spends in Puerto Rico, despite the high cost of living. "The first year was tough," he says, "because we had to make a lot of one-time purchases. But I drive a company car and pay only the cost of running it—about twenty dollars a month for gas and oil, and at least one tire recapped a month for eleven seventy-five. These mountains are fierce on tires. The company also pays the school tuition for the kids, and they pay our dues in the Aguirre Country Club. Next year, when I've been here a full year, I won't have to pay the United States federal income tax. The Puerto Rican tax is much lower. So I figure we'll eventually be a lot better off. I also get a month's vacation, with full pay plus two hundred dollars."

Betty's life is fuller than it was in Dayton. "At least once a week," she says, "I go into San Juan with Jeanne Cronin, the wife of David Cronin, the plant manager, or some of the other Dayton girls, and we have lunch at the Caribe Hilton Hotel and go for a swim. And we play golf at the country club a couple of afternoons a week."

Through the children, the Rossens have come to know many of the local Puerto Rican families. "We go to parties all the time," Betty says happily. "The children were fascinated by Lynne and Joyce, with their blue eyes and blonde hair, and they brought their mothers to see the girls. The mothers invited the children to parties, and then they invited us. The little boys, particularly, are fascinated by our girls."

One of the fascinated little boys is named Genrin Caltino. His father is a millionaire sugar planter. Another little boy who was overcome by the Rossen girls' blue eyes and blonde hair is Jorge Munoz. Jorge's father is a leading Puerto Rican banker.

Betty and Hilary Rossen don't think they'll remain in Puerto Rico forever, but they do plan to be there for quite a while. Everything looks very promising to the Rossens of Puerto Rico these days.

THE END

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At 4:30 P.M., after five miles of hairpin turns, Betty arrives at the Univis plant, where her husband is waiting for her.

Betty and Hilary relax in front of the house while their two youngsters, Lynne, 8, and Joyce, 10, enjoy a donkey ride.







Traveling Husband

Like a lot of men he loved his wife. Like a lot of men he told himself this hour with the green-eyed girl didn't count. But what happened then happens to very few men

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



As he dialed Shirley's number for the fourth time in twenty minutes, Buzz Madison decided that it was remarkable how many layers of a man's mind there were and how they all functioned on different things at the same time.

For instance, right now his top layer was thinking about Catriona's well-known voice, because it was coming from Mr. Schwab's office, through walls and doors and down the hall. At four-twenty on Friday, her dress rehearsal for the Sunday show was just over and, as usual, she was squawking about the material. She was protesting that she couldn't compete with the other extravaganzas if Schwab insisted that everything on her Hour had to be fit for a Sunday-school picnic. The top layer of Buzz's mind admired her vocabulary even while it winced a little at her viewpoint.

Right under that layer was the excitement and exultation born of Mr. Schwab's visit half an hour before.

"You better go out to Chicago with Howie tonight," the old man had said, regarding Buzz Madison with a weary eye. "Somebody," he had gone on, "will have to help Howie, and you can carry your liquor. You're young. How's that nice little wife of yours?"

"She's terrific," Buzz had answered. He was pleased that Mr. Schwab had remembered Shirley. He'd met her only once.

His going to Chicago with Howie DeVoe, Buzz's mind assured him, meant he was getting somewhere. The old man had picked him over the other junior sales executives. It was an important assignment because Howie, who was head of the sales department, was going to a convention of a company Mr. Schwab hoped would be among their biggest

sponsors, and he wouldn't send anybody he didn't think could sell.

Shirley would be pleased.

Which brought him to the deep layer of his mind that was directing the call to their apartment, where, for the last twenty-five minutes, Shirley had been talking on the phone to somebody else.

The number buzzed busy again, and he wondered who the hell Shirley could be yakking to for so long at this hour?

When he came right down to it, the deepest part of his consciousness was always thinking about Shirley. She was there permanently, even when things like Howie DeVoe's appearing in the doorway sank her out of sight. He was sure, too, that no matter whom Shirley was talking to all this time, he was there in her mind, down deep where they were one.

Howie sat down on the edge of the desk and grinned cheerfully.

"Hear you're going out to Chicago with me, boy," he said. His big, round face beamed with a look of intense enjoyment. "Well, you couldn't go with a better man. I'll show you Chicago, boy."

Buzz said, "Sure." Another layer of his mind toyed with a question. Why wasn't Shirley crazy about Howie DeVoe? Everybody else was. Howie could probably have sold Bibles in Russia. But he'd never sold himself to Shirley, and it bothered Buzz. Not that Shirley ever said anything. She knew how Buzz looked up to the big guy, how much he wanted to be the salesman Howie was. Yet she was always reserved with Howie DeVoe, always a little formal.

"I know a little number in Buffalo—" Howie began.

"You," Buzz said, dialing again,



"would know a little number in Iran—"

"Anything wrong with that?" Howie DeVoe asked. "Come the day we have sponsors in Iran, Uncle Howie will know a little number. I know a little number in Buffalo—"

Between Catriona's blasts from down the hall, Howie's reminiscences about the number in Buffalo, and the sounds of the late-afternoon traffic coming from thirty stories below, Buzz Madison's office was noisy, but when the phone rang and Shirley's clear voice came through, he didn't hear anything else.

As soon as he said hello, Shirley said, "I knew you were trying to get me. All the time I was talking to Mrs. Standish about the Blood Bank meeting, I knew you were trying, and I wished she'd shut up. I finally got so frantic thinking of you getting a busy signal and wondering *who* I was talking to and maybe something important going on that I just hung up."

"You mean you're psychic?"
"Everybody is psychic," Shirley said, "only they don't know it."

Buzz could visualize Shirley sitting on the square stool in the little hall. He could see her small, blonde head against

the cream-colored walls, her plain little face that was different from all the other faces in the whole world.

She would be sitting there in a full skirt (she always wore them because "they make me look bigger") and a sweater with a bright scarf, her hair tied by a bow at her neck, her dark eyebrows drawn together intently. She would be eager and willing to discuss indefinitely whether or not everybody was psychic. That would interest Shirley. But then, everything interested her. She had no more discrimination than sunshine.

"There are degrees," Shirley was saying, "like, for instance, Jesus was *there* after the Resurrection, and whether you saw him or not just depended on how much you could *see*, didn't it? And all the time the earth was round, but until somebody had a psychic feeling, a conviction that you had to be able to go on and on—"

"Like you," Buzz said. "I love you whether you are psychic or not, and I have to go to Chicago tonight—"

"To *Chicago*?" Shirley asked.

"They're sending me out to a convention," Buzz said.

"Buzz," Shirley said in a serious voice,

"I always told you Mr. Schwab is a very intelligent man."

"All right," Buzz said. "Now he's proved it by appreciating your remarkable husband."

"Will you be gone over Sunday?" Shirley asked in a rather small voice.

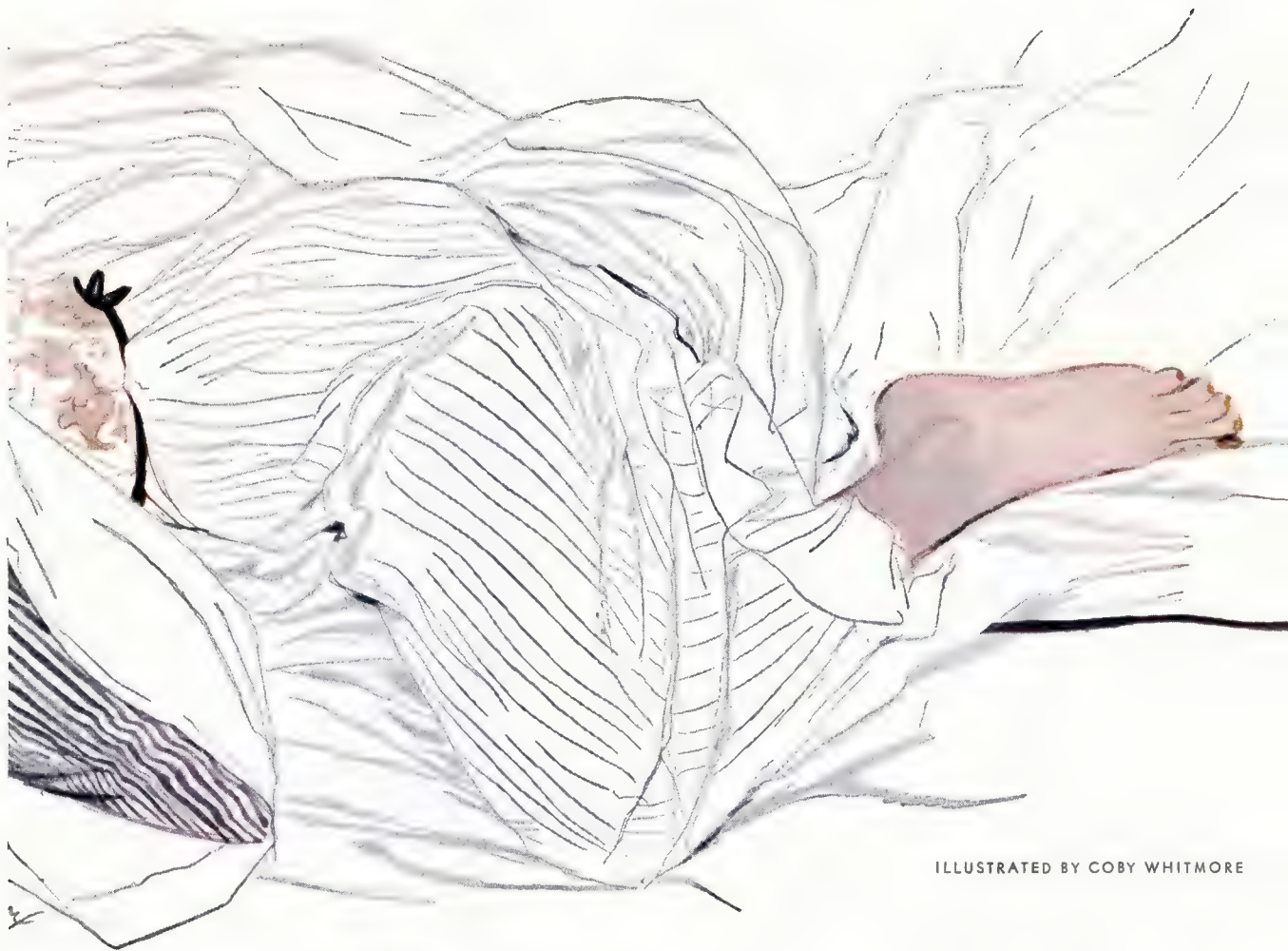
"We might get back late Sunday night if we fly," Buzz said, feeling important. "I hate leaving you alone, baby, but—"

"It was only that I thought we'd get the terrace painted," Shirley said.

"Matrimony!" Buzz commented. "Missed only because I'm able to paint a terrace!"

"Don't be silly," Shirley said. "This will be our first night apart since we were married. It will be like having the heart missing out of my bosom. But I can't reach to paint the top of the terrace, and I can hardly wait to see how it will look."

Along about then Howie DeVoe, who had continued to sit on the edge of the desk reading a little black address book, chuckled over Buzz's conversation. One layer of Buzz's mind wondered whether Howie even bothered to call up his wife. Frieda, to say good-by. Howie went to the Coast, to Dallas, to Florida to confer



ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WHITMORE

with stars and executive vice-presidents who wintered there, and to Detroit. Going to Chicago probably seemed to him like nothing at all. Frieda never seemed to care. They kidded each other all the time.

It was pretty funny. Frieda said some blunt things—when she got mad she really called names. Howie laughed at her. Frieda said that Howie, as a result of having had four wives, had developed an immunity to anything a wife could say.

Howie got off the desk and said, "I'll meet you at Grand Central," and went out. Buzz gave all his attention to Shirley.

"Oh, darling," she asked, "do you want me to pack for you? What will you need?" He could picture her face, all alert and eager now that she had something to do for him.

When he'd told her to pack the suitcase and bring it to the train, he hung up and began to sign letters. An unusually loud noise interrupted Buzz as Catriona exploded her last torpedo through the old man's open doorway. She came billowing down the hall into his office, waves of perfume and personality preceding her.

She said, "Hi, baby," and kissed him.

In the deep part of his mind he always thought about her. Now he could picture her at home in their bed, her little face looking, even in sleep, so eager for the bright future

"How's everything with you, Handsome? My, my, you make me wish I were young again. Well, I'll see you Sunday."

To her broad, mink-covered back, Buzz said, "I'll be in Chicago on Sunday."

"Chicago," Catriona echoed, diverted. "Now, *there* is a town. The people out there are alive. I like 'em. The College Inn used to be as hot as a Gold Rush saloon, and when I sang they pulled down the rafters. Now Schwab wants me to do nothing but leer. He says no one can prove what I mean when I leer—and the kiddies won't know. The old hypocrite. In my day, Handsome, a hypocrite pretended to be better than he was; now he pretends to be worse. You do it with a leer, and it's known as Good Taste.

"Well, have fun, Handsome. Remember life is fleeting, but look out for those Chicago molls—most of 'em are pros. At that, they have more ethics than amateurs."

"It doesn't make any difference to me,"

Buzz said firmly. "I'm a married man."

"But what's that got to do with it?"

"A lot," he replied shortly.

Which, at that point, he would have sworn was true. He still would have sworn it when, later on, he saw the girl with the green eyes.

At Gate 22, he and Howie DeVoe waited until the man taking tickets said, "There goes the first All Aboard. You better get on."

"Come on," Howie said. "We're not going to the North Pole. You can buy a toothbrush in Chicago." They raced down the runway.

Buzz went to his compartment window and stared out. It wasn't like Shirley. If she said she'd do something or be somewhere, she did, she was.

Then he saw her. She was running wildly behind a porter who was carrying his bag. She saw him at the window and stopped, and the redcap went on with

Traveling Husband *(continued)*



Suddenly he beheld the old man as the angel Gabriel tooting through a flaming telephone to save him.

the bag. Shirley came and pressed her nose against the window. Her lips moved, but he couldn't hear her, and he motioned her to get back. For a moment he had a picture of her standing there—breathless, her eyes enormous—and then all of a sudden the window was blank as the train moved smoothly away.

The car porter brought in his suitcase. On the outside was an envelope with his name on it, attached with gummed tape. Inside was a single sheet of note paper on which Shirley had scrawled, "I am taping this on outside because you will not open it until *bedtime-without-me*, and I don't want you to wait that long to tell you I love you. I feel sad and forlorn but very, very proud." There was a P.S. "I'll try to get Dr. Travis to take your Sunday-school class."

Buzz tore the sheet into small pieces. Howie hadn't noticed. Not that he cared exactly. On the other hand, Buzz felt it was just as well.

Shirley had sort of trapped him into it. When they were first engaged he'd found out Shirley went to church. Where she went, he went. He was in love with her as he had never expected to be in love.

After they were married, she still went—and that was all right. A man liked his wife to be religious and go to church. But she took it for granted he'd go, too, even after he hinted that it was a little difficult because Sunday morning inevitably followed Saturday night.

It turned out that Shirley, who never did anything halfway, didn't confine it to Sundays. She was in on all sorts of weekday things, too. And sometimes she jolted him by expecting him to live up to the things he heard on Sundays.

Then it turned out they needed a man to teach Sunday school. "Maybe more would come if they had a young-man teacher," Shirley said. "You know how twelve-year-old boys are. You'd be a wonderful teacher—the boys would look up to you."

This had given Buzz a tingle of pride and a wriggle of embarrassment. Actually, he got along with the brats because he coached their basketball team, but even this would be hard to explain to Howie. Wisecracks about Sunday school could go on indefinitely if Howie and the gang knew. That kind of wisecrack didn't do a man any good.

Buzz couldn't afford to have Howie think he was a prude or a do-gooder. But Shirley said anything right out; concealment wasn't in her nature. If he told her he didn't want the gang to know he taught Sunday school, she would make him feel like Peter when the cock crowed.

After dinner, Howie briefed him on what was going on in Chicago. Dealers from all over the country were coming to this convention; men from the advertising agencies would be there. It was a top product, and a lot of money would be spent on it. There was the old tussle as to how the advertising appropriation would be split—newspapers, magazines, television, outdoor advertising. Television, Howie said, had to get its bite.

Howie made TV sound new and glamorous. He had a campaign mapped out, facts and figures and ideas. He said a man had to be prepared for anything. There was a campaign for the solid citizens, and a little black book for the black sheep. There were always a few black sheep, he said. You couldn't tell ahead of time who they were, but sometimes they turned out to be important.

"Besides," said Howie, with his big grin, "there's me. The day the atom bomb lands, I want to be able to stand

there and say, Okay, brother, I haven't missed a thing."

While they were having a nightcap, Buzz watched Howie. What a guy! A sales record that was triple-plated gold, a personality everybody went for. Everybody was always glad to see Howie. In the snootiest New York restaurants the headwaiters actually welcomed him. In entertaining out-of-town customers, this was vital.

Howie DeVoe—who'd come from New Orleans without a dime, not knowing a soul—was a real Big Shot who often got his name in the columns. It was a bad year when DeVoe didn't make fifty or sixty thousand bucks.

"If I hold together," Howie said after his fourth nightcap, "and Frieda doesn't blow my brains out some night, I'll be president of this outfit. Speaking of Frieda—"

He rang the bell and got the porter to bring some telegraph blanks. He said, "Send the little woman a wire from Schenectady. Only fair to send the little woman a wire. Maybe she's got friends, too. When you been married four years to the same gal you gotta learn not to cramp each other's style. See what I mean? What've we got to lose, huh?"

In the upper berth, the phrase kept going around in the top layer of Buzz Madison's mind. An answer popped up—something about profit and a man losing his own soul, but that got lulled by the thrilling rumble of the train—they were traveling; they were going places.

But it wasn't Chicago. Or any other town. It was Away-From-Home on Lake Michigan, or it might have been on San Francisco Bay or the Potomac River or the Hudson or the Gulf of Mexico. It had its traditions, its language, its customs.

All day Saturday they worked. Big meetings at which people made speeches. Groups in rooms scattered all over the hotel. In these rooms they had conferences about shows and possible shows—spot announcements or news programs or sports events. Howie was terrific. His zest was a shot in the arm. Buzz watched the shrewd, strong faces of the men who had built this product, and saw them react to Howie's zest, enjoying it, softening under it, and finally yielding to it.

He thought he did all right himself when Howie threw him the ball a couple of times. Especially with a couple of the younger guys on sports stuff.

The evening was another matter.

It began with two or three groups of guys having a drink, telling yarns, kidding around. Surrounding this bar, which was For Men Only, was an area called The Loop. The words held excitement; they told every man he wasn't in his own home town where all the folks knew him. He was invisible because he

The red-haired girl had sung a song she'd made up just for him. In the dawn she seemed all gold, phony as a mermaid in a green sea. This hour, he felt, didn't actually exist

was nameless. In The Loop nobody knew who the hell he was; public opinion ceased to exist for him. Only certain things were expected of a man in The Loop—or on Broadway or the Barbary Coast or in Hollywood. Each nameless, invisible man expected certain things of the other nameless, invisible men. A man mustn't let Away-From-Home down, even if he was sleepy or ill at ease or his feet hurt.

Keep moving. Find out what The Loop promises. This is the good old primrose path—it's gotta lead somewhere; so Saturday night became a game of Going Places Known to Howie DeVoe, who *really* knew Chicago.

First it was a beautiful dance room with golden walls, and the deep layer of Buzz Madison's mind wished Shirley were there for him to dance with. Then it was a night club with a French name. And then it was the best table on the edge of smaller and smaller dance floors, and the thought of Shirley sank out of sight because not even Shirley could dance on those small floors.

Buzz knew it was past his bedtime, but when he looked at Howie he was convinced these places couldn't be as dismal as he thought they were. He thought everybody else was having a great time and eventually he ceased to think of Shirley at all because this was not the kind of place where a man ought even to think of Shirley.

The night became a close-up of naked stomachs framed in sequins, of the rear end of a middle-aged woman in a dress too tight for her dancing with a bored boy with wavy hair, a girl wandering from table to table seeking someone she never found. It became a good-looking kid from Duluth who got sick and slid quietly under the table, a woman from Atlanta who wanted to sing "Dixie," and a sharp-eyed little man from Spokane who kept shouting, "This is the life for me!"

At last it was a place that didn't even open until one in the morning, because nobody, Buzz realized, could *start* there. This, Howie told such black sheep as were still with them, was a very famous place, indeed. Also exclusive. It seemed to be. People were being turned away even when they protested loudly. They were being turned into that outer darkness that was by now the pitch black that comes before the dawn.

Scattered thoughts skimming around in the upper layer of Buzz's mind told him he mustn't let the great Howie down.

He must be a man, and as Mr. Schwab had said, he must carry his liquor, because there was Howie fresh as a daisy, saying, "Look at that girl at the piano. That's Zuleika. Biggest hit in town."

Buzz turned and for the first time saw the girl with the green eyes. She sat brooding at the piano, sometimes tinkling a weird little melody, and sometimes singing a little song. She played and sang as though she were quite alone in the place. She had a pale-green-gold skin and red hair so slick it might have been painted on her delicate skull, and when anybody spoke to her she raised her green eyes and looked at him without speaking, and he went away.

"I know her," Howie said. "I'll ask her to come over."

Zuleika stared at Howie, turned and stared at their table, and then got up and came across the dance floor. She was very thin; she wore a dress like a mermaid's tail; she was hired to haunt this gloomy cavern.

After a while there was another taxi and black empty streets and then the big glittering hotel suite Howie would legitimately put down on his expense account under the heading "Entertainment." A royal suite with a grand piano. The girl with the green eyes went and sat down on the bench and began to play something that woke Buzz out of a slight doze. She didn't seem to notice any of the black sheep or the girls they had collected along the way.

Now Howie was making drinks. He had an air of excitement, as if he never meant to sleep again. It made Buzz feel ashamed that he had dozed, and at his age, too. This was separating the men from the boys, and he wasn't a boy any longer. Howie called the girl with the green eyes "Zulu," which seemed quite a thing to young Buzz Madison.

Buzz went over to the grand piano to be able to hear her better. She was singing a song about a redheaded woman. The girl looked at Buzz, and he was amazed to find that her eyes weren't green; they were black. She said, "Sit down; I'll sing you a song. That's what I came to this dump for."

Buzz sat beside her on the bench and she sang a song Buzz had never heard before. She said, "I made it up for you."

Something on a level of Buzz's mind just above the deepest one was playing tricks, putting words that must have made a tape recording there long ago to

Traveling Husband *(continued)*

the queer little song Zuleika was singing . . . *the strange woman . . . which flattereth with her words. . . . Let not thine heart decline to her ways, go not astray in her paths . . . yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell . . .*

Which, he told that layer of his mind, was taking poor little ole Zulu pretty damn seriously, wasn't it? Little skinny gal like Zulu probably didn't even have a house. Probably lived in a thatched hut on the way to hell.

Something hit him on the back, and Howie said, "How you doin', boy? Baby-faced amateur wins all the pots, huh? You gone for my Zulu? Wait till I tell the gang Zuleika went for young handsome!"

That just went to show. Around him the eyes of Howie and the black sheep were bright with envy. His male vanity swelled like a balloon in Macy's parade.

The girl beside him turned, put her arms around his neck, and pulled his face down. But she didn't kiss him. She said, "This only happens once in a while. It's chemistry or something." She seemed to be talking to herself, her voice flat and brooding. She said, "To me, it only happens once in a while. You're lucky—I'm lucky."

Somebody dropped a bottle. The sound of shattering glass and a high yell of laughter mingled with the thunder in Buzz's ears, and he took the girl in his arms and kissed her.

Somebody was pulling his elbow. He shoved backward hard, but the puller held on. He straightened, and Zuleika fell against the keys with a loud discord.

A bellboy stood there grinning. He said, "Your name Madison? Nobody would answer the phone, and a man named Schwab is trying to get you from New York."

Buzz went into the bedroom. Slits of gray dawn light were coming in between the drawn curtains. Schwab said, "I am trying to get you all night."

"They must have been ringing the wrong room," Buzz said.

"I am not laughing," Schwab said sourly. "Buzz, Catriona has blown off her head."

"Was it fatal?" Buzz asked.

"Buzz," Schwab said, "I have plenty of comics on the network that are not funny, too. Last night she has gone to a party, you follow me? You know Catriona. Last one talks to her is right. She says she will not do the show today; she says such material ruins her. All night she has been calling me up reading me her contract. She says her contract says we give her good material. Howie fixed that contract. He should come back. Givens cannot handle Catriona, and she is mad at me personally. You should

come back, you follow me? Is Howie sober?"

"Sure," Buzz said.

He became aware that Zuleika was standing beside him. She put her cheek against his other ear, and Buzz was glad for the sake of the old man's blood pressure that nobody had invented a device enabling him to see through a phone.

Schwab was saying, "You and Howie catch the first plane. This is a crisis, you follow me? S.O.S. Not getting my sleep upsets me, and if Catriona does not do her show tonight such a calamity will bow my head in shame, and afterward they will cut it off, probably."

"Take it easy," Buzz said. "We'll be there."

In the suite waiters were wheeling in the traditional scrambled eggs and sausages. When Buzz told him about the

Traveling husbands are supposed to do the town, to be one of the boys—and what is the harm in it, unless you somehow lose the most important thing in the world?

call. Howie put down the coffeepot. He said, "Catriona breaks that contract, we lose our biggest show, and I lose my job. Let's go, boy."

Zuleika was standing in front of the mirror tying a net of rhinestones over her hair.

The corner in front of the building in which Mr. Schwab sat waiting was deathly quiet. Away-From-Home—Home—only three swift hours had separated them. It was five minutes after nine. The streets had that empty look and strange silence that comes upon New York on Sunday morning when the last of the night's revelers have gone to cover, and the holiday and holy-day celebrants have not yet come forth. Seen thus, the usually busy, noisy corner had an unfamiliar look to Buzz. It was like that half-real passage between a nightmare and full awakening.

The layers of his mind began to work one at a time, the way electric coils grow bright. The top layer was aware of Howie paying the taxi driver, the one beneath was thinking about Catriona, who was really a nice old gal if you knew how to handle her. But the deepest layer began to glow so brightly he could see through stone and steel buildings.

The lovely sheen of the river, the shining, orderly little apartment with the new wallpaper and the grandfather clock from a shop on Third Avenue, and the kitchen smelling of Sunday-morning bacon and waffles, and Shirley—

Shirley with her blue-and-white apron slipped over her going-to-Sunday-school clothes.

Nothing could ever have been the same

again. He would have exchanged all that for a hidden worm of concealment, of guilt, of remorse. Shirley wouldn't have known, but nothing would ever have been so fresh and radiant again because *he* would have known and remembered when he took her in his arms. He would have killed any man who brought ugliness and horror and betrayal to Shirley, yet he had almost done it to her himself.

The whole world would have been small profit if he'd lost the soul of the love they had. Everybody knew that. It was the ones who had lost it who were trying to sell everybody else a bill of goods.

"I have got a slight touch of the snake pit," Howie said, looking up and down and across the empty streets. "Can it be I am not the man I was? I need a shower and a shave before I can function, but Frieda does not welcome the element of surprise. Come on. Even Schwab is better than this gutter. Any minute a rooster will crow, and then we'll know this is

only a ghost city, like Pompeii or Devil's Gulch."

Buzz said, "I have a job to do, buddy. I teach in the local Sunday school."

Howie said, "You do, huh?"

"I do," Buzz said. "I go tell my pupils the story of the husks and swine."

Howie rubbed his unshaven chin. In the fresh light he looked as drab as an unfunny joke. He said, "You held that one out on us, boy," but the batteries weren't working.

Buzz thought about Zuleika and went as cold as the time a 180-mm. shell just missed him. He thought about Catriona's temperament with deathless affection. He suddenly beheld old man Schwab as the angel Gabriel tooting through a flaming telephone to save him.

Nevertheless, the old man would have to wait. He said, "I'll be back by eleven. Tell Schwab I'll take care of Catriona. Be silly to wake her up now, anyhow."

He started toward the river. Looking back, he saw Howie standing there like a lost soul.

He said humbly, "You wouldn't like to come, would you? They're funny little monkeys, and afterward Shirley would get breakfast, and we could shower and shave before we cope."

After a moment, Howie said, "Hell, why not? What have I got to lose?"

With the upper layer of his mind, Buzz noticed that their feet, marching side by side toward this amazing destination, made the only sound in the deserted street. But on the deep level he could hardly wait to see Shirley. THE END



LEAFLETS WITH THE FORBIDDEN FORK of St. Vladimir in the streets of Leningrad tell everyone the underground has been at work.

THEY LIVE TO REVOLT

FROM INSIDE RUSSIA, A REPORT ON THE ANTI-COMMUNIST UNDERGROUND
PATRIOTS RISK DEATH IN A RELENTLESS STRUGGLE TO OVERTHROW STALIN

BY TRIS COFFIN

A few weeks ago in Leningrad, a tipsy fellow jumped aboard a crowded streetcar during the busy noon hour. A half-filled bottle of vodka leered from his pocket. Under his arm he clutched an untidy package wrapped in newspaper. In a noisy but good-humored way he joshed passengers into roars of laughter. Then he spotted a policeman at the other end of the car and, like a playful bear, pawed a path to him.

"Comrade officer," he shouted, waving the bottle, "have a drink to the savior of our glorious Soviet, Joseph Stalin."

The policeman, pressed on by the grins of the others and afraid to show offense to Stalin, sheepishly put the bottle to his lips. Then the merry fellow pressed his package into the officer's hands, shouted

gaily, "Here is some food for the comrades," and leaped off into the main square of Leningrad.

While the passengers watched curiously, the policeman pulled open the package. Hundreds of leaflets streamed onto the floor and fluttered through the open sides of the car onto the sun-swept avenue.

Hysterically the officer yanked the bell cord and shouted "*Stoi, stoi, stoi!*" (Stop, stop, stop.)

The passengers and passers-by stared dumbfounded. Every leaflet was stamped boldly with the forbidden three-pronged fork of St. Vladimir, the oldest Russian sign, now used by the daring NTS, an underground anti-Communist organization. Those close enough read:

"Trace on walls, fences, railway cars

the sign of the National Revolution—the three letters 'NTS,' which promise 'Death to Tyrants!' Every sign increases the fear of the authorities and is a signal to the Revolutionary Headquarters reporting your existence."

The details of the incident flew through Leningrad by word of mouth. It was not a freak stunt, but part of a calculated scheme to destroy the hypnotism of fear that today grips the Russian people. The policeman, symbol of the dreaded state power, was cleverly made the distributor of underground leaflets. This appeals to a Russian's sense of humor. His folklore is spiced with accounts of how sly Ivan outwits dull Boris.

Dozens saw and hundreds of thousands heard that NTS could operate openly in the main square of Leningrad. The power

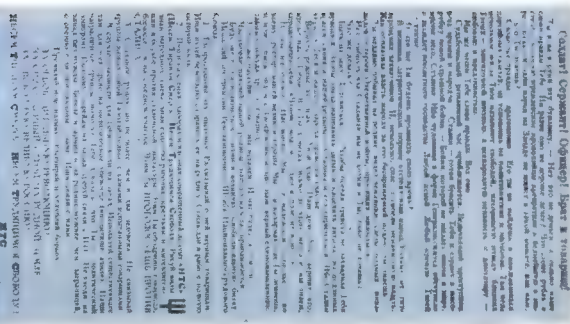
THEY LIVE TO REVOLT *(continued)*

Український Партизан не знає, що таке вчинок,
котрий би соромив його самого, його армію,
його рід, його Націю та
ім'я його Славних
Предків-Лицарів.



Христос Воскрес!

RESISTANCE LEADERS SCATTERED THOUSANDS OF THESE LEAFLETS over the vast Ukraine. They show a patriot playing the bandura and giving Easter greetings to his people. The writing says that the partisan will never compromise his nation, family, and traditions for the hated Stalinists. Resistance is particularly fierce in the Ukraine, where the Reds deliberately starved millions of peasants.



THE MESSAGE OF REVOLT AGAINST STALIN is spread throughout the Soviet Union by printed word. On the back of what appears to be a twenty-five-ruble note is the propaganda of NTS, an underground organization. In its mountain printing plants, NTS also copies Red Army newspapers—but after the first paragraphs inserts anti-Communist material. These papers are smuggled into Red Army barracks.

of fear that rules Russia was reduced another degree.

This campaign is based upon the conviction that fifty to eighty per cent of the Soviet people would revolt against Communist rule if they had guns and were liberated from terror. But, as Constantin Boldryeff, an NTS senior leader, told the Conference on Psychological Strategy in the Cold War, "Fear is a double-edged weapon. It affects oppressors as well as oppressed. The job is to upset the balance of fear that today is weighted in favor of the rulers."

Despite the Communists' tyranny, there have been thirty revolts since the Bolsheviks first seized control of Russia in November, 1917. The latest was set off last winter when peasants in the Asian province of Kazak rose up against collectivization and were joined in riots by city workers. Four years ago, Black Sea fleet units mutinied in Odessa. Upwards of 50,000 guerrillas, or, as Radio Moscow calls them, "bandit hirelings in the pay of the capitalist warmongers," roam the deep forests and mountains of the Soviet Union. Most are embittered war veterans who saw a glimpse of freedom in eastern Europe. Many of the outlaws were with the ragged army of 100,000 that fought the Red Army in 1948 in the patriotic uprising in the Ukraine—a fact the Soviets never discuss and would like to forget. **The disciplined, organized** undergrounds like NTS sternly oppose mutiny, open revolt, and guerrilla warfare because they consider them costly and hopeless at this time. They order violence only in the form of planned murder of Soviet secret police (MVD) in order to protect underground units.

The undergrounds favor a slow, yeast-like process of building seething discontent inside the Red Army and the Communist Party, and hardening Russians as a whole into a single-minded hate against the Bolshevik regime. This, they feel, is the only way little David can hope to overthrow giant Goliath.

The MVD and its Red Army "Special Section" try desperately to rip out the underground webs. During the past two

years there have been mass purges in the hierarchy of every Soviet republic and in the Red Army. Almost every high-ranking officer who served under Marshal Zhukov in Germany has been imprisoned or sent into virtual exile. Fifteen million Russians are in prison or concentration camps.

Fresh evidences of resistance, nevertheless, occur daily. During a recent Molotov speech denouncing the "warmongering West" and praising the "peace-loving peoples' democracies" the ghost voice

Photos by European

of "Radio Free Russia" broke in with, "This is a lie," and gave secret details of Soviet military preparations.

Radio Free Russia also breaks into Soviet air-traffic conversations and cheerfully invites Russian pilots to land at the Frankfurt airdrome in the American zone. These broadcasts emanate from a truck carrying a short-wave transmitter patched together from old parts.

Regularly, leaflets shower on Red Army parades. Exact replicas of Communist journals like *Literary Gazette*,

(Continued on next page) 83



EVERYWHERE IN RUSSIA there are replicas of Joseph Stalin. These likenesses, larger than life and more imposing than any other statues, are often besmirched by mud and rubble, a significant indication of the feeling the Russian people have toward Stalin.



IN LENINGRAD, A DARING NTS STUNT took place in broad daylight on such a streetcar. Feigning drunkenness, an underground agent handed a bundle of "food" to a policeman, who unwittingly opened it and stood helpless as anti-Stalin leaflets spilled out.

THEY LIVE TO REVOLT (continued)

THE UNDERGROUND DISCOURAGES THE USE OF FORCE BECAUSE IT IS NOT YET PRACTICAL

Pravda, and *The Soviet Army* appear in kiosks, government offices, and officers' quarters with messages of revolt skillfully dubbed between official propaganda paragraphs. Hundreds of escapees are spirited out of Russia and eastern Europe by the underground.

The Soviets have given up attempts to hide the signs of unrest. They simply blame them on the West. Radio Moscow babbles of "spies, saboteurs, and terrorists sent into the Soviet Union." Andrei Vishinsky officially told the United Nations that the Kersten Amendment (to the United States Mutual Security Appropriations Act), which put up \$100,000,000 for anti-Communists behind the Iron Curtain, was proof the United States was exporting "fascists and terrorists" to Russia.

Feelings inside Russia today are best shown by a series of tests made by NTS in several Soviet cities, including Leningrad and Moscow.

In one test, a handful of leaflets were dropped on a small street an hour before dawn. The side turned up showed a dramatic black fork on yellow paper. There was a propaganda message on the under side. An NTS agent watched through the curtained window of a house across the street.

A group of workers scurried by with their heads down. At sight of the leaflets, some faltered, others stopped dead. Each

one knew that there before him was the fork of St. Vladimir.

Terrified, three turned away at once, lest they be caught staring at this forbidden symbol. (One must have rushed to the police, for an officer appeared in a few minutes and carefully picked up the leaflets.) Five of the men betrayed a fierce joy. Two hesitated in a moment of sore temptation, and then went on.

In a second test, two antagonistic reactions were observed. This time a well-dressed Party official came upon one leaflet in the street near a government office. He looked indignant and bent to pick up the leaflet, but then, obviously afraid that his motives might be misinterpreted, he froze. He turned to see if anyone was watching. Then he straightened and rushed away as if chased by the devil.

The leaflet remained untouched and conspicuously avoided for an hour, until a crippled war veteran shuffled by. He wore parts of his old uniform. On his left sleeve were three straps indicating that he had been wounded in action three times. He stooped as if to tie a shoelace, snatched the leaflet, jammed it into his blouse, and moved quickly away.

The third test was made in a dimly lit working-class section at night. For a year chalked slogans of NTS had appeared intermittently in this area. On the night of the test a few leaflets were strewn on the street. The passers-by, aware that they were unrecognizable in the poorly lit street, quickly picked up and carted away every leaflet.

Such tests shape the underground strategy. An NTS leader explained, "Our task is to penetrate the cocoon of fear, to sharpen discontent into a keen blade. We must be farsighted in our planning. That is why we concentrate on Red Army units in Germany and Austria. They are accessible. They are made up of the most oppressed peoples of the Soviet Union, workers and peasants. Their officers hate the constant spying and ordering about by Communist politicians. They have arms. Eventually, we are certain, a Soviet army will lead the revolution."

The several anti-Bolshevik Russian undergrounds (of which NTS is just one) divide their labors; part of the work goes into the quiet, steady building of underground cells in the Red Army and U.S.S.R., part into organizing quiet escapes and the bold blare of propaganda.

A spectacular example of a pin-point

propaganda attack took place about two years ago in Rostock, the vital Russian-held port in East Germany. In this city, which swarms with Red Army soldiers, Russian seamen, and Communist bureaucrats, the Soviets were secretly loading uranium mined in Czechoslovakia and Saxony on ships destined for Russia. A Russian warship was supervising the job.

NTS knows that the Russian people, who suffered so terribly during World War II, hate and fear war. So in the middle of the day and periodically throughout the night, Radio Free Russia broke into Russian-language broadcasts from Moscow and Berlin and announced: "The Soviets are loading uranium for atom bombs in Rostock. This proves they are preparing to launch a new war."

Communist jamming stations went into frantic operation, but the damage had been done.

The next day NTS posters and leaflets appeared proclaiming, "The day of revolution comes nearer!" MVD officers halted and searched people at check points. The uneasy tension grew.

That night at midnight explosions rocked the harbor near the Russian warship. The brilliant flares of homemade rockets streaked the sky. Panic infused the jittery city. Many thought it was war, or at least revolution, and fled for shelter. The rockets showered leaflets on and around the warship, and Russian sailors fished them out of the water.

That night was whispered about throughout all of Soviet Germany. Everyone in Rostock knew that NTS could operate under the nose of MVD agents.

The NTS campaign had been minutely planned. The truck carrying Radio Free Russia's transmitter was moved to a point in the British zone barely fifty miles from Rostock; therefore the signal was loud and clear. The announcement took fewer than ten seconds—and it takes from fifteen to thirty seconds for a jamming station to get into operation. The leaflets were smuggled across the border with the help of the ingenious East German anti-Communist underground, the "Fighting Group Against Inhumanity."

One of the most daring propaganda operations took place the week of September 15, 1951, when 10,000 forged copies of the Soviet holy of holies, the *Literary Gazette*, were shipped among regular copies to kiosks in Moscow, libraries, and offices. The edition was an exact duplicate as to pictures, make-up, and headlines—but the subparagraphs were something else again. They were anti-Communist slogans and instructions.

The techniques for literary infiltration were rehearsed and perfected in Europe's occupied zones. A forged copy of *The Soviet Army* appeared in Red Army barracks in Berlin on August 27, 1950, and periodically afterward at Potsdam, Magdeburg, Vienna, Baden, Mödling, the Werneuchen airdrome near Berlin, and in Hungary. Underground editions of



IN THIS UNDERGROUND CARD, Stalin studies huge bags of grain while below him lie the bodies of the peasants who grew it.

Krokodil, the Soviet satirical magazine, showed up in Vienna in the winter of 1951.

Propaganda leaflets are spread by use of an ingenious rubber printing mat no bigger than a man's hand. It can be hidden in a shoe. The mat is smeared with ink and sheets of paper pressed on it. Mats are given Red Army soldiers on their way home, with the result that leaflets appear in sections of the vast Soviet in which NTS organizers have never set foot.

Another means of soaking through the blotter of Soviet thought-control is the word-of-mouth story, usually concerning the exploits of heroic, almost legendary underground figures. One such is "The Eagle," who led a band of youths in the mountains of central Russia. His name is known far and wide. A true story, often told by smiling peasants, is how he boldly posed as the state auditor checking on the books of cooperative stores in the villages. On the occasion of this story he brusquely presented himself to the *kolkhoz* president and demanded, "Why have you so much sugar in stock, Comrade Manager?"

The surprised manager began to stammer an obviously just invented reply when the bogus auditor interrupted him: "Are you not aware of Comrade Stalin's recent resolution concerning the sale of sugar reserves to the toilers of the *kolkhozes* and *sovkhozes* at half price?" Then he added more sympathetically, "I suggest you make up for this lapse by selling the sugar immediately and sending a telegram of gratitude to Comrade Stalin." **The telegram to Stalin** was promptly dispatched and it was featured in the local press the next day.

A few days later when the real state auditor showed up, the manager shouted indignantly, "So you are commanding me to hold the sugar? Stalin's latest instruction, heh? Well, I'm not such a fool." He locked up the astonished auditor and called the MVD.

The incident was hushed up, because government officials had been made to look ridiculous. But there was no silencing the tongues wagging the added glory of the Eagle.

If the Eagle or any other NTS operative is in danger of being caught, he is spirited away through the underground railway, which operates through a hundred different channels. The simplest and most direct route is to board a train in Moscow with forged assignment papers for Berlin and, once there, sneak into the western zone. Some climb the Carpathian Mountains in southwest Russia, cross Rumania, go south to Bulgaria, and cross the mountain trails to Greece. Some escapees have climbed the tortuous Himalayan Mountains to flee into India.

By leaflet and radio, NTS sends this message of escape behind the Iron Curtain: "Comrade! Friend! If arrest and death threaten you, if Stalin's bloody ter-



THE TERRIBLE FAILURE OF COMMUNISM'S PROMISE is evidenced on the park benches and in the overcrowded living quarters: The people are dejected, tired, afraid. The NTS believes that from this disillusion will emerge a new spirit that will liberate Russia.

ror menaces you, remember we help those who escape from political persecution. Our address in Berlin is Gieselerstrasse No. 13. We bring death to tyrants! We bring freedom to toilers! The NTS Revolutionary Group!"

NTS estimates the cost of bringing a man from behind the Iron Curtain to Western Germany at seventeen dollars. This cost of freedom, so tiny compared with the billions spent on arms, is paid by contributions of other Russian refugees; who may go without food to pay their share of liberty. Those who work in the escape service do so at great risk, for the MVD would stop at nothing to close the door.

Thirteen Gieselerstrasse is a small, bare office with a desk, a few battered chairs, and a blackboard. It averages eight visits a day from escapees, many of whom have no underground connections. All who knock—a Red Army captain, a scientist who walked most of the way from Rostov, a Soviet wac—are taken in. Those planted by the MVD are carefully sorted out. Important escapees are taken to Allied Intelligence and flown out quickly. Others wait until NTS can smuggle them out by slower routes.

Organizing underground cells is the most dangerous and most secret of all the operations. There is probably no one outside of Russia who knows how far NTS fingers stretch into the Red Army command. In its twenty-one years, NTS has produced a valuable network of trusted agents. Many of those who stole into Russian in the early thirties were killed, but their places were filled from among the hundreds of thousands of young Russians who have escaped since the war. Today NTS has trained men who function all the way from Vladivostok on the Sea of Japan to the Soviet Military Ad-

ministration headquarters in Potsdam. **One of the veteran** agents temporarily in the United States goes under the pseudonym of Gregori Povolov. He is a cheerful, black-haired ex-cavalryman with a face roughened by sun and wind. His father died in the great Ukrainian famine. His two brothers were shot. He escaped and volunteered as an NTS organizer.

On one of his trips back home he and three companions went through the rugged mountain chain of Rumania and into the deep forests of southwest Russia. Povolov's rendezvous with his NTS superior was in Moscow, and he was to reach there as best he could. His weapons were his wits, a limited amount of money, forged papers, and a pistol. One of the three was shot crossing the border, so Gregori and the other two hid while the MVD searched the forest and nearby villages and trains. Then they walked the first hundred kilometers (about sixty miles) east. In Moscow, Gregori was told to proceed to a hydroelectric plant on the Dnieper River. (He is a good engineer.)

He explains his six-month stay at the plant calmly: "As instructed, I formed an underground cell of sixteen. One has to be very careful before inviting a man into the underground. Even then, things sometimes go wrong. We discovered an MVD man in our cell, and NTS ordered me to move on to a new assignment."

The next time, Povolov entered the Soviet Union hidden in a coal tender. He worked in towns and villages within a sixty-mile radius of Pskov. He ground out propaganda leaflets on a mimeograph machine stolen from a Soviet factory, organized and trained guerrillas as the base for a possible army of revolt in western Russia during the war, and recruited Red Army officers for the underground.

An American interrogator asked, "When

THEY LIVE TO REVOLT *(continued)*



THIS PICTURE WAS ONE OF FOUR SMUGGLED OUT of the Soviet Union and reprinted on these pages. An old peasant woman symbolizes the failure of the Russian "experiment." In the land that was to create a classless society, the people are slaves of their rulers.

you go into Russia, aren't you afraid?"

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "One is busy; one loves one's country and hates the enemy. There is not much room left for fear."

An NTS agent whose fear was overcome by a more terrible emotion is Nicola Sinevirsky. He is a gaunt-faced, gray-haired old man of thirty-two. His deep-set eyes are haunted by the thousand tortured memories he collected during his seven months as a "comrade interpreter" for Soviet counterintelligence when this dreaded secret unit was destroying real and imagined anti-Soviet elements in the Carpathian mountain area of Russia. Sinevirsky was forced to stand by without revealing any emotion while those he knew or sympathized with were tortured to death.

Even today, walking down the street of an American city, Sinevirsky sometimes sees a face that, by reminding him of some tortured soul in his violent past, fills him with horrified memories. A girl's face may, for instance, evoke the face of the beautiful Czech girl, Vlasta. When she could not, or would not, answer questions, an enraged counterintelligence officer threw her on the floor and stamped on her breasts and face with his heavy boots. Another face may resemble that of the priest driven insane by weeks of unrelenting questioning; another, the bloody, moaning Pole who was brutally beaten until he died.

In those terrible months Sinevirsky accomplished much for the underground. He tore up and burned accusing reports before the Communists saw them. He sent secret accounts to NTS about the undercover agents and how they operated.

Sinevirsky, too, was asked about fear.

He replied softly. "There was fear, but it was overpowered by shock. I saw men and women turned to beasts. The hunted cowered and slobbered with fear; the hunters were mad with brutality. Many times I wanted the freedom of death."

Nicola Sinevirsky has a long, slender face with a high forehead, hollowed cheeks, and haunted eyes. His hands are restless. He joined NTS in Prague, Czechoslovakia, in 1935, when he was fifteen. Nine years later, NTS told him his assignment was to win a high position with the Soviets. He joined the Komsomol, the Communist youth society, became an official candidate for a regional committee, and then went into the Red Army. His "loyal Communist background" and knowledge of languages opened the counterespionage doors.

Thereafter he led a crazy double life. He worked into the confidence of his commanding general, General Kovalchuk, and pulled invaluable information from drunken officers and secret files. (Once, in captured Gestapo records, he found his own name and photograph among a list of anti-Communist Russian

émigrés.) Sinevirsky's various positions with the Soviets made him a key figure in the resistance movement, destroying records, helping in escapes, reporting to NTS, and sabotaging the Communists whenever possible.

All the senior NTS leaders have gone through the mill either as hidden agents, like Sinevirsky, or as organizers, like Povolov. One, who recently visited Washington as an unofficial ambassador, is Constantin Boldryeff, a taut, dynamic figure who scornfully waves aside questions about himself.

Boldryeff has escaped three times: once from Siberia by way of China, and twice from Nazi concentration camps. The last time he talked his superior, a scientist, into leaving a new suit for him in a locker. Then he put it on and, holding his head high, walked out. He gambled on the probability that a Nazi guard would not stop a man who looked so much like the "superman" of Hitler legend.

Another Boldryeff feat was to withstand twenty-six hours of continuous questioning without food or rest. The secret, he says, is, "Never tell a lie. They can catch you. But do not tell *all* the truth."

He likes to tell the story of Kostya, a fabulous NTS patriot. Kostya, a blond north Russian from Novgorod, and an older NTS companion were surprised by a Red Army patrol while the revolutionaries were on an NTS mission. They fled under fire, and Kostya was shot above the heart. Kostya told his ally, "You complete the mission and then come back for me. But leave me your pistol. I have no weapon."

Before the other had gone twenty-five feet, he heard a shot. Kostya had killed himself.

Boldryeff stops at this point in the story and says slowly, "Kostya, so loyal, so free from fear! The wounded always cling desperately to life. But Kostya did not want his friend to risk returning, or, on the other hand, to be without a pistol. He was the kind of patriot who will free Russia."

Among friends, Boldryeff talks of the psychology of revolt he studied in jails and concentration camps. "Under captivity there are four moods. The first is bewilderment and fear. The second is a desire to escape. It possesses you like a fever. But that dies away bit by bit. You are left with only one thought—you must stay alive. The final mood is surrender, and this is horrible to see. You can only escape in the second mood.

"The Soviets fool themselves into believing they have driven the Russian people into the third and fourth stages. But they are wrong! Most are still in the first—bewildered and fearful. NTS must draw them into the second mood.

"At that time," he concludes confidently, "there will be the revolution!"

THE END

A voice out of the past... Some messages never grow old—because the truths they express are enduring. One such message is reprinted here. It appeared 30 years ago this month as the first of the Metropolitan's health advertisements.

The Land of Unborn Babies

IN Maeterlinck's play—

"The Blue Bird," you see the exquisite Land—all misty blue—where countless babies are waiting their time to be born.

As each one's hour comes, Father Time swings wide the big gate. Out flies the stork with a tiny bundle addressed to Earth.

The baby cries lustily at leaving its nest of soft, fleecy clouds—not knowing what kind of an earthly "nest" it will be dropped into.

Every baby cannot be born into a luxurious home—cannot find awaiting it a dainty, hygienic nursery, rivalling in beauty the misty cloud-land.

But it is every child's rightful heritage to be born into a clean, healthful home where the Blue Bird of Happiness dwells.

As each child is so born—

the community, the nation, and the home are richer. For just as the safety of a building depends upon its foundation of rock or concrete so does the safety of the race depend upon its foundation—the baby.

And just as there is no use in repairing a building above, if its foundation is weak, there is no use in hoping to build a strong civilization except through healthy, happy babies.

Thousands of babies—

die needlessly every year. Thousands of rickety little feet falter along Life's Highway. Thousands of imperfect baby-eyes strain to get a clear vision of the wonders that surround them. Thousands of defective ears cannot hear even a mother's lullaby.

And thousands of physically unfit men and women occupy back seats in life, are counted failures—all because of the thousands and thousands of babies who have been denied the birthright of a sanitary and protective home.

So that wherever one looks—the need for better homes is apparent. And wherever one listens can be heard the call for such homes from the Land of Unborn Babies.

The call is being heard—

by the schools and colleges that are establishing classes in homemaking and motherhood; by public nurses and other noble women who are visiting the homes of those who need help and instruction; by the hospitals that are holding Baby Clinics.

By towns and cities that are holding Baby Weeks and health exhibits; by magazines and newspapers that are publishing articles on pre-natal care.

By Congress that has passed the Mothers and Babies Act, under which health boards in every State will be called upon to give information to expectant mothers.

All this is merely a beginning—

The ground has hardly been broken for the Nation's only safe foundation—healthy babies—each of whom must have its rightful heritage—An Even Chance—a healthy body.

The call will not be answered until every mother, every father and every community helps to make better homes in which to welcome visitors from the Land of Unborn Babies.



Babies of 1952 have a far better chance of growing up to be sturdy and healthy than did boys and girls who were born in 1922, the year in which "The Land of Unborn Babies" appeared.

In fact, the great gains that have been made in protecting child health—through diet, immunizations, and knowledge of infant growth and development—represent

one of medicine's greatest triumphs.

Today, the infant mortality rate is, by all odds, the lowest in history. Equally heartening has been the drop in maternal mortality rates. At present the chances of an expectant mother surviving childbirth are better than 999 out of 1000! In these figures there is truly a story of human and social progress.

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.





THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC is the biggest rent payer, representing ten per cent of Carnegie Hall's entire tenant revenue.

The World's Most Talented Tenants

CARNEGIE HALL'S GENIUS COLONY . . . NO PHONIES ALLOWED!



VOICE TEACHER ANNETTE STUMPF rehearses a pupil in a studio furnished like a home, complete to French-paneled doors. Fannie Hurst's husband, pianist Jacques Danielson, used this studio as a practice room for 32 years.

Name anyone famous in the Seven Lively Arts—from actress Mary Martin to the Barrymores, from dancer Ruth St. Denis to choreographer Agnes de Mille—and the odds are that they've lived or practiced in one of the two hundred apartments in New York's famous pile of rusty brick known as Carnegie Hall. The roofs of the whole Paris Latin Quarter haven't sheltered so much talent—in actors, painters, ballet dancers, sculptors—as this labyrinth.

Carnegie Hall's big reason for being begins with the simple fact that New York landlords, who are willing to forfeit eight dollars a ticket to hear a performer on a stage, blanch at the idea of renting him an apartment. In the early morning absolutely no one wants to hear Mary Martin practice scales, or endure the chandelier-shaking thumps of Sona Osata's *entrechats*.

Carnegie Hall, on the other hand, spurns the tenant who *isn't* in the somewhat noisy arts. The quiet, average man in search of shelter hasn't a chance. Hangers-on, phonies, aging playboys in search of "Art" get a professional brush. To rent one of the apartments, you must prove you're a serious wooer of the arts. **Rents run** from fifty to five hundred dollars a month, and no two apartments look as though the same architect had a hand in them. Nooks, crannies, balconies, and leaded-glass windows turn up everywhere. Walls rise and fall according to the idiosyncrasies of the tenants. The main bulk of Carnegie, fronting on West Fifty-seventh Street, is six stories high, but the square tower shoots up to

(Continued on next page)

FOR \$50—OR \$500—A MONTH YOU CAN KNOCK DOWN WALLS,
PLAY AN ORGAN FORTISSIMO, THUMP HAPPILY ON THE FLOOR, KEEP
A PET ALLIGATOR, EVEN YODEL FULL BLAST ALL NIGHT

Photos by Gordon Thorne-Lewis



NEOPHYTE BALLERINA, SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD **SHIRLEY SCOTT**, limbers up outside the Ballet Arts school's famous Studio 61. Shirley has studied ballet since she was ten, hopes to be a *première* ballerina. Every great dancer of the century, except Pavlova and Nijinsky, has studied or taught in Studio 61. The names that have been on its door are a *Who's Who* in Ballet.

The World's Most Talented Tenants (continued)



ACTRESS CLAIRE LUCE settles down for a comfortable evening at home with Megan, her pet Welsh Corgi. Miss Luce's ninth-floor studio apartment includes a kitchen and bath.



PAUL SWAN, sculptor, painter, and dancer, poses in his studio with sculptured portrait of Forrestal. Gibson-girl creator Charles Dana Gibson lived in this 30-foot studio for 33 years.

ONLY JOKER ATTACHED TO THE \$2,000,000 GIFT FOR CARNEGIE HALL FROM STEEL MAGNATE ANDREW CARNEGIE: NO FUNDS FOR UPKEEP. THE HALL SKIDDED DURING THE DEPRESSION, RIGHTED ITSELF PROFITABLY

sixteen floors, and the south end of the building rises twelve stories. The sixth floor is the same as the eighth, due to the difference in ceiling height.

For fifty dollars a month a lucky tenant may get Studio 124—twelfth floor, quiet, two windows—where Theodore Dreiser lived and wrote his best sellers. For five hundred dollars there's a three-floor set-up: first-floor office-or-kitchen, second-floor 30' x 30' studio soaring up to the third floor, and a balcony bedroom. Conductor Thomas Scherman, son of Harry Scherman, Book-of-the-Month Club president, rehearses an entire orchestra in his three-story soundproof apartment.

Oldest tenant is the famous American Academy of Dramatic Arts. The academy, which spills over onto three floors and uses the Lyceum (a rehearsal theatre housed in the Carnegie basement), has graduated Cecil B. de Mille, Jennifer Jones, Spencer Tracy, Rosalind Russell, Edward G. Robinson, Pat O'Brien, William Powell, Lauren Bacall, Garson Kanin, Hume Cronyn, and Agnes Moorehead. Tuition is six hundred dollars a term, and the course takes two years. The

rules are stricter than those of a girls' boarding school; any student "guilty of conduct unbecoming a lady or gentleman may be suspended or expelled." If you're younger than sixteen or older than thirty, the academy isn't eager to accept you. Two of the academy trustees are Howard Lindsay and Lawrence Langner.

Tenant Agnes de Mille, along with Japanese premier danseur Yeichi Nimura and a dozen other famous dancing associates, pay a tidy fee for a portion of the eighth floor known as the Ballet Arts School or "Studio 61." It was here that ballet in Broadway musical comedy got its start with rehearsals of the "Oklahoma!" and "One Touch of Venus" dance sequences. Ironically, Studio 61 was started by innovator Isadora Duncan, who earlier had been booed from the Carnegie auditorium when she appeared to dance barefoot in a brief tunic.

This repository of culture began when steel magnate Andrew Carnegie, while on his honeymoon voyage to Scotland, met Leopold Damrosch, musician father of Walter. Carnegie parted with two million dollars, and the first six stories of Carnegie Hall went up in 1891. But Car-

negie never endowed the hall. He firmly believed that was the community's job. The result is that the hall has always been conducted as a private enterprise, for profit.

After Carnegie's death, real-estate operator Robert E. Simon bought the old building from Carnegie's widow as a real-estate venture, hoping to sell it for profit. But when a rumored new concert hall wasn't built after all, Simon's civic-mindedness came to the fore; he turned down profitable offers and made general improvements. During the Depression, desperate renting measures were instituted to insure solvency. Modern kitchens and bathrooms were installed; every nook was turned into a rentable space. The policy paid off, too.

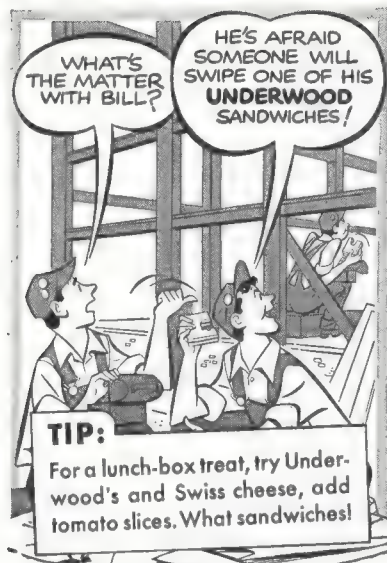
The project continues under the aegis of Simon's son, Robert E., Jr., a pleasant-mannered, concise young man with a taste for the arts and a fervor for redecorating.

But if Mr. Simon's activities were limited to renting apartments his business life would be an interminable bore. For fifteen years Carnegie Hall has been a hundred-per-cent rented.

(Continued on next page)



CARNEGIE HALL STUDENTS SILHOUETTED against their renowned schoolhouse. The corner building, housing the auditorium, went up in 1891, followed by the tower at left. The twelve-story section at right rear was tacked on last, since it involved tearing down a saloon, following the death of the saloonkeeper, who had stubbornly defied Andrew Carnegie.



UNDER WOOD DEVEILED HAM

THE ORIGINAL...ALL FINE HAM
ZESTFULLY SEASONED
For 87 years America's favorite spread

ASTHMATICS-

WHERE HAVE WE BEEN ALL YOUR LIFE?

Do you mean you've been suffering from the agonizing symptoms of bronchial asthma all these years and have never tried Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR? Asthmador's medicated fumes help clear congestion, make breathing easier—the result of a quality-blended formula. So try ASTHMADOR now—powder, cigarette or pipe mixture—at all drug stores.

USE ASTHMADOR

HELP WANTED

Men and women representatives to secure new and renewal subscriptions for *Cosmopolitan* and other leading magazines in their spare time. Mail coupon now for complete information and money-making supplies . . . so you can start earning generous commissions at once!

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The World's Most Talented Tenants (continued)

WANT TO PAINT? WRITE A BEST SELLER?



CHILDREN are no strangers in the corridors of Carnegie. Caught in a pensive mood, a youngster awaits her ballet class in Studio 61. Future ballet stars, more girls than boys, must begin their grueling studies early. Studio 61, the largest space renter in Carnegie, pays a three-figure monthly rental.

BECOME A SONGWRITER? MOVE RIGHT IN!



PHIL MOORE shifts between piano and pencil in his eighth-floor Carnegie apartment. Composer, arranger, and discoverer of talent, Moore does arrangements for stars like Lena Horne, Dorothy Dandridge, and Marilyn Monroe. He also coaches Tallulah Bankhead and other theatre greats.



ON THE TOWER STEPS, Leonora Shier, Carnegie renting agent for the past 27 years, holds an autographed photo of John Barrymore. The picture is one of her famous collection of a thousand lining Carnegie's walls. More personal mementos include pets, plants, and a gold glove-button hook, gift of Caruso.

(Continued on next page)

5¢

PKG. OF

Kool-Aid

**Makes 2 Quarts
Of Refreshing Beverage!**



**BUY 6 Pkgs.
and SAVE
On Soft Drinks**

Six packages of Kool-Aid make 12 quarts of cold, delicious beverage. At 5¢ a package, think of the big savings in soft drinks! Don't run out; when you get down to 2 packages, **Buy Six and SAVE!** Six refreshing flavors.

AT GROCERS





"Kool-Aid"® PERKINS PRODUCTS CO. ©1952 P. P. CO.

NEW!

Chlorophyll

FOAM INSOLES

Keep Your Feet

Air-Cooled!
Air-Ventilated!
Air-Cushioned!



Chlorophyll Treated For Day-Long "Nature-Fresh," Health-Promoting, Dry, Cool, Comfortable Feet!

NOW! Enjoy the foot and shoe odor-neutralizing magic of Chlorophyll in the marvelous new Dr. Scholl's CLORO-VENT Foam Insoles. Made of soft, cushioning Latex Foam and PERFORATED—they instantly convert your shoes into air-cooled, air-ventilated, air-cushioned, foot health-promoting shoes of priceless walking ease! Insist on Dr. Scholl's CLORO-VENT Foam Insoles—the **only** PERFORATED Chlorophyll-treated foam rubber insole made and the only one that does all these things for you! Sizes for men and women. Get a pair today! Only 69¢. At Drug, Shoe, Department, 5-10¢ Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Shops in principal cities.

Dr. Scholl's CLORO-VENT Foam Insoles

It gets *Better*
and **BETTER** as
you go along



... because we've
eliminated "hop, skip
and jump" reading

You're now a little more than half way through the first issue of the "new" streamlined Cosmopolitan and we hope you've noted the fact that all "detours" and "roadblocks" have been eliminated, so you can read every feature (short or long) from beginning to end without interruption.

This is only one of many changes that have made Cosmopolitan an even more exciting and rewarding adventure in leisure hour reading. Here are some of the others that mark the "new" Cosmopolitan as by far the biggest 35c entertainment "buy" on the nation's newsstands:

MORE 4-COLOR PAGES

- Every month... a fine arts feature told in a series of rich, full color illustrations like those in "Seven Art Wonders of America" (page 47).

MORE PICTURE STORIES

- Every month... picture stories and photo essays like "What Happens to Quiz Kids?" (page 58) and "The World's Most Talented Tenants" (the feature you've just been reading).

FASTER "GET AWAY"

- Every department now begins with a timely news feature on a related subject, and every issue contains a greater variety of stories and features to choose from.

BIG FICTION DIVIDEND

- Every month... a complete, short mystery novel like "Mr. Lonely Hearts" (page 133), plus at least 5 short stories.

EASY-TO-READ TYPE

- All articles and features now set in the same large readable type regardless of position in front or back of the book.

The World's Most Talented Tenants (continued)

POETS FROM PARIS, MUSICIANS FROM MILAN



PEDIGREED SIAMESE CATS Spirit of the Lotus and Blue Flame, owned by premier danseur Yeichi Nimura, gambol across part of the 3,000-square-foot studio rented by the Ballet Arts school. Many of Carnegie's tenants own pets, ranging from an ancient turtle to a conversational myna bird.



PIANIST EMILIA DEL TERZO plays housewife in the apartment that for more than thirty years was tenanted by Pietro Yon, organist at St. Patrick's Cathedral and at one time substitute organist at the Vatican. A protégée of Yon, Miss Del Terzo now rents the apartment and owns his famous pipe organ.

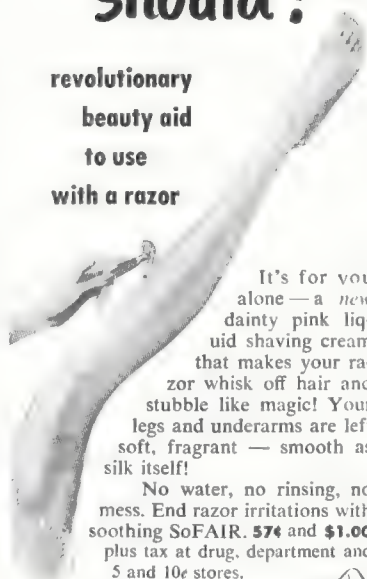
—WITH OR WITHOUT KITCHEN AND BATH



PLENTY OF ROOM FOR NICK BRUNO, Hollywood glamour photographer, to get a picture with a big smile and plenty of perspective. Bruno rents 900 square feet of space, has that scarce commodity: height. His two-story main studio is the envy of photographers in cramped, non-Carnegie quarters. **The End**

Now shave as a lady should!

revolutionary
beauty aid
to use
with a razor



It's for you alone — a new dainty pink liquid shaving cream that makes your razor whisk off hair and stubble like magic! Your legs and underarms are left soft, fragrant — smooth as silk itself!

No water, no rinsing, no mess. End razor irritations with soothing SoFAIR. **57¢** and **\$1.00** plus tax at drug, department and 5 and 10¢ stores.

Sofair
makes
shaving feminine



The Chap Stick Co., Lynchburg, Va.

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS WASTE

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slowdown of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable. Minor bladder irritations due to cold or wrong diet may cause getting up nights or frequent passages.

Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you, Try Doan's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. It's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief from these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!





Beautiful

Duchess



SKETCH BY ROBERT LEVERING

**THE BEAUTY OF THIS
WOMAN OVERWHELMED
HIM. HE HADN'T DARED
TO THINK OF PAINTING HER
BY ROBERT FONTAINE**

My friend began to tell his story. He had not been my friend for more than five minutes. He had sat down on the bench beside me in Central Park near the Plaza, and we had matter-of-factly admired the tulips that were being set out.

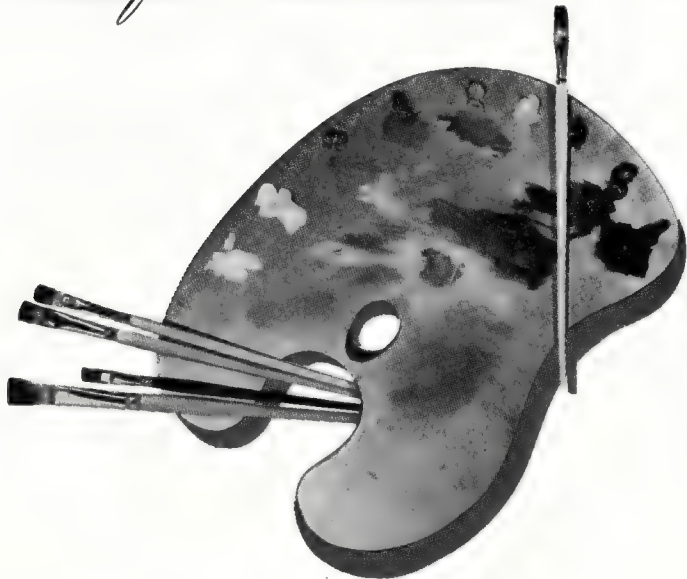
His face was not unhandsome, though it needed the services of a barber. His eyes, a little reddened and watery, were, just the same, rather bright and attractive. I could not say how old he was. He was probably much younger than he looked. His seedy appearance and shabby clothes added years.

He begged a cigarette from me and after lighting it from my match puffed on it with a deep sigh. After a moment he glanced over toward the large hotel near the fountain and said, "I spent many happy hours there."

I looked at him, somewhat surprised. He laughed. "It was many years ago," he said. Then he told me the story.

I was (he said) a young artist in those days. I was a very good artist, though not yet twenty. I had won many prizes and scholarships. The dealers were all sure I would be not only

Beautiful Duchess (continued)



**HE HAD THE TALENT AND THE EAGERNESS
TO PAINT, BUT NO MAN—UNLESS HE WAS MADE
OF STEEL—COULD PAINT SUCH A WOMAN**

famous but wealthy in a decade—provided, of course, I stuck to my work.

This was not simple. I had very little to eat, my clothes were shabby, and while I had many friends, they too were paupers, spending what small sums came their way for paint and canvas.

It is not very romantic, however much the writers attempt to make it so, to be hungry and cold in an attic. It was so cold, in fact, that my models often refused to disrobe, and I had to turn to a still life or landscape, at which I was never any good.

I suppose I preferred to paint women because I loved women. Not any woman in particular, but all women; or, that is to say, all beautiful women.

One winter when it was much too cold for my model to pose (she had been posing on credit anyway), I was invited by a friend to a party.

This party was in a nice warm loft and was attended by any number of attractive and well-fed people. The one I was most struck by was a stunning woman, perhaps five years my senior, who had the most startlingly lovely figure I had ever seen. What is more, she was the owner of a hauntingly sensual voice, great starry eyes, and a complexion that would shame a child.

Naturally I lost no time in meeting her. She turned out to be the Duchess of

Malleforte. You must remember the old Duke of Malleforte who fought so gallantly for his small country, which was swallowed up ignominiously by the Soviets. No? Ah, well, that is another story.

I drank champagne that night for the first time in my life, and it made me bold. I talked with considerable wit and charm, I believe. I say this in all modesty because I am not, naturally, a very beguiling talker, preferring to put my wit and affection on canvas.

"You are an artist, they tell me," said the duchess.

My heart beat at the sound of her voice, beat like an anxious bird fluttering.

"Of sorts. I dream magnificently, but in the transition to canvas much is lost."

"Your eyes are filled with dreams, I can see," the duchess said softly.

"Only since a few moments ago," I observed wildly. How could I hope to have any relationship with this beautiful and wealthy woman?

To make a long story short, we got along famously. We laughed, we joked, we spoke in poetry and, in the end, found ourselves delighted with each other.

Now, the upshot of this was not, as it would be on the stage, a surge of great painting or a romantic affair. Instead, the duchess persuaded me to stop painting for a while, give it a rest, let my dreams consolidate, and meanwhile obtain a position that would earn me

enough to eat decently and dress comfortably.

She offered me, in order to make the notion more attractive, the position of a butler in her enormous home on Long Island, where she and the duke were staying during their country's afflictions.

"My dear duchess," I said, "I have never even seen a real butler."

"It is nothing," said the duchess. "You have the natural grace that makes a butler, and you wear clothes well. That is all that is necessary. You will have a number of assistants, and the pay will be excellent." She mentioned a figure that made me gulp.

After a few weeks had passed, I was very pleased with my situation as a butler for the duchess. The duchess was friendly, or as friendly as she could be and not cause talk. The pay was excellent, and my quarters were beautiful rooms with a magnificent north light of the sort painters dream about.

However, I did not think much about painting until I had been working for some months and the novelty had worn off. I mean the novelty of being a butler. Do not think that my proximity to the duchess had changed my feelings for her. In fact, I was madly in love with her.

The duke was a doddering old man. At least he seemed old—perhaps he was ill or tired. He was, anyway, not the mate for a beauty like the duchess. He was a terrible bore with his constant talk of going back to his country and leading the band of rebels who, when he appeared, would rise and wipe out the invader.

On the other hand, he was not in the least jealous. I never heard him question his wife or become angry with her or in any way resent her friends.

Consequently I became a little more aggressive, shall I say, with the beautiful duchess. Nothing unbecoming, of course; a little fragment of lyric verse whispered to her as I stood stiffly at her side waiting to announce party arrivals. Or a small bouquet of violets gathered on the estate, or perhaps a delicate water color of her lovely face slipped under her boudoir door.

At length, however, this was not enough. I became restless and frustrated. I wanted to paint again. Or so I thought.

I confided my feelings to the duchess one evening. I spoke in rather formal tones. She merely told me not to worry.

For several days I was puzzled, but my puzzlement did not last long. One beautiful spring night she told me the duke had left for his native land to lead a loyal force against the invader.

I shrugged, feeling that the news of the duke's bravery was interesting but scarcely connected with my painting.

The duchess thought otherwise. "Don't you see?" she asked. "Now I can pose for you. I'd be too jealous to permit anyone else to."

Ah, well, how much painting can a man do under such circumstances? He must be built of steel, and he must paint with cold restraint. This I could not do. Oh, I had the talent and the eagerness, but her beauty overwhelmed me.

My friend on the bench turned to me and smiled a rather handsome smile. I was beginning to see how he might have once been very attractive. "Well," he added, "the duke was killed in a skirmish some weeks later, and shortly after that the duchess and I were married. That was the end."

"The end?" I asked.

"Of course. The duke's fortune was confiscated. Even the funds he had in America were seized because of one of those complicated international legalities. The rude inelegance of poverty was upon us. I went on painting, but we could not afford to heat the enormous mansion, and it became too cold for even the duchess to pose. Our worry about that was soon over because the house, too, was seized."

He sighed and shut his eyes. At length I asked, "And then—?"

"Oh, we made a few dollars when the duchess began to lend her name to a perfume company. But the whole thing had been too much of a shock to her. She lost her looks and her figure. Still she insisted on posing for my paintings and became wildly jealous if I even suggested another model. The result is I have done no painting. And, of course, the market for butlers is now nonexistent."

Again he paused, and he looked at me soulfully, breathing, it seemed to me, a faint odor of wine. "I have turned to landscapes, but she is jealous even of my trees. She will not give me a cent for paints. I was wondering—that is— Well, it is hard for a man who was once more or less a duke, if only by marriage, to beg—yes, beg—but a few dollars . . ."

I felt genuinely sorry for him. I gave him a five-dollar bill. "You will never regret it," he said joyfully. "Now I can work once again."

He rose, bowed elegantly, and thanked me a thousand times. Then he was gone.

I sat there feeling a glow of content until I was shaken by my old friend Billy Garden, a retired detective and a splendid companion.

"I noticed you chatting with the duke," Billy said.

"Yes," I said. "You know him?"

"Oh, sure. Which story did he give you, the one about the hidden Inca gold in Peru or the one about the million-dollar mail robbery and how he alone knows where the money is hidden?"

I blushed a little. "Neither," I said. I felt rather sheepish, not so much because of the money but because I had been completely taken in. "He told me the one about his being married to a duchess."

"Oh," said Billy, "that one is true."

THE END

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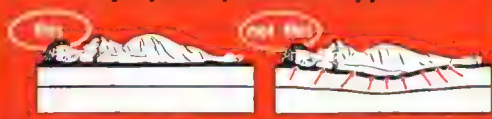
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A MEAL IN A RESTAURANT was one of Langan's first big thrills, but there was no special dish he craved. "Anything that isn't cooked in prison tastes good," he said. "It tastes so good you have to be careful not to eat too much."

AFTER TWENTY YEARS IN PRISON

AS TOLD TO FAITH McNULTY

A MAN—SUDDENLY FREE—RE-ENTERS A WORLD HE LEFT WHEN HE WAS YOUNG

On a sunshiny day last April the People of the State of New York, represented by a judge in the Court of General Sessions in Manhattan, decided that a legal error had been committed twenty years before when Patrick J. Langan was sentenced to thirty years in prison. The court ordered Langan freed forthwith. "I hope," said the judge who freed him, "that fate will be better to you than it has been in the past."

A slender, blue-eyed Irishman who will be forty-five next September, Langan had been in prison since he was twenty-

four years old. Before that he had been a not untypical New York boy. His Kerry-born parents raised seven children in a five-room tenement on Manhattan's teeming and tumultuous Upper West Side. His father was a laborer. Pat quit school when he was fourteen and went to work as a bank messenger. By the time he was twenty, he was an assistant paying teller and, with a group of neighborhood cronies, was doing quite a bit of payday drinking.

One night in 1930, Pat Langan and his pals ran out of beer money. The bar-

tender invited them to leave the saloon. **In a sidewalk conference** (Pat was too drunk at the time to remember it later), the boys decided to raise the money from the next passer-by. They waited till a man and woman approached. One of the boys stuck his hand in his pocket to simulate a gun, and the couple quickly parted with their money. The group returned to the saloon where, in fairly short order, they were arrested.

At the subsequent trial Pat was not represented by counsel. On the advice of the district attorney, he readily pleaded

guilty to attempted robbery in the third degree. He served eighteen months.

Seven months after his release a similar incident occurred. This time the boys had taken some girls to a neighborhood dance. When they ran out of money they went downstairs, robbed a cabdriver, and went back to the dance. Pat and one other boy were arrested. Pat was charged with first-degree robbery. Now a second offender, he drew thirty years. His co-defendant got a suspended sentence.

Pat started serving his sentence in Sing Sing Prison. From the inmates' shoptalk he gradually learned quite a bit about the law, and it occurred to him that, since he had had no counsel, his first conviction might have been illegal. If it could be set aside, he would become a first offender, and his sentence might be reduced. It took him twenty years to make his point, and by that time he was about to be released on parole anyway. He was nonetheless extremely happy about his victory, for it meant that he would be completely free instead of being under the jurisdiction of a parole officer.

On March thirty-first Pat was brought to New York and put in the Tombs. On April fifteenth he was granted his court hearing and freed. The following is Pat Langan's account of how he felt. It is the story of a man re-entering a world he had left twenty years before:

They took me from the Tombs about noontime into the General Sessions courtroom next door. I was wearing a blue outside suit they'd given me in Comstock Prison. The hearing went fast. Right there in court the judge says my motion is granted, and I know I'm home.

The judge looks at me and says, "I wonder what is going on in this man's mind." I can't tell him. I feel a little weak, and that's all. I couldn't say anything. Then a court attendant comes up and takes my arm. He wants to put me back in the bull pen until the judge signs the papers. The judge says, "No. This man is free. Give him a newspaper. Let him sit in the courtroom and be comfortable." Then the judge goes to his chambers to sign the papers.

The reporters come over. They want to know how I feel. Do I feel like crying? I just shake my head. I can't cry. I found that out years ago when they let me out of prison for a day to go to my brother's funeral. I couldn't cry then, either.

I sat in the courtroom till three o'clock. I stared at the newspapers, but I didn't read them. A court attendant comes toward me and points at the door. "Okay, Pat," he says. "Go ahead. Get out of here."

I had left my hat and coat in the

(Continued on next page)

WALKING in the Times Square area, Langan was pleased no one noticed him. "You feel so different from other people you think you must look different, too."



AFTER TWENTY YEARS IN PRISON *(continued)*



TELEVISION WAS NEW TO LANGAN. He'd read about it and spent a lot of time thinking how wonderful it would be to see a ball game any time you felt like it, but hadn't believed it could actually be true. He thought the dancing on television was crazy.



THE VIEW FROM THE TOP of the Empire State Building was a new sensation to Langan. The building was completed the year he went away. He was nervous about going up in the elevator, but once he'd made the trip he was surprised there wasn't more to it.

Tombs, and there was three dollars that my sister had brought waiting for me. I went out of the court and into the Tomb through the *front* door. I got my stuff and went out and stood on the street.

I looked around and inhaled. I wanted to breathe. I was dizzy. I didn't know whether to take a cab or what. I thought of the subway, but I was scared. I started to walk down the block. Then a newspaper photographer drove up and offered me a ride to Forty-second Street. He told me the reporters had already told my mother I was free, and that the reporters would be up at my mother's waiting for me. They'd want to get a story on the reunion, he said.

From Forty-second I took a cab up to 103rd Street and Columbus Avenue, where my mother lives. I saw the *News* man standing on one corner and the *Mirror* man on the other, so I got out of the cab down the block. At first I didn't recognize my mother's house—it's a tenement, but it's been renovated—but I recognized the hosiery store downstairs. Then I saw my mother leaning out the window above the store and waving me to come in. The reporters were looking the other way, and I slid in. I ran upstairs. Mother opened the door and I ran in and we locked the door.

Mama was crying, and she hugged me. She's seventy years old. The first thing we started talking about was the reporters. She said they'd been bothering her all day. I didn't want anybody to come at me right then. It wasn't like I was a hero coming back from Korea or something.

I sat down and felt as if I couldn't get up. I felt like I did when I got the thirty years, only backwards. Either way, it gets you in the knees.

Mama made me tea and bacon and eggs. I hadn't eaten since morning. Then my relatives started coming—my brother, my uncle, my brother-in-law, neighbors and friends. Everybody said they'd wondered if they would be here to see me come back, and wasn't it too bad my father hadn't lived to see it. He died in 1943.

I was so tired I wanted to get away from everybody. I left them talking in the kitchen and went to bed, but I could hear people walking around upstairs and it made me nervous. I'm not used to that kind of noises— Oh, first I took a bath and that was a kick—my first bath in twenty years.

About midnight we were waked up by somebody pounding on the door. Some guy out in the hall was yelling that he was from television. Mama opened the door a crack and said I was gone, and then she locked it again. We could hear the guy pounding up and down the stairs, getting all the neighbors up and trying to get them to make Mama open the door. Finally he went away.

The next morning, after I took another

**AS PAT LANGAN BEGAN THE EXCITING ADVENTURE OF EXPLORING
THE CITY HE WAS ACCOMPANIED BY ONE OF COSMOPOLITAN'S PHOTOGRAPHERS.
THE CAMERA RECORDS HIS REACTIONS TO THE WONDERS OF A NEW WORLD**

bath, Mama asked me did I want one slice of bacon or two? I said one slice. She made two anyway. She asked me did I want a glass of milk? I said no, thanks, but she put the milk in front of me so I drank it.

We sat there drinking tea and talking about my brother who died, and then the door burst open and a woman came in. It's embarrassing that you don't know at first if you know people or not. Maybe you did know them before you went away

and they've changed so you can't tell. Especially women. I can't judge women's ages the way I can men's. I don't know if they're twenty or forty.

Anyway, this woman came busting in and said, "Are you Pat?" and I said yes. Then she started screaming and crying. Her husband was in Sing Sing and she had three kids and she was being evicted and she thought because I got out I should know some way to help her husband. I told her about the Legal Aid

Society and the Welfare Association and so on. That was all I could do.

While she was still there another one came in. She said she'd seen my picture in the paper. She was a blonde. I didn't know if she was nineteen or twenty-nine. She said she wanted to talk to me alone, so I took her in the back and we sat down. Then she took this newspaper picture out of her bag, and she began to talk about my eyes and my hair and stuff like that and how she could tell from the picture

(Continued on next page)



LANGAN ENJOYED SITTING in the sun in Bryant Park and watching people feed the pigeons. "Even pigeons look good," he said, "when you haven't seen any in a long time. But mostly I like to sit and look at people, especially if they're enjoying themselves. I'm satisfied just to sit someplace and watch the people go by. For some reason I get a big kick out of it."

AFTER TWENTY YEARS IN PRISON (continued)



TO OUTFIT HIMSELF Langan had \$210.58 saved from his earnings in prison, which in twenty years amounted to around \$900, plus the \$20 the State gives each man on release. Naturally he was in a hurry to replace his prison suit.



AN ARDENT SPORTS FAN, Langan was completely fascinated by a night ball game. He hadn't seen a baseball game in twenty years, and was astonished at his first view of a lighted ball park. "Gee," he said, "it's just like daylight."

**LANGAN DESCRIBED THE
FEELING OF FREEDOM:
"I FEEL LIKE WHEN I
GOT THE THIRTY YEARS
ONLY BACKWARD. IT
GETS YOU IN THE KNEES"**

I was a great guy. I began to figure maybe she was some nut like the one who shot Eddie Waitkus. She gave me her phone number, and I got her out of there. I said to myself, I'm just out of trouble. Let's stay out. I threw the number away.

Then my brother came with two tickets for the ball game. That's one thing I've been crazy about all these years, even if I hadn't seen any games, not even on the television. We got in his car and drove up. On the ride I watched the streets, but I couldn't recognize anything. And all those gadgets on the car. I used to be able to drive, but I wouldn't be able to now.

The game was swell. It went eleven innings. The Giants lost, five to three. But I saw the guys I'd always wanted to see—Durocher. Thomson, Fox. Richie Ashburn. I watched Durocher, the little motions he makes, the way he'll throw down a glove or something. I wanted to see if I could catch his signals. . . . I couldn't. But the game was swell. I want to go to a lot of games.

That night I wanted to go to my sister's, but I was a little timid. I hadn't been out by myself yet. Then a friend came in and said he'd come with me. We got in the subway. The cars are cleaner-looking than they used to be. We didn't have any trouble. People didn't look at me, the way I'd been afraid they would. But I liked looking at the people.

At my sister's home her four kids crawled all over me. They didn't act like I was strange. I like kids. My sister gave me a glass of beer, and we watched TV. Somebody was doing some kind of dance on TV. I never saw anything like it in my life. It looked crazy. Then we watched the fights.

We went home on the subway, and I said to myself, Next time I'm going to try this alone.

Next morning the mailbox was full of fan mail. Some old lady sent me a dollar bill, two movie tickets, and a religious picture. On the P.S. she put "don't spend this for booze." It was real nice. I would have liked to answer, but there wasn't any return address. A man sent me five dollars, and a lot of people just wished me luck. There were letters from girls, too.

That morning I decided to go to my

sister's alone. I got a whole dollar's worth of dimes for the subway because I didn't want to make a mistake and do something wrong.

It was okay. I made it.

Then I went to buy a suit and some shoes. I think that's when I got my confidence back. I got a suit at Crawford's for fifty bucks. Maybe the next one will cost ten bucks, but I wanted to have that one good suit. In the shoe store I didn't know my right size. I thought it was eight and a half because that's what it was when I went away, but the clerk said I should take a nine and a half. "You haven't been measured in a long time, have you?" he said. He didn't see anything funny about it, and I got my confidence back right then.

I went to a bar. There weren't any when I went in because it was Prohibition. This friend that took me to my sister's went with me to the bar. I had a drink, and then I wanted to get outside.

People ask me what I want to eat, and it's funny but there isn't anything special. In prison guys sit and think what they want to eat. I used to think that I'd go someplace and order something they give you in prison, like stew. And then when it came I'd throw it away and order a steak. But I haven't even had a steak. Anything you eat that isn't cooked in prison tastes different and good, so there's no need to order anything special. A lot

(Continued on next page)



THE UNITED NATIONS BUILDING made Pat feel dizzy. "I guess it is beautiful, all right," he said, "but it sure is crazy-looking to me. Maybe I just don't like any kind of buildings. I'd like to find a job where I'm outdoors most of the time."



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AFTER TWENTY YEARS IN PRISON (continued)



WAITING TO RIDE HOME on the Third Avenue Elevated at the end of his tour of the city Langan became moody thinking of all the things that had changed. The "El" is one of the few landmarks that remain from the days of Langan's youth.

of guys who get out eat everything, and their stomachs won't take it.

I went to a movie. It was "My Six Convicts." It was very good. Then I went to see "Naked City" and "Brute Force," a double feature. The next one I want to go to is "Detective Story." I used to go to the pictures a lot. I saw "The Cat and the Canary" and "The Gorilla" and "The Bat" and lots of others before I went away.

In prison I didn't go much because I would have had to give up my yard privileges, and I'm an outdoor man. The last one I saw in prison was "Mrs. Miniver." That was about 1944, I guess.

I went to see a night ball game. Everyone was always saying how wonderful they are. When I went to my brother's funeral the car went past the stadium and I saw all the lights, but I had never seen a night game before.

I don't have plans. I'm just happy. I

figure I'm real lucky. I stay with my mother. I go out of the house two or three times a day, not going anywhere. I just say I feel like going out, and I go. I call up my sister two or three times a day. I've got a date to baby-sit for her Thursday night. I'm going to take my good suit off as soon as I get there because those kids climb all over me. I love those kids. I guess one reason they like me is because I know about sports.

I'll look for a job next week. Somebody offered me a job as a receptionist, but I don't think I could stand being inside. Maybe I could take lessons and learn to drive a truck. Just so I'm outdoors.

There aren't any words for how it feels to come out. You could say it was like a bird coming out of a cage, but that isn't quite right. I feel a little like I'm half loaded all the time. Maybe it'll wear off, and there'll be a reaction. I don't know. Right now I feel awful good. **THE END**

Practical Travel Guide

Beset, bothered, and bedraggled? Time for your vacation!

We are going to the seashore for a vacation at the beginning of September. Will it be too cold for surf bathing then?

—MRS. A. J., INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

A—September is one of the best months for surf bathing along the New Jersey, Long Island, Maryland, and Virginia shores. The 55 resort communities along New Jersey's 120-mile coastline maintain a full program of entertainment for visitors throughout September, and the ocean temperature averages about 70 degrees.

Should we take our two children, aged 2 and 5, on our cross-country automobile trip? What accommodations would motels offer for our family of four, and about how much would it cost? Could we save money by taking along folding cots for the children?

—MRS. K. T., GREENSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

A—Your children will need things to keep them busy and happy on the trip. Picture books, rubber toys, crayons, and scratch-pads will do wonders.

Plan on outdoor picnics in state and national parks along the way. That will give them a chance to romp. Eat light breakfasts and lunches, and have your big meal after you are settled for the night. Beware of too many sweets.

Most motels offer accommodations that fit your family exactly. Room and bath for two adults at a good motel cost about \$5 a night. Most motels have extra cots for from 50 cents to a dollar each, so it isn't worth the bother to bring your own.

Can I ship my car to Alaska by steamer and then drive home over the Alaska Highway? How much would it cost?

—C. M., MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

A—If you travel on the same steamer as your car, you can ship it as baggage from Seattle to either Valdez or Seward for \$125, plus 3-per-cent federal tax, and terminal charges at Seattle and at your port of debarkation. The terminal charge at Seattle is about \$7 and at the Alaskan ports it is between \$8 and \$15.

THIS MONTH'S BUDGET TRIPI

Would you please outline a week's budget trip to the New England states?

—MISS R. S., BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

A—Budget trips to New England are as varied as the scenery and history of that enchanting corner of our country. They range from personally escorted, all-expense vacations to economical trips that are planned for you but that you make on your own by public transportation.

Here is an outline of a six-day tour, using train, bus, and steamer, that costs an estimated \$118.63, including all your expenses for transportation, hotels, meals, sightseeing, taxes, and tips.


You travel by daylight train along the scenic shore-line route to New Bedford, Massachusetts, where you visit the Whaling Museum. After breakfast on the second day, you board a steamer for the two-hour sail to Martha's Vineyard. You stay at the island overnight, and then sail on to Nantucket, the quaint old island off Cape Cod.

You then stop off at Cape Cod for a full day of sightseeing, swimming, sun bathing, golf, or tennis before returning aboard a daylight train to New York.

Other New England budget trips take you to the Green Mountains of Vermont, the White Mountains of New Hampshire, along the Maine coast and around historic Cape Ann in Massachusetts, to the historic shrines of Plymouth, Lexington, Concord, and Boston, and back to New York through the Berkshire Hills.

These are typical prices: for a seven-day luxury, personally conducted motor-coach tour, staying at the best inns and hotels, \$159.50; for a seven-day tour, independent travel by bus, staying at good inns and hotels, \$95.08; for a seven-day bus tour, including New York State's Lake Champlain and Ausable Chasm and New England, with medium accommodations, about \$95.

We will send you copies of these budget trips on request. You can also write for budget trips to Bermuda; the Ozarks region of Missouri; Mississippi and New Orleans; the Southwest and California; Mexico; Europe; Florida. Send all requests for travel information to EDWARD R. DOOLING, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York 19, New York. We will be glad to forward descriptive literature to you, although it is not possible for us to make individual replies to queries. Please print your name and address.



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As far as I could see, I was the girl for the job. I had a brand-new degree in journalism from Columbia, a letter of recommendation from the dean, and a way about me (this last being only the opinion of my family and friends). Also, since Betts and I had gone ahead and rented an apartment and I had given my mother to understand that I would not marry for years and years and years, I needed the salary.

"I don't know," said Mr. Jay Hollinghead gloomily. "I've taken on kids like you before. It hasn't worked out."

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me why," I said with quiet efficiency.

"You go to too many movies. You read articles. You buck for sergeant. And you're all going to turn out Maggie

Higginses." He paused to light a cigarette, slipping one from his inside pocket as carefully as if he were in a fraternity house. I looked across his wide desk with hot eyes. You crumb, I thought. Weren't you ever young and hopeful?

Aloud, I said respectfully, "I'm sure I could fit into the trends here at *Trend*."

He stood up, presenting me with an imposing view of his six feet three and a half inches. You've seen his face. It was on the cover of *Time* last month with the caption: "Trends . . . Does He Make Them?" The follow-up article was as careful as a woman on a diet. The note struck was that Mr. Jay Hollinghead, clever, fortyish, rough-and-ready editor of long-time pace-setting *Trend*, was a man who got people to talk about them-

selves. The implication: by use of thumb-screw and rack, blonde and bludgeon.

"You look like Barbara Bel Geddes," he said suddenly; and then, through lips that clamped together like a steel trap: "Bait!"

"I beg your pardon?" I said coldly, deciding that ethics were more important than economics.

"He might open up for you—be himself. I want a profile that will make the reader feel as if he's in the room with him. I want to know how he lives, what art he likes, what drinks,

The Pushover

He was a literary lion, and she was walking right into his den. She had every reason to suppose he ate pretty girls alive

BY HARRIET FRANK, JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



what books, what women—in what order.”

He tapped his pencil nervously against his teeth. “The man behind the legend and the legend behind the man.”

I began to feel like something out of *Alice in Wonderland*. “Please,” I said meekly, “could you tell me who you’re talking about?”

“Danver McCoy. Who else?”

It was a name to conjure with all right, all right. Danver McCoy, the man who had made the American reader forget Ernest Hemingway, forswear Dos Passos; the writer who had actually been born in Portland, Oregon, and who

had never once crossed the Mason-Dixon line; the four-letter-word man, who was banned in Boston; the man who had written not one single line about his life in the Army; the man whose face had been photographed even less often than Frank Costello’s, but whose libido was as well known as corn flakes.

“Golly,” I said, “is he in New York?”

“He is,” he replied, “and more elusive than a subpoenaed witness. Nobody’s ever seen him. . . . I mean nobody who counts. His publishers send his checks in care of the post office in Cuernavaca. He lives there—or at least they think he lives there.”

“What’s he doing in town?”

“Merle Houseman, the guy who edits those tomes of his, says he got a note

saying McCoy wanted to get his typewriter repaired and buy some new sneakers. I tried to get him to level with me, but he swears that’s all he knows.” He made a Uriah Heep gesture with his hands. “Read any of his stuff?”

“Yes,” I said defiantly. “I think it behooves anyone interested in fiction—

“Pretty strong medicine, huh?”

“Very informative,” I said stanchly.

“Informative, my foot. Raw meat. I bet you loved it.”

“See here, Mr. Hollinghead,” I said. “You have made several personal remarks during this interview which I do not understand the meaning of.” It ended with a preposition but I was too far gone to care. “Either you

He pulled me close. “Gee,” I said, “if you could only package that.”



The Pushover (continued)



She pictured herself his kind of woman—a girl who wore slinky black, spoke French, and shot big game. She thought of Danver McCoy's books and was happy she wasn't his type

wish to employ me or you don't, and as I have other interviews in mind I would appreciate—"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said, cutting me off. "I'll give you a trial run. You bring me back a piece on Danver McCoy that I can use, and you'll grow with the firm."

"Do you mean it?"

"Cross my heart," he said sardonically.

"How do I get to see him?" I said, all fresh young enthusiasm. "Can I use the name of the magazine?"

"No, no, no! You'll scare him off. Tell him you're starting a novel . . . call him Maestro. You've come to the fountainhead of American letters—know what I mean?"

"It wouldn't really be lying," I said.

"He's a great talent." Mr. Hollinghead looked at me long and hard. "Do good,"

he said, and showed me the door.

Maybe you think it is easy, putting your head into a literary lion's mouth. I didn't even know the way to his lair. But then I remembered Merle Houseman. I took a cross-town bus to give me time to work up a pitch, and by the time I got to the East Seventies I had a little speech prepared that made me out a cross between Emily Dickinson and

Snow White. I had written a book and wanted Danver McCoy's permission to dedicate it to him. Did Mr. Houseman know where I could find him?

"My dear child, I couldn't send you to see that man."

"Why can't I see him?"

"Well, my dear, I've never met him, so I must judge solely on his work. . . ."

He coughed delicately. "I hardly think a young lady like yourself should . . . It might be risky," he said emphatically. "I have had occasion to correspond with Mr. McCoy in the past for particulars of his life. His replies, I assure you, could not be printed on a book jacket."

"I'm a realist, Mr. Houseman," I said

sternly. "Considerations of the flesh do not shock me in the least. As a matter of fact, my book deals with a more or less naturalistic love affair."

Mr. Houseman stopped smiling. "In that case—" he said, and wrote an address on a piece of paper. He handed it to me resignedly.

The house looked tame enough. In fact, it had window boxes full of begonias, and starched white curtains. A Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch kind of woman was sweeping the already clean front steps. I approached her politely. "Good afternoon," I said. "I'm looking for Mr. McCoy. Mr. Danver McCoy."

She digested the name for a moment. "McCoy. Oh, yes. The room at the top of the stairs. You can just step over the dust." She stood aside to let me pass.

I started up the stairs resolutely enough, but my ears rang and my stomach growled and my mouth felt like it was full of wood shavings. "I admire your work," I muttered. "No . . . 'I find your work a great stimulus.' No . . . 'I . . .'" I stopped and held on to the banister. "I'll just ask if I can use his telephone."

I took the last two steps as if they were the topmost peak of the Matterhorn and wished wildly that I had taken up home economics. There lived McCoy, the kind of man who goes for women who shoot guns and drink vermouth and speak French. I gulped. I had led a sheltered life. Then I reached for the bell. My fingers grew unaccountably cold, and then the door opened. The man standing in the doorway looked like a slice of Henry Fonda. I say a slice because he was a paper-thin edition of him, except that his nose was longer and his hair shorter. He wore a pair of gold-rimmed glasses pushed up on his forehead and a button-down-the-front sweater. He looked at the top of my head and said in a deep, friendly voice, "No milk today, thank you."

I stepped in closer, a little shocked at so much astigmatism. The pleasant, inquiring smile remained fixed on his face. "I'm not the milkman," I said quietly. "I'm a girl."

He tipped his head down and squinted at me. "Oh," he said, and groped for his glasses. When they were firmly in place

he looked like men used to in the thirties, before horn-rimmed glasses and crew cuts and Russell Nype.

"I'm looking for Mr. Danver McCoy," I said, "but I think I've got the wrong room."

He shook his head amiably. "Right room all right, but wrong guy. I'm his cousin. Danny's gone out to buy some T-shirts. He might come back any minute. You could wait. There's some beer in the icebox. You look sort of tired."

I looked up at him gratefully. "Gee, I am," I said. "I hope it won't be too much trouble."

"Glad of the company. Danny's pretty much on the move." I followed him into the room. It was as neat as a filing cabinet. There were orderly stacks of paper beside a typewriter and a Mason jar full of sharpened pencils on the coffee table. "Danny's stuff," the man said.

"Really?" Excitement tinged my voice. "You know . . . it kind of makes my knees weak." I laughed nervously. "I guess you think that's silly."

"It isn't, if you go for things like that. I never read much of Danny's stuff. It's kind of dirty, isn't it?"

"Oh, no," I said. "Time Forward is a fine book, a beautiful book."

"Oh."

"You're his cousin?"

"Yes. My name's Cal. Short for California. I don't use it, though. My mother was gone on crazy names." He motioned me into a chair. "Would you like that beer now?"

"Thank you. It's awfully nice of you to let me in like this."

He bobbed his head in an awkward, friendly gesture and opened the bottle. "You a friend of Danny's?"

I was going to go into my song and dance, but something in his guileless look stopped me cold. "I'm an interviewer from Trend Magazine. I'm supposed to pretend that I'm a writer, that I love his work and—and the usual guff. He sort of hides from people, you know."

"I've heard. He's a kind of odd-ball."

"I don't know," I said. "I think he's just self-effacing. A man like Mr. McCoy could write his own ticket."

"Wine, women, and song?"

I nodded and sipped my beer. Cal stuck an empty pipe in his mouth and

The Pushover *(continued)*

began to walk up and down the room. "Maybe he wouldn't know how to act."

"You haven't read him, have you?" I asked, smiling. "He'd know."

Cal shrugged. "I still think he's an odd-ball. What kind of questions are you supposed to ask him?"

"Terribly personal, I'm afraid."

"What if he won't answer?"

I smiled shakily. "I guess I'll just have to take up another line of work."

"Maybe you should anyway. Don't you want to get married and have kids?"

"Some day, but first I want to rise above the herd."

Cal's pleasant face furrowed. "Why?"

"Well—if everyone ran with the pack what would ever get accomplished?"

"What's getting accomplished by your interviewing Danny?"

"Listen," I said, "I've got enough on my hands with your cousin without taking you on, too."

"You'd make a wonderful mother," he said suddenly.

"There's no need to get earthy," I said, setting down the beer glass.

"That's a woman's natural function," he said gently. "That's the trouble with twentieth-century women—they have no respect for nature."

"I really can't go into that now," I

it like the first dinner invitation in the history of the world.

"Maybe I would," I said tentatively.

"I know Danny pretty well, and I could fill you in on his background."

"Would you?" I said, warming to him, vibrations and all.

"Sure. You know," he said, "the light's soft and quiet this time of the afternoon. Why don't we go into the park and watch it? Then when it gets dark we'll eat together." He made it sound like a poem . . . fading light and the park and the breaking of bread.

"We'll just be part of the pack," he added, and grinned at me.

We were, too. The park benches were still warm from the afternoon sunlight. Now and then the placid air was broken by the protesting wail of a reluctant kid being herded homeward.

Then, suddenly, we were alone in a funny Adam-and-Eve kind of way. I felt all arms and legs and complexes. Cal shifted a little so that his arm lying casually along the back of the bench became a protective arc. "Something the matter?" he asked.

"You mix me up," I said defiantly. "I don't sit still in the middle of the day.

His work was uncompromising, honest—and banned in Boston. The perils of approaching him were suddenly plain to her. She was scared to death

said firmly. "When did you say you expect Mr. McCoy?"

He stretched lazily. "Well, you can't really tell with Danny. He's a loner."

"A what?"

"A loner. A guy who has to get off by himself. I'm one, too. You go into the crowd, you're part of the pack, and yet you're sort of isolated. You get a lot of vibrations that way."

"Well," I said, somewhat startled. "I certainly don't want to interfere with your vibrations. Thanks for the drink. I'll try Mr. McCoy tomorrow." I got up.

Don't go."

I paused.

"I'd like to ask you something." He smiled shyly. "Maybe you'd like to have dinner with me." He proffered

Nobody does. And you know why?" I turned to him almost angrily. "Because it muddies the waters. You begin to ask yourself why you're doing what you're doing."

"That's good, isn't it?"

"Not if you don't have the answers. I shouldn't be here with you."

"Why not?"

"I'm after Danver McCoy."

"What are you?" he said, leaning forward to bring me into focus. "A bird of prey? I told you I'd fill you in."

"Even if you did," I said irritably, "I can't make anything out of it moon-calving around here with you." I stood up. "Take me somewhere antiseptic."

He shook his head. "It wouldn't work. Couldn't tell you about Danny. You don't read poetry in a surgery."

"Well, well," I said, and sat down again. "That was very fancy. I thought you didn't read your cousin."

"His early stuff. Before he got polluted."

I reached for my notebook and pencil stub. "Could you be more specific?"

"After dinner."

"I'm not hungry."

"Where I'm taking you, you'll get hungry."

He took my hand, and though the gesture was casual, I felt enveloped. That had never happened to me.

Central Park might just as well have been the forest primeval. He let me whirl around in the eddy for a least a moment before he gave me a little tug. Maybe it's shameless to say, but he could have led me down the garden path right then and there. Instead he took me to a little hole in the wall in the East Fifties where he fed me gloriously on things that tasted of garlic and lotus blossoms. We had Benedictine with our coffee, and by the time I had emptied the glass I felt that if I didn't get to the business of the day I might just slip my moorings and float happily away. I leaned on my elbows and looked at him. "I ought to be writing about you," I said lovingly. "Mine host."

He must have seen that my eyes were misted over because he smiled paternally. "How about a walk to clear your head?"

"I like what's in it," I said gaily. But the next thing I knew we were out under a dark and empty sky, and the wave I had been riding had rippled away.

"It's D-Day," I said reluctantly. "D for Danver. You'd better tell me all you know, and I'll try to bull it through."

We sat down on the steps of a brownstone, and he leaned against the railing.

"Shall I give it to you straight?" he asked mildly.

I looked up at him and swallowed. "Well," I said, "our magazine is sent to homes where there are children."

He took off his glasses and tucked them into his pocket. "This is going to hurt me more than you. I'm Danver McCoy."

You?" I croaked.

"The man among men," he said. "The despoiler of the fair, the anarchist at the tea party, the hood among hoodlums. Twist? You could introduce me to your grandmother." He stood up and looked down at me with mild eyes. "Big joke."

I managed a self-possessed smile. "I knew it all the time," I said airily. "You didn't have me fooled for a second."

He sat down again, this time quite close to me. "You're a nice girl," he said. "—a nice maternal girl, but you're a bad liar, and you're in trouble. I can't give you the kind of copy your editor wants. Why do you think I live under wraps?"

"I don't know."

"Because they'd laugh me out of the ring. You know how I started out?"

"Nobody knows anything about you," I reminded him.

"I wrote love limericks for a greeting-card company from nine to five behind a flat-top desk. At six I put on my hat—I wore a hat in those days—and took the subway to Flatbush where I lived alone in a bachelor. It got so I had to push those four walls back—away from me. So I started to write." He stared down at his knuckles. "I made myself an after-hours life. Worked great. Lots of guys come home and water the lawn and put away the kids' bikes and eat pot roast, but sometime before they get into bed they want to live a little—he heroes." He watched my face closely. "I'd be scared to go on a safari," he said. "I'd rather go to a baseball game than a bullfight. I was in the Army for four years, but I never got out of Texas."

But you wrote *Torero* and *High Noon* and *Battlefield*!"

"That's right—and then I ran like hell. I was afraid somebody would tag me for what I am, so I took my money and headed for Cuernavaca. At that distance I was some punkins. I wrote a lot of hogwash about myself to keep the salesboys happy, and I like the simple life anyway."

"Maybe you did something colorful in Cuernavaca?"

He shook his head. "Nope. I tried some experimental farming. Orchids and peanuts. And I learned to cook."

"No native women?" I asked, in a voice that trembled.

"Mama Espero. She did my shirts—but just for the record she's sixty-five and tips the scale at a comfortable two hundred and ten."

"Have you ever hit a man or pursued a lady?"

He looked down at his shoetops. "I collided with a guy in a swinging door," he offered hopefully.

"Won't do. How about the lady?"

"There was a girl once. We lived in the same boardinghouse."

My lungs felt as if they had been shut off with a clothespin. "Anything come of it?"

"She married a wholesale grocer." He took out his glasses and polished them neatly. "It's classic. . . . Caspar Milquetost . . . Walter Mitty . . . the worm that turns. Only there's no slam finish. I've got a lot of books on the shelf but no sex appeal."

"Scowl," I said abruptly.

He looked at me, puzzled.

"Go ahead."

He squinted up his face. The results weren't too good.

"Turn your profile and look as though something weighty is bothering you."

He humored me. It was awful. He looked as mild and uncomplicated as tapioca pudding.

"You have got sex appeal," I said emphatically. "But it doesn't grab you."

"I can fix that," he said, and pulled me close to him. It grabbed me. When I came up for air, I was sold. He was a cross between Caesar and Genghis Khan, with Byronic overtones.

"Gee," I said, "if you could only package that."

"Thanks very much," he said, with ingenuous sincerity.

"But what am I going to tell Mr. Hollinghead? He has very highly colored ideas of you."

"Expose me," he said promptly.

"What?" I looked at him startled.

"Sure. I'm tired of this dodge. Look, I got pictures of me singing in the church choir with braces on my front teeth, and some snaps of me as a Scout leader helping an old lady across the street . . . a lot of stuff. We'll work it up together. Then I'll go in with you so you can back it up with living proof."

I felt tears warm my eyes. "What about the great romantic legend?"

"So my hair's in my eyes instead of on my chest."

"If you're just doing this for me," I said, "you really don't have to. I'm extremely inventive. I could make up something."

He looked down at his shoe tops. "To tell you the truth," he said, "I don't even like Cuernavaca much. It gets lonesome. If I moved into town we could see each other—go to the zoo and the museums . . ." His voice trailed off.

"I'd like that very much," I said formally, and he took my hand. We sat like that till long after dark.

Two days later it was done. He wrote most of it. You probably never spotted the style if you read the article because it was as sweet and simple as a New England spring—just the story of a guy in Flatbush fighting dragons so the nine-to-five world wouldn't get him down.

Then we took it to Hollinghead. I left Danver reading a copy of the *National Geographic* in the outside office. He'd offered to come in, but I wouldn't let him.

Hollinghead was standing by the window. I laid the pile of papers on his desk. "There it is," I said, "exclusive, intimate, revealing."

"Sit there," he said peremptorily, "while I read it."

The next twenty minutes put the Spanish Inquisition in the shade. Hollinghead's face remained perfectly impassive. When he had finished he pushed the papers together in a neat little stack, leaned across the desk, and stared into my eyes.

"This," he said in measured tones, "is what I get for sending a bobby-soxer on a job. Where, may I ask, did you possess yourself of this little fantasy?"

"He told me every word," I said, half rising from my chair.

"Back," he said, waving at me ferociously. I sat down again. Then a terrible

thing happened. He smiled. It was a knife gash across his face. When he spoke it was in a wolf-to-Little-Red-Ridinghood voice. "My dear," he said, "slyer people than you have tried to get to Danver McCoy. But, having failed, they come clean. They don't try to fob off products of their own fevered imaginations. You can tell me. What neighborhood movie have you been sitting in for the last three days?" He rose, his neck purpling like a turkey cock's. "I send you after a man who has lived the life of a warrior, a lover, a renegade, and you come back with Heidi! You're fired!"

This last was as loud as the cry of the Valkyrie. It brought Danver into the office in one graceful bound. "Are you shouting at this lady?" he asked mildly.

"Who are you?"

"That's irrelevant. I was just wondering if you were raising your voice to this young lady."

Mr. Hollinghead turned to me. "Clear out of here," he said, "and take this knight-errant with you."

"I guess you were shouting at her," said Danver. "I'd like you to apologize."

"In a pig's eye!" screamed Hollinghead. "Who let you in? Who are you?"

"Danver McCoy," said Danver, and hit him. There's never been anything like it since the Tunney-Dempsey fight. Danver was a man inspired. He came at Hollinghead in a crouch, his face transfigured. He was suddenly the fighting hero of all his novels of blood and guts—invincible, dangerous, thrilling. He was making reality of his daydreams, fact of his fancy.

Two seconds later he was flat on his back. Hollinghead, who had never had it so good, stared down at him for a long moment, mouth agape.

"Well, I'll be damned," he said, "a round-heels, a pushover."

Danver propped himself up on an elbow. "You pack quite a punch," he said admiringly. "It's sort of a looping left, isn't it?"

Hollinghead nodded gravely. "I bring it up from the floor," he said.

There was a moment's silence. And then Hollinghead shook his head.

"Danver McCoy . . ." he said slowly. And then, "Here, let me help you up."

He pulled Danver to his feet and led him to a chair.

"About the article," Danver said. "Going to print it now?"

"I'll print it. It'll break a million hearts—but I'll print it."

At that's the way it appeared. We read it in Cuernavaca while we were on our honeymoon.

Danver is deep in a new book now. He had to change his style considerably after that exposé came out—no one would take him seriously anymore.

The latest is called "Swords into Ploughshares." Its theme is peace. It's wonderful. THE END

So You Want to Be an Author!

LIKE TO GET IN ON THE 30 MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR PAID TO WRITERS? IT'S BEEN DONE—BUT BEWARE THE BIG SWINDLE! • BY MORTON SONTHEIMER

Anyone can make money by writing" is probably one of the most persuasive ads ever devised because so many people believe they can. An estimated five million people yearn to be authors. And there are perhaps five million more who haven't admitted it. Writing looks easy and profitable, and it's a soul-satisfying expression of human vanity.

Any time you have that many hopefuls with an itch, you're bound to have a certain number of characters with another itch—to make money out of it. Around the writing business hover a motley assortment of vultures.

They operate under an assortment of titles used as fronts—correspondence schools, literary agents, ghost writers, critics, and publishers. The many honest practitioners of these crafts give the predatory ones protective coloration.

Nobody can estimate how much they make. Complaints of individuals that they were taken for a thousand dollars or more are not uncommon.

It's all legal, though, or at least could be. After all, they *do* teach, criticize, offer manuscripts for sale, ghostwrite them, or print them. Anyway, you'd have a hard time proving they didn't.

"Correspondence schools"

The correspondence schools make the biggest pitch. "Earn big money!" shout their tantalizing ads.

The truth is that of the millions who try to write, only about ten thousand make a living at it, a small living indeed for some of them. Books, stage, screen, magazines, radio, and television pay thirty million dollars a year for their output. Figure it out: it averages about three thousand dollars for each.

Becoming a highly paid professional writer is a real breeze, claim the correspondence schools. "Only a fraction of the time needed to prepare for medicine or law." This popular notion overlooks the fact that most professionals have spent years learning to write material they could sell. Even when they've learned, it's no cinch. Books are long, arduous jobs that seldom pay off. Good short-story writers sell only about half

their efforts. Professional article writers usually work on order, but they don't get rich, and they have invested years establishing themselves with editors by writing their articles on hope alone.

But in the "easy-does-it" ads one student is reported to have averaged as many as 285 article sales a year. This means

I.N.P.

more than one article sale every weekday! As a professional who spends a month or more on each article, I find this awesome.

Be your own boss

The approach that really got to me went like this: "Does the outdoors call to you today? Then take your work to the beach, or the mountains, for as a writer you can work anywhere, anytime. . . . You are your own 'boss.' . . . No working when you are not in the mood. . . . Meet more interesting people."

I, too, of course, am my own boss. But, like many other free lancers, I sit at the typewriter from nine to six and often later, even though I am chronically out of the mood. I confine myself to a cramped room in the back of the house, and seldom meet fascinating people.

Always willing to learn, I accepted some invitations to "Send us any manuscript. This will be read without charge, to determine your chances of success." I wrote a story just for the occasion. A misspelled, ungrammatical, semiliterate account of a Boy Scout's personal experience with a butcher's "bucksome" daughter who pushed him into a tub of ground meat when he tried to kiss her. I entitled it, "Taken for a Hamburger—A Humorous Romance." It started:

"Manys the time I have taken a girl for a hamburger after the movies or similar evenings but how manys the fellow who himself was nearly taken for a hamburger on the very first date in his life: It happened to me and I shall never forget it as long as I live. Gather around and I will unfold the details of this amusing happenstance in the life of a boy who up to that time, never had a date in his life. . . ."

A typical reaction came from a correspondence school that "guarantees" results (in spite of the fact the Federal Trade Commission forbids such guarantees): "While the writing is good, you failed to develop the material to best advantage. This, no doubt, is due to your present lack of technique. Fortunately, technique is easily acquired. . . . I am pleased to extend you an invitation."

Everywhere I sent the great work my chances of success were reported as good.



Forever Amber author, Kathleen Winsor, wrote since childhood, spent years on historical research and daylong typing before her first book was finally accepted.

Some of the schools are honest. You can recognize them by what they *don't* claim. Some of them give worthwhile instruction. They won't make a writer out of anyone, but if you're on your way to being one they will probably help.

Prices of those whose ads I answered ranged from fifteen to two hundred and forty dollars for the course, with some charging ten or twenty a lesson for an indefinite number. Most of them offered books, additional lessons, criticisms, and other tempting extras, for added fees.

The most pathetic aspect of certain of the courses is the final reward—"a certificate of accomplishment that identifies you to editors and publishers." All I can say about that is—it certainly does.

Enclose money order

With a pitch reminiscent of those ads for flat-chested women, a western outfit offers a "Creative Ability Developer." They describe it as "a new psychological and scientific method (that) takes the uncertainty and guesswork out of writing." I never found out how the developer is supposed to work. I was saving my money to learn what the critics and ghost writers would do with my effort.

The self-appointed critics usually promise to show you how to put your manuscript in shape (be sure to enclose check or money order in advance). Even if they were capable of criticizing, they'd be unlikely to tell you if your work was bad for fear of discouraging business.

A critic in a green eyeshade (I know this because his picture "at work" was on his circular) responded: "Your anecdote about the first date contains the germ of a very clever short-short, with humor as well as the formulae [sic] boy-meets-girl romance for the slicks. But—it needs complete rewriting.

"This short-short should be slanted for the best-paying market." (He enticingly named a few, misquoting their prices.)

"I can offer a complete rewrite," he concluded, "with a new title, for \$50."

The desire for criticism is natural to writers. The amateur is no different from the professional in this respect, except that the professional has learned that it's the editor's criticism that counts.

The hearty ghosts

Next I tried my prose horror on the ghosts. It would seem obvious that anybody who could successfully do the writing for an amateur would make more money doing it for himself. But these fellows say, "You furnish the idea—We do the writing—You receive the credit!" A typical reply came from a hearty ghost in Tucson, Arizona, who addressed me chummily by my first name: "I had to twist your script all out of shape to bring it into line. I used the apple-butter instead of the hamburger as it is easier to perceive the result when sat down in. The



Fifty-three-year-old Ernest Hemingway began his writing career as an eighteen-year-old reporter during World War I, became sensational in 1926 with the publication of his first novel, *The Sun Also Rises*. Hemingway now travels much of the time, lives in Cuba.

Don't/eday



Once a gagwriter for comedian Fred Allen, Herman Wouk, author of best-selling *The Caine Mutiny*, began his career writing varsity shows at college. It took Wouk three toilsome years to write his first novel, *Aurora Dawn*, which hit 1947 best-seller lists.

So You Want to Be an Author! (continued)

**WANT TO BE YOUR OWN BOSS? TAKE YOUR
WORK TO THE BEACH? OWN YOUR OWN ISLAND?
HERE'S A JOB WITH NO OFF SEASON!**

Hulton of Pix



Like an amazing number of writers, J. P. Marquand started his writing career as a cub reporter, on a Boston newspaper. He drew a salary just this side of starvation.

idea of the kissing part of the yarn was okay as it showed the reader that a boy of that age should be taken down a notch when he gets such ideas." (Personally, I'm opposed to boys' being taken down a notch for wanting to kiss girls.)

"This little anecdote," my ghost concluded, "should find a market among some of the periodicals which use a humorous column. I would like to see more of your stuff, boy."

He enclosed the rewrite. It was only slightly less inept than the original.

Anything for a fee

Finally I tried the "literary agencies" whose ads pulsate with promise, mostly in writers' magazines. However, two trade journals—*The Writer* and *Rewrite*—refuse such ads. The reason is simple:

Reputable literary agents rarely advertise.

"Taken for a Hamburger" brought a pompous letter from an "agency" whose impressive suite occupies two floors of a New York office building. "You write well," it said. "Your material is concurrent with market demands." At the Better Business Bureau, while looking over complaints against such establishments, I came across a letter from a man in Oregon who reported he had been milked by this "agency" and couldn't get back his manuscript. He said they had originally told him: "You write well; your article is concurrent with market demands."

Before doing anything with my manuscript, the "agency" suggested I have their "professional criticism and analysis" for a fee. They held my manuscript.

So-called agencies

These so-called agencies usually set themselves up as a sort of general service station for stalled writers. Besides offering to sell manuscripts, they will criticize, collaborate, ghostwrite, do anything. They capitalize on the beginner's belief that he needs an intermediary to break down the publishers' doors.

The fact is that good publishers examine all manuscripts, because they find outstanding ones that way.

Reputable agents live solely by a ten-per-cent commission from successful writers. They cannot afford to criticize or even read manuscripts of beginners.

Very successful authors usually have agents not so much to sell their work as to handle their complex business affairs. Many well-paid writers don't have agents.

"Beginning authors should not use an agent until they have reached the stage where they can write salable material," says Paul H. Reynolds, one of the better New York agents, in his book, *The Writing Game*. "An author gains little advantage from having an agent until he has manuscripts of value and hence has some business for the agent to transact."

An agent who solicits amateurs' manuscripts usually makes most of his money from exorbitant fees for criticism.

How valuable is that criticism? I've talked to former employees of these outfits. They report that the working "editors" are mostly beginners themselves. They are loaded with manuscripts to read under a speed-up system that precludes careful attention—even if theirs had value. Each is supplied with artfully personal-

ized form letters, all generous with praise and designed to coax further fees.

The "vanity publishers"

When the aspiring one has tried the courses, the gimmicks, the critics, and the doubtful agents, and still hasn't had his work published, there's another flock ready to perform that magic for him—if he has any money left. The "vanity publishers," as they're known in the trade, have a setup designed to look like the regular book publishers. But instead of paying the author for publishing his book, the author pays them.

Alan Devoe writes, they "... must, I think, be hypnotists, for they have an eerie knack of keeping their victims cheerful and contented until the last hundred dollars has been extracted. And then it is too late for the worm to turn, for by that time, he is so utterly ashamed that he breathes no word of the swindle."

Amateur poets and playwrights are the special delight of all kinds of promoters because they are bound to be even more frustrated than other writers. It probably would be a gross exaggeration to say that there are as many as five people in this country earning their living from poetry, and last year a total of fifty plays were produced on Broadway.

So the big question, how does anyone get started as a writer, is still wide open. Most of the writers I know served an apprenticeship in publishing. Many began as newspapermen. They got these jobs by hook, crook, or dating the boss's daughter. Even then, the bulk of them had to write on their own for years before they succeeded. In the final analysis, the only way to get started is to sell, and the only way to sell is to write acceptably. No better method than trial and error ever has been devised. If that's a discouraging prospect, it's only a sample of the discouragements virtually every beginner faces. Those discouragements are bitter enough without the costly disappointments doled out by literary swindlers.

Never let a sucker go

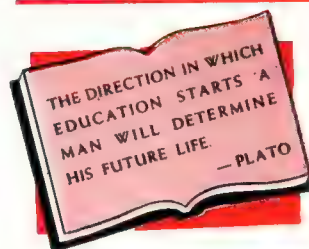
These racketeers always work on the theory that you must never let a sucker off the hook. Long after I sent in my original inquiries, I still was receiving voluminous follow-up material, including my most prized solicitation, from a "literary service" conducted by a lady in Cincinnati. I quote it exactly:

"Some time ago you write me asking for information upon how I could help you with your writing. Since I can accommodate only a limited number in each class, because of the personal attention each student receives, I was forced to assign your place to another since I have not heard from you.

"However, since some untoward event may have prevented your enrollment at the time, I shall hold a place . . ."

That oughta learn anybody to write.

THE END



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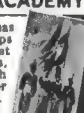


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way would be to put her in an institution, condemning her to life imprisonment. Remember, her mind was and is perfectly normal, even if her body ain't. Quite a few freaks have been shut away by their families. In fact, there are private institutions that specialize in them. One of the biggest is near Richmond, Virginia. The families do it because they're ashamed. But don't let anybody tell you that it's the best thing for the poor kid.

"Look at Betty Lou today. She's been able to get a good education, fix up a fine little home for herself and her folks, and send her two brothers to college. In winter she goes to a secretarial school. Betty Lou aims to be a private secretary to some big businessman one of these days."

"Think she'll ever make it?" I put in. "Well . . ."

I asked Best how much Betty Lou earned.

"Five, six hundred a week," he told me, "and worth every penny of it."

Best estimates that there are no more than twenty-five or thirty bona fide freaks with real box-office appeal in the country, though, he adds, there are innumerable "gaffed" (faked) freaks traveling with the "gilly shows"—cheap, one-truck outfits, also called "mud shows," "bicycle shows," and "trucksies." Second only to the Four-Legged Girl he rates Percilla, the Monkey Woman.

THE MONKEY WOMAN

Percilla has sometimes been described as a bearded woman. She deeply resents this misclassification. Her entire body from crown to sole is pretty well covered with hair, a rare abnormality technically known as hypertrichosis. Percilla also possessed—until one of them had to be extracted—two complete sets of upper teeth, a phenomenon normally found only in simians. Altogether Percilla's appearance is striking. So, from many points of view, has been her career.

She comes of a large family of physically normal Puerto Ricans, who were living in Florida at the time of her birth. Her father, a day laborer with an affinity for the bottle, ran amuck one

night and was shot to death by the police. A side-show operator named Lauther, to whose ears word of Percilla's existence had drifted, arranged to adopt her.

When she was still a tot, Lauther presented her with a chimpanzee as a playmate and exhibited them together in such famed galleries of curiosities as Hubert's Museum on Broadway. There are, generally speaking, two methods of exhibiting freaks—in a pit, that is, at or below floor level, or "up in the air," on a raised platform. The first method demands less elaborate costuming. For years Percilla was exhibited in a pit.

THE ALLIGATOR BOY

Another member of Lauther's troupe was the Alligator Boy, one Emmitt Benjano. Emmitt had ichthyosis, a congenital affliction that, though harmless, painless, and noncommunicable, gives the skin the scaly texture and appearance of an alligator's. Like Percilla, Emmitt had been adopted in his infancy by a side-show man, who subsequently signed him over to Lauther. The Alligator Boy and the Monkey Woman fell in love. When Lauther tried to separate them, they eloped.

Lauther gave chase, swearing to shoot Emmitt on sight. But when, having married, the couple returned voluntarily, eager to work together, Lauther's showman's instincts were aroused, and he relented. He billed them as "The Strangest Couple in the World," a title nobody has seriously disputed.

"A rare case," Best commented.

"You mean freaks don't often get married?"

"On the contrary, they almost always do, but not to other freaks. Maybe to another carney, who's used to seeing 'em around and doesn't feel they're any queerer than the next character, or even to a rank outsider. Sometimes it's some louse who's looking for a meal ticket, who'll walk out if the freak loses the old earning power. But mainly, believe it or not, it's on the level. Don't ask me how or why. Love goes where it's sent, that's all."

Percilla bore a baby girl who had both of her mother's abnormalities, a

unique phenomenon. There appears to be no other instance on record of one freak producing another. Far from being distressed, Percilla could not have been prouder. She insisted on keeping the infant in a basket beside her during performances. Since this drew bigger crowds than ever, Lauther offered no objection. But one cold day in Pittsburgh the baby caught pneumonia and died.

Last year the Bejanos traveled with the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey side show. Since then they have acquired a poodle, which, they were told, could not accompany them on the road. So they declined to sign a new contract and went to work instead for Best, who doesn't care if they take along a whole menagerie. He pays them two hundred and fifty dollars a week.

"A REGULAR DON JUAN"

Among Best's other favorite freaks are Elmer, the Fish Boy; Frank Lentini, the Three-Legged Man; and Sailor John, who wears rings through his chest.

Elmer was born without arms or legs, only small, finlike appendages. But he can get through the mechanics of daily living more efficiently than many a man with a full complement of limbs. He can bathe, dress, and feed himself, hold a pen, sew, pound a typewriter, and even do a little carpentry. He is married—for the second time. "Before Elmer settled down," Best testifies, "he was a regular Don Juan. Couldn't keep the girls away."

Lentini, according to Best, is the most elegant and suave of all freaks. Toggled out in white tie, tails, and an opera hat, he carries his spare leg as gracefully as Beau Brummell carried a walking stick. "Never forget the time Frank and I went fishing," Best related. "Couple of hicks pull up in their rowboat to see what we'd caught. Frank was reclining on the bottom of the boat, kind of day-dreaming. He'd tied his line to his extra leg! I thought those rubbernecks would fall overboard."

Sailor John is a self-made freak, a type of which there are countless varieties—tattooed men, sword swallows, human pincushions. The story Sailor John likes to tell is that in his youth he was shipwrecked on the coast of Peru. A tribe of savages captured him and tortured him by running sharpened sticks through the fleshy folds of his chest. He escaped, but not before they had pierced two holes, causing the skin to fall into two loops. The loops are there, all right, but Sailor John had them produced by a plastic surgeon. He performs a strong-man act that consists of passing a chain through the loops, hooking it to weights, and hoisting away.

GEEKS, GIANTS, AND DWARFS

Another type of self-made freak—a psychological freak really, and one who occupies the lowest level of freakdom—is

the geek or glamer. If you read *Nightmare Alley* or saw the movie of it, you have an inkling of what geeks are like, but only an inkling. They are usually mentally subnormal and often drug addicts and/or alcoholics, who, in order to get money to indulge their vice, will publicly kill animals with their teeth—chickens, rabbits, rats, even rattlesnakes—and eat them raw.

"A geek act," Best told me, "has been known to make thousands in a couple of months. Not in or near the big cities. The A.S.P.C.A. would never let 'em get away with it. But it's hard for the A.S.P.C.A. to control the backwoods. Me, I wouldn't have no geek in my show. Anything I can't stand to look at myself, I'm not going to ask anybody else to."

Best seldom employs giants, dwarfs, or fat people. "Too commonplace," he says.

Recently, however, he made an exception in favor of "Tiny" Baker, who weighs more than a quarter of a ton but can tap-dance, clown, and generally caper about the bally platform as neatly as a lightweight. Most fat men find it almost impossible to arise from a chair unaided.

Midgets, too, are common enough, Best pointed out, yet they are the aristocrats of the side show. This is because, unlike dwarfs, who are deformed, midgets have perfectly proportioned physiques. The women are frequently pretty, the men personable, and men and women alike seem to have a natural flair for acrobatics, dancing, and acting. This season the Ringling Brothers circus has built its entire side show around eight gifted midgets.

These eight, as well as several other midgets, own winter homes in the fifteen-to-twenty-thousand-dollar class in Sarasota, and Best took me calling on some of them. They received us with the kind of good-humored tolerance that a nimble, clever, well-adjusted people might show to an oversized, awkward species.

CHILDBIRTH IS DIFFICULT

I saw few children. Best explained that childbirth is extremely hazardous for midget women because their pelvis is too tiny for the babies of normal size they bear. A Caesarian is usually required.

Sarasota's first midget family is probably the Dolls, of whom Harry Doll is the patriarch. Now in his fifties, an advanced age for a midget, Harry is retired, after a diverse career that included a stretch in Hollywood. Remember the silent Lon Chaney film "The Unholy Three"? Remember the malevolent midget villain, who disguised himself as a baby in order to be able to steal unsuspected? Well, that was Harry.

I was interested to note, while visiting the Dolls, that their rooms, furniture, and general accouterments were no



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(Continued on next page)



Circus spotters are alert for unusual occurrences.

No prima donna was ever prouder of her talents than the stars of the carnivals, who wouldn't change places with anyone

smaller than average. Harry was ensconced in the depths of a full-sized armchair, smoking a full-sized cigar. Mrs. Doll was seated at a full-sized bridge table, filling out some papers. "Excuse me," she said. "I have to make out our income-tax return." She heaved a full-sized sigh.

HALF MAN, HALF WOMAN

"A straight freak show," Best said a few nights later, back in his trailer, "is apt to do real fine business out West where you get those solid farmers with plenty of loose change in their jeans. But East and South you gotta mix it up with sex. South particular. Below the Mason-Dixon line you can't hardly get by without at least a half-and-half—"

"Half-and-half?" I echoed.

"Half man, half woman. Personally, I never seen but 'one or two wasn't gaffed. Maybe shaved down one side of their face, rouge on the other, that kind of thing. Don't care to use half-and-halves myself anymore, because if some wisen-

heimer catches on, it's too easy for him to put the squeeze on you by threatening to spread the word. I've slipped a saw-buck to many a hickville reporter in my time for keeping his trap shut."

The recollection led him to remark that there may well be more fake freaks around than authentic ones. "I know of four different phony four-legged girls, for instance," he said. "The gaff is a dummy made of flesh-colored rubber, very realistic, that they fasten on with sticking plaster, also flesh colored. I found out that all four contraptions came from the same Philadelphia surgical-supplies house. Betty Lou and I thought of taking some kind of legal action, but, what the hell, in this racket you're better off not dragging in the law."

DETACHED SIAMESE TWINS

The most successful side-show frauds Best ever encountered were the so-called French Siamese Twins, Marie and Mari-anne DuPont. Since their show and Best's

had traveled the same circuit for years, Best had run across them often, and began to suspect that the only physical connection between them was one of leather straps or a rubber contraption.

They never relaxed their guard, however, until one night in Cairo, Illinois, when a tent caught fire. The twins lived on the lot in a truck, which was parked behind the flaming tent. At the cry of alarm they stuck their heads out of windows. Best, who happened to be looking their way, gleefully noted that the windows were at least ten feet apart. "I never gave them away, though," he recounts. "Next day they were walking around the lot, bound together as usual, just like nothing had happened."

"What," I wondered, "is the basic appeal of freaks?"

"Tell you my theory. They tickle the ego. The poorest excuse for a human can stare at a freak and tell himself how much better off he is. But that ain't necessarily true. Freaks can be every bit as happy as normal folks, if not more so.

"The good Lord has a way of taking care of everything, and most of the freaks I know are proud of being like they are, wouldn't change if they could. You see, they're not outcasts. They live and die among other freaks and carneys, who accept them just as naturally as the people you live among accept you. What's more, they think of themselves as artists, star performers, and they can be the biggest hams and prima donnas going. Some years they make real good dough and, like I told you, they marry normal people and have normal kids and live what to them, at least, are completely normal lives.

"You know what a freak is apt to be thinking while some local yokel stands and stares? 'Here I am, pulling down seventy-five, a hundred bucks a week, while you, you poor sucker, probably have to beat your brains out to keep eating regular!'"

At the same time, Best conceded, few freaks escape brutal suffering in their youth. They are often mocked by other children and shunned by adults. While most of them eventually achieve happiness, some are dogged by tragedy all their lives.

THE MULE-FACE WOMAN

"Take the Mule-Face Woman," he said. "The billing gives you a pretty fair notion of what she looks like. Her father was a farmer, plenty of dough, and he offered one of his farmhands a big chunk of it to marry the girl. As soon as the old man died, the farm hand pocketed all her money and skipped. Left her with a son to take care of. So she went out and got herself a job with a side show. Helluva drawing card, too.

"Everybody in the business liked the Mule-Face Woman—she's got a heart big as a house—and she was doing fine, until that boy of hers grew up and started running wild. Fast as she could make

dough, he'd blow it in on women and booze.

"She couldn't bring herself to say no to anything he wanted. One time when she tried to make him go easy, he began slapping her around. She was with my show then, and I told him if he ever laid a finger on his mother again, I'd boot him off the lot.

"It got so nobody would hire the Mule-Face Woman anymore. 'Throw the boy out,' they'd tell her. 'Make him work for a living.' But he was everything that made life worth living for her, and she wouldn't let anybody say a word against him.

"The Mule-Face Woman sent me a wire a while back. From South America. The gilly show she'd been traveling with down there had gone on the rocks, and she was stranded and broke. I sent her some money, but I'm not hiring her so long as she's got that son of hers hanging around."

FINDING FREAKS

Being short-range planners with limited bank rolls, side-show men rarely sign up a freak for more than a season or two in advance. Consequently, every spring there is a frantic scramble among them to grab off the comparatively few topnotch freaks.

"One year," Best reminisced, "I let my contracts hang fire till way late in the winter. Then I heard a competitor was heading north to sign up the Four-Legged Girl. I hop a plane to Atlanta and take a cab to the Williams house. It's early morning, so I wait, until the family wakes up. All is well. The competition hasn't arrived yet, and I am able to get Betty Lou's signature on the old dotted line."

"How do new freaks get into circulation?" I asked.

"Sometimes the family will come to you, sometimes the freak himself. Or maybe you just get a hint through local gossip. Then you may have to approach the family cold and try to sell 'em the idea. Brother, that takes tact! Some of the best tips you get come from hospital nurses or interns who were on duty in the maternity ward when the freak was born.

"Right now, for instance"—his voice dropped to a whisper—"I've got my eye on a possibility. If it works out, there's a fortune in it.

"I first got wind of it several years ago in a New York hospital, while I was visiting Diabolo, the Fire-Eater, who'd had a little accident. We start gabbing with one of the nurses, and she tells us about this freak that had been born the day before. My eyebrows go up to there. I get all the info I can, and I track down the family's lawyer. Been working on the situation ever since."

"What kind of a freak is this one?" I asked.

His voice dropped another decibel. "Two heads," he whispered. THE END

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WAY BACK IN THE OLD DAYS—1942, that is—long lines of patient bobby soxers gathered early in the morning at the Paramount Theatre in New York's Times Square to get the best seats and to squeal when "Frankie" sang.

THE SINATRA SAGA

Bobby soxers no longer shriek and swoon, his television show has flopped, his record sales are sagging. But in the last year Frank Sinatra has found a new humility—and Ava Gardner. Both could help him rebuild his career • BY GEORGE FRAZIER

Back in the springtime of 1943 the article was light reading, merely some facts about a new young singer, but now, nine years later, it seems to have been something bigger and more meaningful—a sociological document of sorts, a proclamation of a new era. For that article was the first piece on Frank Sinatra to appear in a national magazine, and I was its author. In the shrieking years that followed, he became the idol of a whole generation.

He ascended the throne shortly after eight o'clock on the morning of December 30, 1942. Crowds began to form outside the Paramount Theatre in New York City at six o'clock that morning, and by eight, when the doors opened, police reserves had been summoned. But the street was a model of decorum compared with what happened inside the theatre when the scrawny young man with the protruding ears stepped out onto the stage and began to sing. The newspapers acknowledged the phenomenon in their next edition—the squeals of "Frankie! Ooh, Frankie!", the way the singer clung to the microphone as if for support, and all the rest—but what none of them could report (because such a report demands retrospect) is that a legend had been born.

We realize now, of course, that Sinatra was more than a young man singing a popular tune. Standing there with that web-footed stance, confiding the fleshly bliss of that old black magic and the searing passion of night and day, he was intoning the mating call of an age. The life and times of Francis Albert Sinatra—

born of Italian-American parents, raised in a Jewish household, and but lately out of Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey—had suddenly become of national concern.

He became, if possible, of even more portent a few months later in his first important cabaret engagement. When he sang "You Go to My Head" or "Paradise" or "She's Funny That Way," there was something special about him—something classy, something infinitely affecting, like Jolson in "Mammy" or Tommy Lyman in "Melancholy Baby," like Louis Armstrong in "Confessin'" or Crosby in "Down the Old Ox Road."

The jukeboxes and the disc jockeys played his records in increasing numbers, and some of those records were marvelously good. The fact that his voice, judged strictly as a voice, left something to be desired was of no consequence. The Sinatra interpretations of "Brooklyn Bridge," "I've Got a Crush on You," "Nancy," and even "Soliloquy" (which was actually beyond his range) were masterpieces of popular music. They had style and authority and tenderness.

Then, too, there were the broadcasts—"Your Hit Parade" on Saturday nights, with the sighs and screams of studio audiences invading living rooms across the country. There was Hollywood as well—an M-G-M contract, the plush treatment at Romanoff's, the weekends under the blazing Palm Springs sun and, always, the interviews and articles in the fan magazines, with readers drooling at the ecstasy implicit in such questions as "How Would You Like to Be Mrs. Frank Sinatra?" (A query subsequently

answered by Mrs. Frank Sinatra herself.)

It all seems part of a bizarre dream—the floppy bow ties, the studied carelessness of the topcoat slung over the padded shoulders, the companionship of the underworld, the political pronouncements. For all their sincerity, the political pronouncements were particularly silly and unfortunate, for here was a boy singer who fancied himself a Walter Lippmann. What made it worse was that an individual who was so fearlessly tolerant on such subjects as racial equality should have been so truculently intolerant of anyone who took issue with him.

Meanwhile, however, The Voice was prospering (although his income of more than a million dollars a year was never quite enough to provide for an astronomical scale of living marked by such indulgences as distributing twenty-four-carat tokens of his affection and, according to one report, having his sports coat outfitted with solid-gold buttons). Frankie was in demand—for records, for theatres, for cabarets, for radio.

Then something happened—not suddenly, not starkly, but almost imperceptibly—and the squeals of "Frankie! Ooh, Frankie!" grew fainter, and the voice of the turtle from Hasbrouck Heights was heard in the land less often. Now, after nine years, it seems time to take another look at Frank Sinatra and try to determine what has happened to a legend.

That he has slipped is unquestionable. For one thing, Sinatra's record sales, which once approached a fantastic ten million copies a year, have slumped so disastrously that Columbia Records flatly

refuses to divulge actual figures. For another, his weekly television hour, reputed to have cost CBS around a million dollars, was canceled as a result of its failure to attract a sponsor. For a third, there were the extremely unfavorable reviews accorded the movie "Meet Danny Wilson," in which he both starred and participated financially. And then, as if all this were not enough, there was his recent engagement at the New York Paramount. Even allowing for the fact that Sinatra-on-the-stage plus Sinatra-on-the-screen provided an element of monotony, it can hardly be regarded as successful.

The day after his opening at the Paramount, the Sinatra story was aptly summarized in the headline over an article in the New York *World-Telegram and Sun*. "GONE ON FRANKIE IN '42; GONE IN '52," it read. Written by Muriel Fischer in the form of an open letter to the singer, the article said, among other things: "I saw you last night. But I didn't get 'that old feeling.' . . . I sat in the balcony. And I felt kind of lonely. It was so empty. The usher said there

were 750 seats in the second balcony—and 749 were unfilled. . . . Later I stood outside the stage entrance. About a dozen people were waiting around. Three girls were saying 'Frankie' soft and swoonlike. I asked, 'How do you like Frankie?' They said: 'Frankie Laime, he's wonderful.' . . . I heard a girl sighing, 'I'm mad about him,' so I asked her who. 'Johnnie Ray,' she cried. All of a sudden, Mr. Sinatra, I felt sort of old."

This was not the first evidence that Sinatra was no longer a figure of consuming interest. At LaGuardia Field one day last year there were seven photographers on hand when a plane arrived from California. The first passenger to alight was Sinatra, who happened to be in one of his more ingratiating moods. Noticing the photographers, he flashed a smile that indicated his willingness to pose. No one accepted the offer, however. As he strolled toward the exit, the singer glanced back over his shoulder in unconcealed puzzlement. Just then the photographers crouched and snapped the picture for which they had been waiting.

It was of Gus Hall, the convicted Communist leader.

It is not an easy matter to explain such a plummeting from favor, but in this instance there are certain factors that obviously helped occasion it, among them the lack of pristine vigor and freshness in Sinatra's voice. But although there has been an unmistakable deterioration in his singing, there is no evidence that his vocal chords have been destroyed. My theory is that his lusterless performances in recent years have been a painful reflection of the agony he was suffering as a result of grave domestic problems. In any event, his voice has not succumbed to the ravages of time as disastrously as, say, Bing Crosby's.

Far more important in Sinatra's decline has been his almost idiotic self-confidence. Frank Sinatra is a Frank Sinatra fan, possibly the most fanatic one. This has not helped him, for one of his major faults is an inability to recognize his limitations. Thus, instead of remaining content in the capacity of an extremely pleasant vocalist and a beguiling

(Continued on next page)

FRANKIE'S TROUBLES STARTED when he was still married and a kingpin. Reporters began asking him pertinent questions about the glamorous Ava Gardner, and his boorish answers did nothing to endear him to the press.



THE SINATRA SAGA (continued)

master of ceremonies, he assumed the task of presiding over a television program that called upon him not only to sing and introduce supporting acts, but to crack jokes and perform in skits. When the skits and the jokes achieved a new comedic nadir, viewers simply turned their dials to other channels. Nor did the fact that Sinatra was on the air at the same time as Milton Berle contribute to his success. Introducing an act on his Texaco show one night last February, Berle said, "These people have never been seen on television before. They were on the Sinatra show last week." Behind this waggery was an unpleasant truth.

But along with Sinatra's overweening love of Sinatra has been his astonishing laziness. In show business, talent and charm are not sufficient. Sinatra might have profited from the example of Judy Garland. Although one of the most bountifully gifted of performers, she learned, when her studio summarily suspended her because of laxity and absence, that her artistry was not enough to sustain her career. Not until she settled down to rigid self-discipline did she achieve her spectacular success at the Palace in New York. It represented a triumph of tirelessness as much as of talent.

Sinatra, however, displayed such utter indifference toward rehearsals of his show that he appeared to feel his mere presence was a guarantee of popularity.

This same conceit was manifest in his relations with the press, which, up until last March, were almost irreparably antagonistic. He has since tendered abject apologies, pleading, among other things, that he was beside himself with worry over personal matters. This is undoubtedly true, but hardly an excuse. The



A SHY SCARECROW with acne-pitted cheeks, Frank went over big when he was Tommy Dorsey's vocalist.

press responded with its most effective retaliation—complete indifference. If Sinatra's name became a rarity in United States dailies toward the end of 1951, he had only himself to blame.

The inevitable consequence of all this is uncertainty over the future of Frank Sinatra in the entertainment world. On the one hand, it would seem a little presumptuous to suggest that anyone who earned \$693,000 last year, as he did, is approaching the end of his career. But it is difficult to escape the feeling that an era is closing, a legend vanishing.

Those who flocked to the Paramount nine years ago have long since put aside their bobby sox. Now they are young matrons, with babies to be nursed and meals to be prepared. Now there is another generation lining up outside the Para-

mount. This generation's particular pleasure is a singer whose style is as strident and shouting as Sinatra's was soothing and seductive. His name is Johnnie Ray.

No one is more acutely aware of this than the thirty-four-year-old Sinatra. For the first time in his mercurial career, he seems skeptical of his own infallibility. The balding spot on the crown of his head is not the only evidence of his maturity. For one thing, he no longer takes the view that he is a law unto himself. His surliness has given way to an authentic eagerness to be pleasant and cooperative. With a humility he would have been incapable of a few years ago, he has made abject apologies to the press.

Furthermore, he is working assiduously and with gratifying results on his recent recordings. Even at his most uninspired, Sinatra is still infinitely more gifted than the likes of Johnnie Ray and Tony Bennett. Sinatra will have ample opportunity to prove his superiority this fall, when he will begin a fifteen-minute television show over NBC. On it, he will confine his efforts largely to singing.

It is my guess that he will be highly successful on the coming show, but I admit that this prediction is influenced by something he said to me when I called on him last April. We chatted a few moments, and then I mentioned that this piece might turn out to be unflattering. **I saw him wince**, and for a minute he stared at me in sullen silence. Then, nodding, he became amiable again. "Look," he said, "I won't mind if it pans me, just so long as it helps me correct the things I've done wrong."

It was the first time I had ever heard him concede that Sinatra is only human.

THE END



EVERYTHING SEEMED fine in the early days of his astounding success. The Sinatras moved into a Beverly Hills mansion, and what little free time Frank had he spent there with his wife Nancy and their two children.

AFTER A STORMY DIVORCE, Frank did what everyone expected: he married Ava.



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He struggled to open his eyes. Then the scene came back to him in all its horror.

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He was a wistful, unheroic little man, content to help young lovers and keep their secrets. He'd never meant to spy—to uncover a secret so terrifying

BY HUGH PENTECOST

Willie Wexler was the last man in our town with whom you'd connect any sort of violence. Yet he lived through and was at the center of a piece of viciousness that no one then around will ever forget. And Willie was involved because of the simple fact that he loved people and he loved love.

If you saw Willie walking down Main Street you might have spotted him for the local undertaker. He always wore a spotless, slightly starched white shirt, a dark suit, and a dark, figureless tie. And he always had a smile for everyone,

not a very real smile. When you knew Willie you understood the smile was forced because he was shy about showing how warm his feelings were for everyone. Willie was manager of the local movie theatre. The forced smile was the smile he had for everyone at the seven-o'clock show and the nine-o'clock show and the Saturday and Sunday matinees at two-thirty.

Willie used to come into my newspaper office every Tuesday with the week's advertising for the theatre, and for me he had his real smile—shy, friendly,

pleading for a return of the friendship he felt for me. I returned it gladly because I liked Willie. He lived in an apartment over Phil's Market. He was unmarried, with no family anyone had ever heard about. He just ran the theatre and talked to people and watched them live.

He was a font of news. The manager of the only theatre in a small town sees and knows things that nobody ever stops to think are noticed. He knows which young people are pairing off



He saw two men holding someone whose legs crumpled under him like rubber

together, when they break up and start going with someone else, when people are out of town, when a husband and wife have quarreled, what people are secretly meeting who shouldn't be, what boys are back in town on leave from the service. Dozens of things like that. Mostly Willie was interested in the romances, because to him the world was one great, glorious, shining soap opera, in which everybody overcomes endless difficulties, and is always in love, and is always happily miserable.

Willie used to tell me things because he knew I wouldn't gossip. Running a small-town weekly newspaper has certain requisites. You have to know every-

thing that's going on, but most of all you have to know what not to print. So Willie talked to me freely about things he knew and worried about and hoped would come out all right. That's how I came to know so much about that one terrible night. I got it from Willie mostly, but also from the local sheriff and from the grand-jury testimony. Of course, it was a long time before Willie could tell much of it coherently.

Like a lot of small towns, a part of ours is made up largely of summer homes. There are usually one or two rich and important families in towns like ours, and we had one in particular, the

Bricos. They had a forty-room mansion set halfway up West Mountain—with twenty-five bathrooms, we heard. They also had a house in South Carolina, some kind of a beach *cabaña* in Florida, and a hunting lodge in the Adirondacks.

They were a big family, the Bricos. There was Jonathan Brisco and his wife, and two sons, David and Peter, both of whom had been in the service, and two daughters, Louise and Patricia. Besides, there were always uncles and aunts and nieces and nephews around.

They always had a lot of servants, both in the house and working outside on the grounds. It was like a small business that gave a lot of people in our

ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN BRIGGS



hose. He thought it decent of them to take such care of an intemperate guest

town work, because they never closed the place on West Mountain, even when they were away. If some member of the family wanted to come up there on a whim for a winter weekend, it was open and ready.

I never saw much of the West Mountain place except the grounds, a gun room and target range in the basement, the entrance hall, and Jonathan Brisco's library, which was as big as my whole house, lined with books from floor to ceiling, with air conditioning and a skylight for a roof. I went there to interview Brisco once when he was on his way to a big dollar-a-year job in Washington during the war.

I liked him, which was a kind of vanity on my part, because he wasn't the least bit patronizing about our little weekly paper.

Brisco had had a profile done on him in *The New Yorker*, and he'd been written up in *Life*, and he was always being interviewed in the big-circulation dailies, but he treated me as though I were just as important as all of them put together. He was a showman, too.

That day I went to see him he was down in the basement practicing pistol shooting on the range he had down there. He had white hair, and a florid, jolly face with wrinkles around the eyes and

mouth that had come from laughing. His eyes were a pale blue, and the day I saw them close up they were laughing, too, but I had a notion they could get cold and hard.

He asked me if I'd ever done any pistol shooting, and I told him no.

"Wonderfully relaxing," he said with a smile. "You've got to be relaxed to be any good—at this or anything else."

He still had a youthful figure—flat stomach, broad shoulders. If you saw him in silhouette you could have mistaken him for one of his sons.

He told me something about himself that day: how he grew up in the Texas oil fields; how his folks were so poor



He waited under the arbor for the girl who was meeting someone else. He heard quick footsteps; her low voice called "Darling?" She hadn't recognized him. Then she saw who it was and stopped in confusion. "I have a message for you," he said

his mother took in washing and kept boarders.

"I always told myself if I ever had anything I'd use it and get pleasure out of it," he told me. "My mother had one or two nice things she loved and cherished, and she put 'em away for 'an occasion'—which never turned up. I swore I'd never have a lot of stuff I didn't use. That's why I keep this place open the year round. Even if I only come up one day during the winter, I want to be able to use it. I'd never put the good silver in a trunk in the attic and wait for one of the kids to get married or something before I ever took it out."

That explained something about him a lot of people thought was gross extravagance or just plain showing off. I liked him, all right. I thought he was pretty regular.

I did a lot of job printing at my plant for the Briscos. They were always sending out a lot of invitations to parties, and Peter Brisco, the second son, was corresponding secretary for his service outfit and had the newsletter printed and sent out every month.

Patricia Brisco, the young daughter, was the one I saw the most of. She used to bring in the invitations for printing, and notes for our society editor.

There was nothing high-hat about Pat, but she wasn't cut out of quite the same piece of goods as most of the girls in our town. I thought she was kind of wild and wonderful. She usually wore blue-jeans and cowboy boots, and some kind of bright-colored shirt. She drove around in a convertible. On a horse she was magnificent. I used to see her riding hell-bent across country, her blonde hair streaming out behind her. There wasn't a stone wall or a hedge or a rail fence she wouldn't jump. I noticed she never looked to see what was on the other side of the fence; she just set her horse to the jump and took it. She hadn't broken her neck—so far.

It was Willie Wexler who first gave me the idea that Pat Brisco might be about to break her neck a different way—Willie who thought of her as so far above him and so out of reach that he'd turn hot and perspire inside his starched shirt when she spoke to him at the movie house. I don't suppose Willie had ever come closer to a fairy story than a Walt

Disney cartoon—which, come to think of it, is pretty close—but Pat Brisco represented to him all the princesses of those magic tales.

"You know Tom Curtin?" he asked me one day when he brought in an ad.

"Well," I told him. "A fine boy."
"I'm afraid he's riding for a fall," Willie said. He always used phrases like that—"riding for a fall."

"How come?" I asked.

"He's in love with a girl who's out of his class," Willie said.

"What are you talking about—out of his class? Remember, Willie, this is America. Tom got the scar on his cheek at Guadalcanal, and that limp at Okinawa," I said. "That's the only kind of 'class' we recognize in this country."

"It's Patricia Brisco," Willie said.

I admit I was a little startled. I wasn't talking just for the sound of it when I said I didn't believe in class, but Pat Brisco and all the things she'd been brought up to expect were a little high up on the tree for Tom. Tom had set himself up as a building contractor, but it was still pretty much of a one-man business. And cars and horses and Florida in the winter . . .

"They meet three or four times a week at the theatre," Willie said. "They come separately, and they meet in the same seats inside. When the show's over they leave separately."

"Old Man Brisco started lower down on the ladder than Tom," I said.

"But meeting secretly that way shows it doesn't make sense," Willie said.

"Well, it's none of our business, Willie," I said.

Willie sighed. "They're crazy in love," he said quietly. "Crazy in love. Maybe they can find some way to surmount their difficulties."

That's the way Willie talked—"surmount their difficulties."

The Briscos made a big thing of the Fourth of July. They held open house for the entire community. It started around suppertime with a mammoth buffet and all the liquor anybody wanted to drink, and wound up with a fireworks display in the garden that lasted until people were sick of watching it. People came from miles around and ate and drank themselves stiff.

There were different opinions about

that shindig. There were some people who felt a man has no right to spend money on just plain fun. They couldn't complain too loudly about Brisco, though, because he gave plenty to all the local charities: the hospital, the library, the visiting nurses' association. Some people resented him on account of that. A fellow who supports a big part of the town is apt to throw his weight around. I never noticed Brisco doing it, but people said he did.

And, of course, there were a few old sourheads who said the Briscos were just putting on the dog. The family always wore evening clothes for the party. Some said the whole atmosphere was patronizing, and that the Briscos took that opportunity every year to show how much better they were than anyone else.

I never felt that, and I noticed that most of the people who had something bad to say about the Briscos still went up to the party on West Mountain and gorged themselves.

The night of the Fourth, Willie Wexler might have done better to close up his theatre. Almost no one came because everyone was at the Briscos'. But Willie kept the movie house open for a few old maids and the strangers in town who didn't have the nerve to go up and drink Jonathan Brisco's liquor.

Promptly at seven in the evening that Fourth of July Tom Curtin showed up at Willie's theatre. He stood around outside, smoking and walking nervously up and down. Willie noticed him because it was a departure from Tom's custom. Usually he went in and sat down in his regular seat, and a few minutes later Pat showed up and joined him.

Tom was a nice-looking boy, tall and dark and muscular, with a warm, engaging smile. The scar on his cheek only made him look interesting, and the limp was so slight you wouldn't notice it unless you knew about it and were watching for it.

So Tom walked up and down. The show had started inside. Finally he threw away his cigarette, bought a ticket, and went in. Willie, standing in the back of the house, saw him take his regular seat. Pat wasn't there. Tom kept looking at his watch, and then he got up and started out. Willie followed him. Tom



Inside the garage the shapes of a dozen cars loomed darker than the night. The convertible, its engine still warm, stood nearest the door. Deliberately he opened the trunk and peered in. There was nothing there. Nothing at all

stood outside the theatre looking up and down the street.

"I shouldn't think she'd come tonight, what with the party and all," Willie said.

Tom jumped as though somebody had stuck a pin in him. "Oh, hello, Willie."

"I figured you were waiting for Miss Brisco," Willie said.

The color mounted in Tom's cheeks. He'd probably thought nobody had noticed what was going on, but he carried it off well enough. He didn't try to explain or excuse himself.

"She said she thought she could slip away without anybody noticing," he said. "The trouble is, I'm in a jam. My father's sick, and I've got to hold the fort for him at the gas station tonight. If she comes, and I'm not here—"

"I'll tell her for you," Willie said.

"The thing is, she may not come," Tom

said. "If she isn't here by eight I am supposed to go up to her place; it would be all right with the party on, because everyone goes. Now I can't do that."

"You could phone," Willie suggested.

"We don't use the phone," Tom said, coloring again. "There are extensions everywhere in the house."

Willie realized this was the one night he could risk leaving things with the girl in the box office. "I could take a message to her if you like," he said.

Tom brightened. "Would you, Willie?"

"Were you supposed to meet her any special place?" Willie asked.

"The grape arbor down near the garage," Tom said. "If you'd just explain to her and tell her I'll meet her tomorrow as usual—"

"I'd be glad to do it," Willie said.

And so, without realizing it, Willie started out on his big adventure.

Willie had never seen anything like what went on at the Briscos'. He'd never been there for the party because he'd always been at the theatre. By the time he got there it was dusk, and the acres of garden were lit with colored Japanese lanterns, strung from tree to tree. At one end of the garden a chef in a white hat was operating a huge charcoal barbecue grill where he was cooking up a whole black Angus steer. On the broad stone terrace were long tables loaded with hams and turkeys and salads and dishes of hot scalloped potatoes and chili and baked beans. And there were yards and yards of Italian bread, some of it toasted with garlic butter and some of it plain. There were tubs of ice-cold beer, and hundreds of bottles of all kinds of liquor. And there was an enormous cut-glass bowl, as big as a swimming pool, Willie said later,

filled with champagne punch, and whenever the level dropped a few inches a man in a white coat would replenish it from a large silver pail. It took Willie a while to tear himself away from the spectacle and find the grape arbor. Pat wasn't there, and Willie sat down on a bench at one end. He had never realized how fragrant the smell of ripe Concord grapes can be.

Willie had been sitting there two or three minutes when he heard someone running along the gravel drive toward the garage. The garage was bigger than most of the houses in town. Everyone in the family had his own car, and there were two or three for emergencies or times when someone got bored with his own. Willie saw that it was Peter, the younger Brisco boy, running along the drive. He had on a white dinner-jacket with a red cummerbund and a red tie. He went into the garage, and a moment later came steaming out in a big convertible. He drove only a few yards past the grape arbor to the end of a path leading up to the house. Then he got out and opened the rear door of the car and went back toward the house.

Always expecting the romantic, Willie figured Peter was planning to slip away with a girl. But it didn't happen that way. A moment later two figures in white dinner jackets supporting someone between them—someone whose legs crumpled up under him like rubber hose—came down the path. The dinner jackets were Peter and his older brother, David. The man they were helping was Martin Barragrave, a gray-haired, retired lawyer who lived over on the east side of the valley. Barragrave was something of a character in town. He was well off, didn't practice law anymore, and always had his nose in somebody's business. They said that he was a big shot in state politics, but locally we knew him as a meddler who'd had the town's Congregational minister fired, got the Legion post split up into factions, and tried to put my newspaper out of business for supporting a candidate he didn't like. He was known as a heavy drinker, abusive when he was drunk, but careful to do most of his drinking in private.

Barragrave had evidently tied on a beaut. Peter and David hoisted Barragrave into the back seat. David got in with the lawyer, and Peter took the wheel. Then David leaned forward and said, "You put the can in the trunk, Peter?"

"Yes—and it's full," Peter answered.

The car wheels spun, spattering gravel against the leaves of the arbor, and they disappeared. Willie shook his head. Barragrave *would* make a mess of himself, he thought. It was decent of the Brisco boys to take him home. The Brisco boys were a source of admiration to Willie. So tall, so handsome, like something out of a book, Willie thought.

Then Patricia appeared, hurrying toward the arbor. Before she reached Willie she called out in a low voice, "Darling!"

Then she saw it wasn't Tom, and she stopped in her tracks, confused. "Why, Mr. Wexler!" she said.

"Good evening, Miss Brisco," Willie answered.

"It's nice you could come to the party," she said politely. "I—I thought you were someone else." She was wondering whether he'd heard her first word of greeting.

"I have a message for you from Tom, Miss Brisco," he said. He could see she was embarrassed.

"Tom who?" she asked.

"Please, Miss Brisco, it's all right," he said. "Tom didn't tell me, but you have been meeting him at my theatre for quite a while. I couldn't help noticing, so when I saw he was in trouble I volunteered to bring you a message."

"Trouble?"

He told her about Tom's having to stay at the gas station and about his intending to meet her the next night.

"Thank you ever so much, Mr. Wexler," she said. "Tell Tom I'll be there."

"Of course."

"And Mr. Wexler—"

"Yes, Miss Brisco?"

"Please—It's a difficult situation that we don't know how to handle quite yet. If you'd be good enough to to—"

"I won't tell a soul, Miss Brisco. You can count on that."

"Thanks," she said, relieved. "Have you had anything to eat or drink?"

"No, but I have to get back to the theatre."

"Then, good night, Mr. Wexler. And thanks again."

When Miss Brisco had gone Willie left the grape arbor and started toward the place where he'd parked his car. At the end of the path, where the Brisco boys had helped Martin Barragrave into the car, he saw something white lying on the grass. It was a handkerchief, heavily bloodstained. Somebody, Willie thought, had had a pretty bad nosebleed.

Willie had to skirt the terrace, where people were still tearing into the buffet, and the white-coated servant was still refilling the big punch bowl. For a moment he hesitated, tempted to go up and sample some of the delicacies on the long, narrow table.

He was standing at one end of the terrace, where he was hidden from view by a big clump of lilac. He was just about to turn away when the aroma of the most wonderful-smelling cigar he could imagine drifted through the bushes toward him. He looked up and saw Jonathan Brisco standing there, hands in the pockets of his white dinner-jacket, cigar between his teeth. Brisco looked sad and tired, Willie thought.

Then Ed Carpenter, the local road-commissioner, came along the terrace toward Brisco.

"Seen Barragrave anywhere?" Carpenter asked as he approached.

Jonathan Brisco started, as though his thoughts had been far away. Then he smiled. "I'm afraid Martin has retired for the evening," he said.

"He drove me over," Carpenter said. "I was kind of keeping an eye on him to see he didn't get too plastered."

"You must have been diverted," Brisco said. "Martin passed out like a light about ten minutes ago. David and Peter took him home."

"That guy beats all," Carpenter said. "One minute he looks cold sober, and the next he's dead to the world."

Brisco laughed. "Well, relax, Ed. I'll have somebody drive you home when the time comes."

"Don't worry about me. I can drive Barragrave's car back." Ed said.

"I imagine one of the boys has

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It didn't really prove anything—and yet his first impulse was to get out of there fast and tell someone what he knew

already taken it over," Brisco said. "Oh. Well, there'll be plenty of folks going my way."

After that Willie went back to his theatre.

Shortly after eleven Willie closed up for the night and went home to his apartment over Phil's Market. By midnight he was sound asleep. He didn't know how long he'd been asleep when he woke up abruptly. The high wail of the fire siren was vibrating through the room.

Like almost everyone else in town, Willie was a member of the volunteer fire company. He must have been sleeping hard because he could hear the fire engine coming out of the firehouse down the block. The big siren must have been going for quite a while.

Willie picked up his phone on the bedside table. "Operator? Can you tell me where the fire is?"

The operator's voice was crisp and hurried. "Martin Barragrave's place on the East Road," she said.

Even for a fire Willie wore his dark suit and starched shirt and plain dark tie. He hurried down to the garage back of the store and got his car and started for the East Road. Cars were hurrying in the same direction from all parts of town. Willie could see an ugly red glare rising over the top of a hill. The fire was already out of hand.

Barragrave had bought the old Watson place, which had extensive outbuildings that had once been a cider mill. Willie, whose mind revolted against the idea of a destroyed home, kept telling himself, for no reason, that it must be the outbuildings that were burning. He even imagined that he could tell this for certain by the location of the red glare. But when he drove over the crest of the hill and the blazing building came into view, he saw it was Barragrave's house that was burning.

Flames billowed out from the upstairs windows and around the edges of the roof. It didn't take an expert to recognize that the house was already gone and that the most the town's fire company could hope to do was to save some of the

outbuildings that had not yet caught fire.

There were already nearly a hundred men and women milling around the grounds when Willie, having been obliged to leave his car beside the road nearly half a mile away, reached the scene. As far as he could see nothing had been removed from the house. It wasn't possible to get within fifty feet of the doomed building without being scorched by the heat. Willie had never seen a fire quite like it.

Firemen came through with the hose at last, the engine pumping water from a small duckpond at the edge of the property. There was a kind of futility about pouring the thin stream of water onto the blaze. Excited voices filled the night.

"Anyone seen Barragrave?"

"He went to the Brisco party. Must still be there."

"Party still going on over there," someone said.

Willie turned to look across the valley and saw a Roman candle explode against the sky and come cascading down across the darkness in a dozen different colors.

"Fire was going full blast before anyone reported it," a neighbor said.

George Kelcey, the fire chief, was standing a few yards away, and Willie moved closer to hear what was being said. Kelcey was talking to another of Barragrave's neighbors.

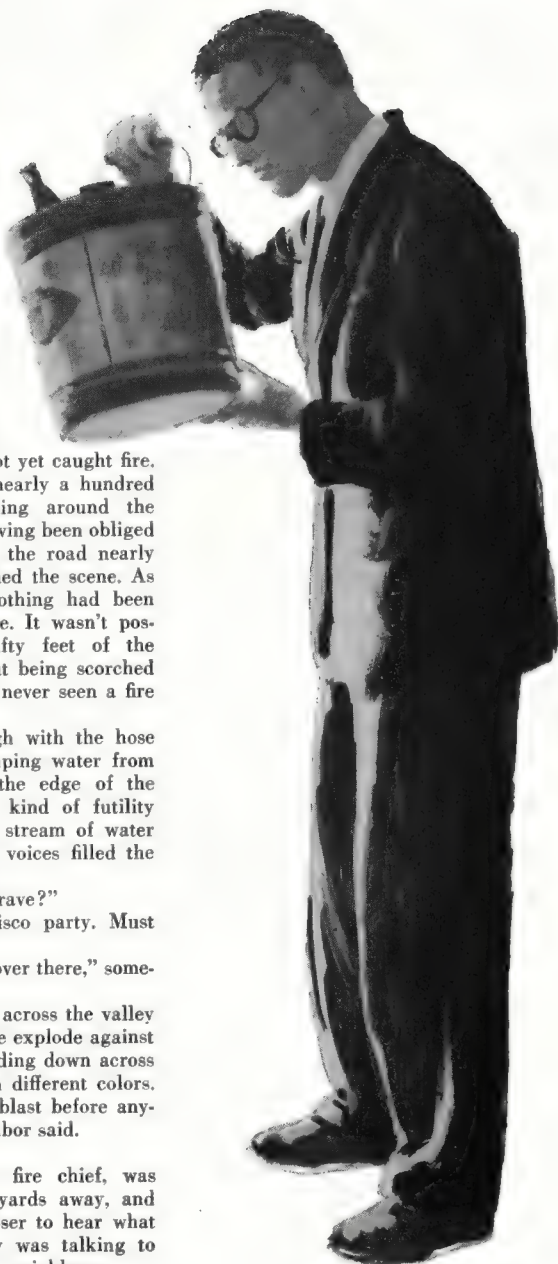
"I heard him come home about nine o'clock," the neighbor said.

"How do you know it was him you heard?" Kelcey asked.

"I heard his car drive into the yard, and the headlights shot some light into my bedroom for a second as he made the turn into the drive. There was another car that drove in after him, but it went away after about ten minutes."

Willie edged forward. "I was at the Brisco place," he said. "Barragrave passed out, and the two Brisco boys brought him home. I guess one of them brought his car for him."

"The car's in the garage, all right," the neighbor said. "You can smell the gasoline fumes. The tank must have exploded."



A woman broke into the conversation, a buxom, middle-aged country woman with a high, flat, excited voice. "He was always smoking in bed," she said. "I do his laundry, you know. His sheets was all burned full of holes from smoking. I warned him. I said, 'Some day you're going to burn yourself up, Mr. Barragrave,' I said."

"That fire started in the garage," the neighbor said.

George Kelcey's face was a pale-gray. "The Brisco boys probably left him in his car. Natural thing to do. He woke up, lit a cigarette, and passed out again. The fire probably started in the upholstery, hit the gas tank, and —God help

him if that's the way it happened. There won't be enough left of him to pick up in a teacup."

Willie moved away from the crowd. There was nothing he could do to help. An unpleasant sensation of anxiety had swept over him. It made his hands feel numb and stiff. He heard voices in his memory, loud and clear:

"You put the can in the trunk, Peter?"

"Yes—and it's full."

And there had been the bloodstained handkerchief.

"No!" Willie said out loud. "No!"

He was inventing an explanation without any real reason. Barragrave had been drunk. He'd seen that with his own eyes. He'd heard Ed Carpenter and Jonathan Brisco say so. David and Peter Brisco had brought him and his car home—and the rest must have happened the way George Kelcey figured it. . . .

"You put the can in the trunk, Peter?"

"Yes—and it's full."

Willie looked across the valley toward West Mountain. A rocket shot up into the sky like a burning lance. . . .

Almost anyone but Willie Wexler would have gone to George Kelcey or Sheriff Cunningham with his suspicions, vague as they were. But Willie, a lonely and slightly different person, had had his own problems. He knew how carelessly expressed suspicions could hurt a man. Besides, Willie mistrusted his own imagination. He was always daydreaming. Barragrave had died as a result of his own drunken sloppiness.

Still, unless he checked for himself, Willie knew he would have no peace. So he trudged down the road to his car and headed for the Brisco place. He hadn't driven very far before he began to feel better. The gap in time! How stupid not to have thought of it before. David and Peter had taken Barragrave home about nine. The fire hadn't broken out until after midnight. If David and Peter had had anything to do with gasoline and fire, the blaze would have started much earlier. A gasoline fire doesn't smolder. It bursts into instant, devastating flame. George Kelcey was right. Barragrave had probably slept for an hour or so, wakened long enough to light a cigarette, and then passed out again. The Brisco boys

weren't hiding anything. Hadn't Jonathan Brisco told Ed they were taking Barragrave home?

Willie laughed at himself. He did have an imagination. He'd been dreading the check he planned to make at the Briscos'. Now he felt quite certain he'd find nothing. The can David had referred to didn't have to be a gasoline can, for heaven's sake. It could have been a can of—well, anything.

There were still a few cars parked near the entrance gates of the Brisco place. Spasmodically, and at greater intervals as he'd driven across the valley, Willie had seen rockets and Roman candles released from somewhere up near the terrace. As he went around the foot of the garden Willie could see that there were still a dozen or more people on the terrace. Voices came to him, loud and a little raucous. There had been a great deal of drinking since four o'clock the afternoon before. It wasn't surprising that the laughter sounded a little tipsy.

Willie walked around to the side of the house toward the grape arbor and the garage. There was no one in sight. Willie walked slowly into the garage. It was dark, but the shapes of a dozen or more cars loomed darker than the night. Willie thought of switching on the light, and then changed his mind. No use calling attention to this aberration of his, he thought.

Willie had a cigarette lighter in his pocket. He himself didn't smoke, but he carried the lighter in case some friend was matchless, or in case he saw a lady customer outside the theatre fumbling in her bag for a light. Willie snapped on the lighter, and, holding it high above his head, looked around. It didn't give much light. The convertible was there, the nearest car to the open doors. Willie went over to it and put his hand on the radiator. It was quite warm. The car must have been used again after that nine-o'clock trip. Willie's hand trembled as he took it off the warm hood. He walked slowly around to the trunk and tried it. It was locked. He sighed, almost with relief. If it was locked he couldn't look inside.

Then he realized that in a garage

like this, with a dozen cars parked in it, the keys must be left in the cars so that the cars could be moved. He wished he hadn't thought of it. The convertible's keys were in the ignition switch. Willie took them and went back to the trunk and opened it. Inside there was a spare tire clamped in place, a jack, and a brown canvas bundle that probably held a set of tools. That was all. No can of any description.

Willie slammed the trunk shut and replaced the keys in the ignition switch. He felt much better for about ten seconds. As he stepped back from the car he knocked into something that made a tinny sound. He tried the lighter again and saw the can—a five-gallon red can—standing against the wall. A red can with a short, crooked nozzle at the top. Willie stood still for a long time. Finally he bent down and unscrewed the cap from the nozzle. The pungent smell of gasoline fumes arose. He screwed back the cap and lifted the can. It was empty except for possibly a cupful of gasoline. Willie was startled by the sound it made as he put it down on the concrete floor.

It didn't really prove anything—and yet his impulse, his first necessity, was to get out of there fast and tell someone in authority what he knew.

Willie hurried out onto the gravel drive, past the entrance to the grape arbor. Then he heard a voice behind him, languid yet commanding.

"Leaving without seeing her, Tom?" the voice said.

He spun around, his hands spread out defensively, like a thief caught in a bank vault. An electric torch suddenly shone full in his face. Willie stood there blinking, so frightened he could scarcely breathe. He couldn't see the face behind the torch, but he could see the tall figure in the white dinner jacket.

The voice was surprised now. "Mr. Wexler!"

The torch moved away from Willie's eyes, and he could see David Brisco, tall and fair and elegant, with eyes sunk deep in their sockets and a tired, old man's face.

David said, "I'm sorry if I startled



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Her eyes told him she thought he'd betrayed her secret. He wanted to cry out it wasn't so, but in this crazy, unreal moment he couldn't find the words. The tall men in the white dinner jackets moved nearer

you, Mr. Wexler. I expected someone else." He came a step or two closer.

The situation cried for an explanation. Willie moistened his lips and prayed that his voice would not sound like a frog's croaking.

"I—I guess I had too much to drink," Willie said—Willie who didn't drink. "I—I fell asleep in the arbor. I was just leaving."

"By way of the garage?" David asked very politely.

"I—I'm sorry if I was trespassing," Willie said. "I—I've never really seen so many big, expensive cars. I was just looking at them."

"The convertible's trunk is really quite roomy, don't you think?" David asked, still very politely. But irony was in his voice, and Willie's heart contracted as though a hand were squeezing it.

"I was just looking," Willie said. "I don't know what made me so nosy, but—"

"You found the gasoline can interesting?"

Willie was drowning—drowning as he stood there. "I always thought I ought to buy one of those," he said desperately. "You know how it is—Sundays and holidays—when places are closed."

"Gasoline stands closed on Sundays and holidays, Mr. Wexler? I should have thought that was when they did their biggest business."

"Sometimes late at night—" Willie said.

A nerve twitched in David Brisco's cheek. "I'm sorry, Mr. Wexler. I'm really sorry as hell. But it won't do, will it?"

Willie's breath was about gone. "I guess it won't," he said.

"Would you mind coming into the house with me?" David asked, still so very politely.

"It's terribly late," Willie said. "I really shouldn't. I—"

"But you know that you must, Mr. Wexler. If you'll walk ahead of me I'll shine the torch on the path."

So Willie walked. There was nothing else he could do.

They went up the path, and David told Willie to open the front door of the house. Willie opened it and went in,

with David just behind him. He found himself in a long, wide hallway.

"The room at the end of the hall, Mr. Wexler," David said.

They walked by open doors—past a dining room with a sideboard glittering with silver dishes, past a glassed-in plant room, past a room that was set up as a small bar. Willie had never seen a bar in a home before. All the way along the hall Willie could hear voices, men's and women's, on the terrace, laughing and talking. Just as he reached the door at the end of the hall somebody started to sing "Home on the Range," and eight or ten voices joined in, loud and lusty, their harmony a little sour.

Willie opened the door and found himself in the library. The room was air-conditioned and had no windows, except the huge skylight that was its ceiling. David closed the door behind them, and instantly the sound of the singing ended. Jonathan Brisco had soundproofed his library so he could read without interruption or irritation.

David leaned against the door, looking at Willie as if he couldn't decide what to do. He was, Willie thought in spite of his fear, such a nice-looking boy except for the almost agonizing fatigue that showed on his face. He made a gesture with his hand toward a big center table.

"Drink, Mr. Wexler?"

"I don't drink," Willie said. "Thank you all the same."

"You don't drink, Mr. Wexler?"

Willie felt his mouth go dry. What was it he'd said in his first moment of panic—that he'd had too much to drink and fallen asleep?

David took a silver cigarette case from his pocket, snapped it open, and took out a cigarette. He stood there, tapping it on the back of the case. "You're frightened, Mr. Wexler," he said. "That's why you're blundering around so in your conversation. Well, let me be frank with you. I'm frightened, too. That makes the situation rather dangerous, doesn't it?"

"Dangerous?" Willie whispered.

"We're both apt to do things without

thinking," David said. "We've both got to think carefully, Mr. Wexler, about what we're going to do."

"Yes," Willie said inanely. He couldn't think at all.

David lit his cigarette and walked slowly over toward a big flat-topped desk at one side of the room. There was a box on it, Willie saw, with switches. David flicked one of the switches. It was like an office intercom system. A filtered voice came into the room.

"Moody speaking."

"This is Mr. David, Moody. Would you ask my brother to come in here at once?"

"Yes, sir."

David flicked off the switch and stood looking thoughtfully at Willie. "I'm trying to read your mind, Mr. Wexler," he said. "I'm trying to guess how much you know, and whether you've told it to someone else."

Willie opened and closed his mouth like a gasping fish. He was no actor, no dissembler.

"There was a fire in town tonight, Mr. Wexler," David said. "Did you go to it?"

"Yes, I did."

David looked down at the end of his cigarette. "Where was it?"

Willie ran his tongue over his lower lip. "Mr. Barragrove's house," he said.

"Was it a bad fire?"

"The house was completely destroyed."

"And Mr. Barragrove?"

"They think he was in the house," Willie said.

"And what do you think, Mr. Wexler?" It seemed to Willie that David Brisco's eyes were white-hot.

"I know he was here earlier," Willie said.

So you were here earlier? You were in the arbor, and you met my sister Patricia there? I can see from your face you did, Mr. Wexler. What was it? Did you bring her a message of some sort?"

"There was no harm in it, Mr. Brisco," Willie said. For one wild moment he had a hope that this was what David was angry about. "Tom Curtin's really a very nice boy. He couldn't come tonight and he wanted your sister to know why."

"And did he send another message that involved the radiator of the convertible, and the trunk of the convertible, and the empty gasoline can?"

"He wasn't interested in those things. I—"

"Yes, *you*, Mr. Wexler."

Then the library door opened, and Peter Brisco came in. He was not quite so fair as David, but he had the same handsomeness, the same casual elegance. He was obviously surprised to see Willie, but he waited for David to speak.

David leaned his head back against the bookshelves. His eyes seemed to be closed. "It looks as though the roof has already begun to fall in," he said to Peter.

Willie had a strange feeling that he wasn't there, that he was watching something on the screen at his theatre back in town. His theatre—his lovely, safe theatre.

"Mr. Wexler has an interest in the convertible, the trunk, and the gasoline tin," David said.

Peter didn't look at Willie. "What about Curtin?" he asked.

"It seems it was Mr. Wexler, not Curtin, whom Pat met in the arbor."

"But Curtin will be here any moment," Peter said. Willie wondered if it was the indirect lighting that made Peter's skin seem so colorless.

"It can't be helped now," David said. "The trouble is, two of them are a hell of a lot more than one of them." He turned his head slowly to look at Willie. "You don't, by any stroke of good fortune, happen to be in love with some member of my family, Mr. Wexler? No, our luck has run out, I'm afraid. You'd better get going, Peter."

Peter still didn't look at Willie. "Has he been to the troopers with what he knows?" he asked David.

"No!" Willie broke in. "I don't even know for certain what—what it is I know! I—I had a crazy idea and I was just checking to make sure I was wrong."

"And, unfortunately, discovered that you were right," David said.

"I haven't found out anything!" Willie protested.

"You'd better get on out to meet Curtin," David said to Peter. "And send Pat in here on your way."

"Father?" Peter asked, hard and clipped.

"Later," David said.

Peter turned and left the room. David moved away from the bookcases and dropped down in a big, overstuffed chair on the other side of the desk. A shaded reading lamp threw a cone of light down on his pale face. He had no weapon; he had taken no precautions; yet Willie knew, somehow, that it would be futile to try to make a break for it.

Before this is over, Mr. Wexler, you will be plied with reason," David said. "I hope you are a reasonable man. Are you a native of these parts?"

"No," Willie said. "I came here to live about ten years ago."

"Family?"

"I have no family," Willie said.

"I don't suppose the theatre makes you a great deal of money."

"No."

"Does money interest you?"

"How do you mean?" Willie asked.

"Please, for heaven's sake, don't play it dumb!" David said, with the first sign of anger or irritation he'd shown.

"I'm sorry, but I don't understand."

David's politeness and calm had suddenly gone. "You are, I take it, a man of high character and integrity." His mouth twisted down at one corner.

"I hope that's true," Willie said.

"You would always do what you thought was your duty?"

"I hope so, Mr. Brisco."

"Then heaven help you—and us!"

The library door opened, and Peter reappeared, accompanied by Patricia Brisco. Whatever was involved here, it was clear she didn't know about it. She came in, laughing with Peter, and then stopped short when she saw Willie.

"Mr. Wexler!"

Willie saw in her eyes that she thought he had betrayed her secret. He wanted to tell her it wasn't so, but David didn't give him the chance. David leaned back in the big chair, his legs stretched out in front of him. His brief flare-up of anger had passed, and he spoke very gently.

"Pat, darling, you did meet Mr. Wexler earlier this evening in the grape arbor, didn't you?" When she hesitated he

said, "He's already admitted to it, Pat."

"Yes," she said, looking reproachfully at Willie. "I saw him there."

"Understand something, honey. Peter and Louise and I have known for a long time about you and young Curtin. We said nothing about it because you hadn't chosen to take us into your confidence. It seemed to us that it was your business, not ours, so we didn't interfere. It's pretty hard to keep a secret in a family of our size—a thing we've learned to our sorrow tonight."

"But if you're not angry about Tom, why is Mr. Wexler here?" Pat asked.

"Mr. Wexler came uninvited," David said. "Mr. Wexler came because he is a man of character and integrity. Mr. Wexler saw something when he was in the grape arbor, and he came back to make quite sure of what he'd seen. Being a man of integrity and decency he didn't tell anyone what he had seen because he's the kind of person who likes to be sure of his facts before he stirs up trouble for anyone. Right, Mr. Wexler?"

"But what did he see that was so important?" Pat asked.

David slowly exhaled. Cigarette smoke rose slowly and then seemed to be drawn across the room, sucked away by the invisible air-conditioning machine.

"He saw a dead man," David said.

Willie felt the skin draw tight over the bones of his face. It hadn't before occurred to him that Martin Barrgrave had been dead when he was carried into the convertible. He had thought Barrgrave had been drunk. It was curious, but in a way it now seemed less horrible to Willie. In the back of his mind had been the thought of Barrgrave, alive, being consumed by roaring flames. It seemed less horrible, but only for a moment. Willie was ashamed of the fact that he really wasn't concerned any longer about Martin Barrgrave. As he watched Peter leave the room again he was afraid for himself—chokingly, icily afraid. Pat's incredulous voice came from a great distance.

"A dead man! What are you talking about, David?"

"A man was murdered here tonight," David said quietly. "Peter and I tried to dispose of the body so that murder would

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Mr. Lonely Hearts (continued)

not out! Unfortunately for us, and for him, and in the long run for you, darling, Mr. Wexler saw enough to make him suspicious, and he came back to do a little checking. That is the position at the moment."

"What has it got to do with me?" Pat asked.

"Inadvertently we have involved your Mr. Curtin."

"Tom?"

"Poor darling," David said. "Your sister, Louise, is something of a snoop, you know. She saw you slipping away from the party, and she followed you. She saw you meet someone in the arbor, and assumed it was your Mr. Curtin. She just happened to tell Peter and me about it. She doesn't know about the dead man. But we did know about the dead man and that Mr. Curtin must have seen him and might have heard some damaging conversation. So we phoned him a short time ago with a message from you—that you were in trouble and wanted him to come here at once. So he will be here any minute."

"David!"

"I'm sorry, angel. It can't be undone now."

"But if Tom had seen a dead man—if Mr. Wexler saw a dead man—"

"Why would they hold off going to the police? Because they wouldn't have known at the time he was dead. They would have thought he was drunk. Only later, when the man's body was destroyed in a fire that consumed his house—"

"Martin Barrgrave!" Pat whispered. "Who—"

"Who killed him?" David took a deep drag on his cigarette and let the smoke out slowly. "I think we'll let that ride until Mr. Wexler and your Mr. Curtin have decided exactly what course they intend to follow."

"I just don't believe it!" Pat said. "It's some kind of a crazy, drunken joke."

"Alas," David said. That was all he needed to say.

Then the library door opened, and Tom Curtin came in, followed by Peter. Tom looked somehow out of place in his blue-jeans, blue work shirt, and leather wind-breaker. But he looked solid and out of a real world to Willie. Willie's heart began to beat a little faster. Tom would somehow bring sense into all this.

Tom didn't notice Willie at first. He went straight to Patricia. "Pat, darling, what's wrong? What is it?"

She didn't answer him, but she put her hands up on his shoulders and then suddenly she was in his arms, crying softly. Over the top of her head Tom saw Willie.

"Willie!" His was the same reaction Pat's had been. He thought that Willie

had betrayed them. Tom turned, still holding Patricia, to face her brothers. "I've wanted this out in the open for a long time," he said. "I'm glad it happened."

"It's not what you think, darling," Pat said, her voice muffled against his shoulder.

"No, it's not what you think, Curtin," David said. "It's not what any of us would have thought or dreamed eight hours ago."

"Will somebody please tell me what it is, then?" Tom asked. "Pat?"

Before anyone could answer, the library door opened again, and Jonathan Brisco came into the room. Of course Willie had seen him many times before, in the village, at the movie house; but he had never seen him so close up, and of course he had never seen him with any emotional involvement before.

He was impressive, no doubt about that. Despite his white hair, he didn't look old enough to be David's father. He seemed to radiate good health and good spirits. This was a man, Willie knew, who had talked with presidents and kings and dictators, who was at ease in any society in the world. And he was at ease now. He walked straight up to Willie.

"You're Willie Wexler, aren't you?" he asked, and held out his hand. Willie's hand was crushed in a firm, hard grip.

"And you're Tom," Brisco said, and held out his hand to Tom. He smiled a warm, amused smile. "I've been wondering when we'd meet, young man. Pat seemed to prefer secrecy, so I've bided my time. I'm glad you're here at last."

"How do you do, sir," Tom said. "I'm glad I'm here, too, though I don't understand the reason for this gathering."

"We're in a little difficulty, Tom," Brisco said. "By accident you've become involved in it. It requires a quiet, friendly talking over."

"Talk will suit me fine," Tom said.

It was utterly fantastic to Willie. Martin Barrgrave was dead and Brisco acted like a man who had a small disagreement in the P.T.A. to settle. He walked over to his big desk, opened a cigar humidor, and offered cigars to Willie and Tom. Neither of them accepted, but he took one himself.

"You're from around here, Tom?" he said. He snapped on a lighter and held it to the end of his cigar.

"Born and brought up here," Tom said. "What—"

"Traveled much?"

"I joined the Army and saw the world," Tom said dryly.

"Ah. I was a captain of infantry in World War One," Brisco said.

"I was a buck private," Tom said.

"But we've fought for the same things,"

Brisco said. "A free world, the democratic ideal."

Willie glanced at David, who had dropped into one of the big armchairs. David's eyelids were lowered. He was like a man waiting for a disaster he knew was coming. Resigned but waiting.

"I came here," Tom said, "because I was told Pat was in trouble. All this talk is very pleasant, but—what's up?"

Willie marveled at what he thought of as Brisco's shrewdness. When you're a big shot, he thought, you can evaluate men just by looking at them. Brisco knew Tom was the one he had to deal with, not Willie. He had known it the minute he walked into the room.

"Could your contracting business get on without you, Tom?" Brisco asked.

"Hardly," Tom said, "since I'm it!"

"Quite so. And even when you're hiring a score of men to work for you, you'll still be 'it.' Right?"

"I suppose so," Tom said. "But what has this got to do with—"

"I'm trying to find a common ground for us to meet on, son," Brisco said. Carefully he tapped the ash from his cigar into a brass tray on the desk. "Like you, I grew up in a small town, Tom. Place in Texas. Oil country. Like you, I started out on my own—a one-man business. I was 'it.' Pretty soon I had a lot of men working for me, but I was still 'it.' There were opportunities then for a man with drive, business acumen, and an understanding of human needs—just as there are today. There was a chance to go places, and I took it—just as you will."

"Thanks," Tom said, and Willie saw his eyes move for a moment around the room. Tom was thinking he'd never have a place like this, no matter how much drive or understanding he might have.

"I grew up in the oil business," Brisco said. "Would you think I was vain if I told you there was probably no one living today who knows more about it than I do?"

"I've heard it said, sir."

"You know, son, you can talk about politics, about ideologies, about ways of life, but all of them—no matter what their color or quality—are implemented by oil."

"I'm sorry, sir, but I don't see what this has to do with your sending for me."

"Be patient," Brisco said. "There are things you have to understand. You have to know that my business has taken me all over the world. That I have done business with governments as well as men. That I know them all intimately. That I understand what makes them tick. Do you believe that?"

"I have no reason not to," Tom said.

"Then believe me when I tell you that

The torch shone full in his face. The voice was languid and yet commanding. He spun around like a thief, so frightened he couldn't breathe. Behind the torch was a tall, menacing figure

the peace of the world may depend on a settlement of the differences over oil properties in the Near East."

"Now you're getting over my head, sir," Tom said.

Jonathan Brisco's pale-blue eyes began to flicker, Willie saw, with a kind of bright light. He remembered seeing a preacher who looked like that when he delivered a sermon. People said he was "dedicated."

"I know the people in the Western governments and the Eastern governments. I know them from living with them, eating with them, doing business with them, laughing and joking with them." The blue eyes fixed hard on Tom. "Tom, if there is any man alive who can bring those disagreeing factions together in a peaceful solution of the problem, I am that man. If there is any man alive who has a chance to prevent all-out, full-scale war—I am that man. Do you believe that?"

Willie could sense a kind of tightening in Tom. Tom realized he was being maneuvered somewhere, but as yet he couldn't guess where.

"For the sake of argument, let's say I do, sir," Tom said.

Others believe it, son, and not for the sake of argument. In a few days there will be an announcement, a world-wide announcement, that I have been appointed a special emissary of our Government to act as mediator in the Near East."

"I guess you should be congratulated."

Brisco leaned forward, pointing at Tom with his cigar, which had gone out. "Just how important do you think that is, Tom?"

"I can't assess that, sir."

"I tell you peace may be in the balance," Brisco said quietly.

Tom stirred restlessly. "Please, Mr. Brisco, I'd like to know why—"

"How far would you go, Tom, to make certain nothing prevents my accepting that mission?" Brisco interrupted.

Tom frowned at him, puzzled. "There's some way I can help?"

Brisco drew a deep breath. "There is! That's why we sent for you, son. You and your friend here, Willie, can help."

"I'm afraid that doesn't make much sense to me, sir," Tom said, "but if there is something Willie and I can do—"

Willie opened his mouth with the intention of warning Tom, but somehow he couldn't push out a sound.

"I'll explain it to you, son," Brisco said. He paused to relight his cigar. The smoke drifted past Willie. The wonderful, fragrant Havana aroma reminded him of the conversation on the terrace, and Brisco's voice, pleasant and urbane—"I'm afraid Martin has retired for the evening."

"This is a political year," Brisco said. "There are people who would prefer not to see this problem in the Near East solved except by someone of their own choosing and in their own time. They want the credit for it. Those people would like to prevent my appointment. Their only concern is politics. My only concern is peace."

"But how can they prevent it?" Tom asked.

Brisco looked down at his cigar. "Business on an international scale is a hard, competitive, cutthroat affair," he said. "It's old-time horse trading, with all its shadiness, stepped up a million times. Years ago, before the last war, I was trying to do some trading in the Near

East. In order to get certain concessions I had to make certain concessions. I made those concessions to a government that is now our deadly enemy. Believe me, the deal was unimportant as it affects the present. But the fact of my having dealt in a friendly fashion with people who are now our enemies would, if it became a matter of public knowledge, destroy my value as a negotiator for peace at this time."

"I can see that," Tom said. "All these investigations—"

Precisely," Brisco said. He sounded like a teacher talking to his prize pupil. "Well, someone discovered this incident and was prepared to use it to make me useless though my services are critically needed. What would you do, son, to prevent such a man from using his information?"

"I'd reason with him, I suppose," Tom said. "I'd appeal to his patriotism."

"And if those appeals failed? —Bear in mind, Tom, peace may be at stake."

"I don't know what I'd do, sir. And if that's what happened I don't see how Willie and I—"

Jonathan's voice suddenly became stone cold. "Tonight a man stood here in this room and threatened to expose me and render me useless to my country. I did as you suggested, Tom. I reasoned with him. I appealed to his patriotism. It didn't work." He drew a deep breath. "That man was Martin Barragrove."

"Good Lord!" Tom said. "He was burned to death a couple of hours ago!"

"My son Peter was with me when Martin Barragrove stood there—right where you are standing, Tom—and threatened me. He had, during a trip abroad, discovered the story of my early

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He'd never had a fight of any kind in all his adult life. In a show-down he'd be useless. He had always dreamed of himself as a hero, but when heroism was needed he knew he didn't have it. Or did he?

dealings with the present enemy. He was here to blackmail me, but not for money. The price of his silence was that I should turn down this assignment to act for peace. Why, you ask? Because politics are his business. Because he would be rewarded by men in high places for discrediting me. He would become a powerful person in their councils. What would you have done, Tom?"

"I don't know, sir."

Brisco's voice drifted, as if he were arguing with himself. "I believe I can say there is no man alive who loves his country more than I do. My sons served in the last war; I served in the first one. I have done nothing of which I am ashamed, nothing that has ever damaged my country's interests. Barragrave meant to twist the truth for his own gain—destroying me, and perhaps our last chance for peace. *What would you have done, Tom?*"

"I still can't answer that, sir. What did you do?"

Brisco didn't speak, but he opened the top drawer of his desk and reached into it with his right hand. When the hand came out there was a heavy Colt automatic in it. Brisco still didn't speak. He put the gun down on the green blotting pad in front of him, and his pale-blue eyes stared steadily at Tom. Willie could see that a thin film of perspiration had broken out on his forehead.

Tom's fine firmness was shaken as he looked at the gun. His voice was so low Willie could scarcely hear it. "You mean you—?"

"I shot him," Brisco said quietly. "I shot him and killed him." He waited for

Tom to say something, and when he didn't Brisco went on. "I sent Peter for David, and we discussed what must be done. You must understand something, Tom. I didn't kill Martin Barragrave in anger. I killed him because he threatened my usefulness. So, you see, I couldn't let him damage me alive, and—I couldn't let him damage me dead."

A choking sound came from Tom.

"There is no reason to feel sorry for Barragrave," Brisco said. "No one will mourn him. We had a simple problem—Peter and David and I. The violent nature of Barragrave's death must be concealed. We worked out a plan. We would take Barragrave home. We would drive his car back, too. We would place him in the car, in his garage, soak him and the upholstery with gasoline, attach some long-burning fuse that we had here for the fireworks—"

"Father!" Pat cried out.

"Darling, he was dead," Brisco said.

"The fire was simply a way to cover. And it worked exactly as we'd planned it—or we thought it did."

"Then someone—" Tom said.

"There was just Peter and David and me," Brisco said. "The boys took Barragrave out to one of our cars. It wasn't too risky. If they were seen they'd simply laugh it off—Barragrave was drunk. When they got Barragrave into the car David asked Peter about the can of gasoline. Peter said it was in the trunk. So they set out. David drove Barragrave's car into Barragrave's garage. The rest was accomplished efficiently."

"But when they got back to the house my daughter Louise dropped a bombshell in our laps. She had seen Pat

slipping away from the party and she'd followed her. She caught a glimpse of the boys driving off in the convertible, and she saw Pat meet someone in the arbor and heard her call out 'Darling!' She assumed it was you, Tom. She told us, as a joke on Pat. She knew nothing about Barragrave. But we realized at once that you—the man we thought was you, Tom—had seen the boys put Barragrave in the car and overheard the conversation about the gasoline can, and that after the fire you might put two and two together. We also felt you would probably mention the incident to Pat, and that she, too, would guess."

"But I wasn't there," Tom said.

"We found that out too late. We sent for you to come here on the pretext that Pat needed you. David went to wait for you in the arbor. But it was Wexler, not you, who turned up—searching the convertible. looking for the gasoline tin. He had guessed!"

Tom turned to look at Willie, and Willie nodded feebly.

"We couldn't risk turning you back, even though we knew now it was Wexler and not you who'd stumbled on the truth. He'd carried a message for you and had one from Pat to take to you. He might have told you what he'd seen, and if anything happened to him you would begin to guess the truth. We have only one chance. To persuade you and Pat and Wexler that, flamboyant as it may seem, we did the only thing we could do—considering the stake involved."

"The only thing!" Tom said with astonishment and anger.

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"I never could hide from them when we were children," she said. "They could always outthink me and know what I was going to do next." Then she started down the steps, running straight into the eerie darkness

Brisco said. "Don't answer till you've thought. It may mean the difference between peace and war to our country."

"The indispensable man," Tom said softly.
"I believe that's true," Brisco said.

There was a moment of silence, broken by Tom. "You've committed a murder!" he burst out. "Your sons are accessories after the fact. You'll have to face the music."

"I hoped that you might see that we were justified, Tom," Brisco said. He sounded tired, and some of the ruddiness had left his face. "I hoped you might see that the enormous issues at stake went beyond ordinary considerations. I hoped your patriotism, your desire for peace—"

"Hogwash!" Tom said. "I seem to remember that what I was fighting for in

the war was a society ruled by law. You've killed a man, and the law that I fought for says you have to take the consequences. Come on, Pat—Willie. We're getting out of here. I'm sorry for all of you. Barragrove was a heel. I know that. Maybe you can cop a plea for justifiable homicide. But Pat and Willie and I are not becoming parties to murder. Let's go, Willie."

Willie felt proud of Tom—proud to be his friend. Tom had his feet squarely on the ground. He hadn't been taken in.

Tom started for the door with his arm around Pat. Willie was at their heels. Out of the corner of his eye he saw David pull himself up languidly out of his chair. The next moment, David was standing with his back to the door, facing Tom. In passing the desk he had picked up the Colt automatic, and he held it casually.

"I'm sorry, Tom," he said, "but no

one is going anywhere for the moment."

Willie could almost see the wheels going around in Tom's head. It was obvious that Tom realized that he and Willie weren't enough to handle an armed Brisco family. Willie felt a kind of shame. He had never had a fight of any kind in his adult life. He would be just about useless, and Tom must have realized that. All his life Willie had daydreamed of himself as a hero—a Gary Cooper, a Randolph Scott. But when heroism was really needed Willie knew he didn't have it.

Still holding Pat in the protective crook of his arm, Tom turned away from the door. "Okay, David," he said. "You're the dealer. Play the cards."

"If we let you go, you head straight for the police. Is that the way it is?" David asked.

"That's the way it is," Tom said.

"You realize that all of us are involved in murder and arson?" David asked.

"Not all of us," Tom said. "Not Pat or me or Willie."

"Do you think Pat will bear witness against her father?"

Tom didn't even hesitate. "I think she will," he said.

"Pat?" David's voice was gentle, almost pleading.

Pat didn't answer, but she turned to Tom and buried her face against his shoulder.

David turned to his father, who still stood behind the desk, proudly erect. "Will you let Peter and me see what we can do with them alone, Father?"

Brisco hesitated, then shrugged. "If you think it will do any good, son."

"It won't!" Tom said.

Jonathan Brisco crossed toward the door. He hesitated for a moment beside Pat as if he wanted to make some sort of special appeal to her. Then he changed his mind and left the room.

When he was gone David resumed his place against the door, still holding the Colt loosely in his hand.

"Everything you have, Pat, everything you are, he made for you," David said. Pat didn't speak.

"Let's take a cynical view of this, Curtin," David said. "Let's say he overestimates his value. Let's say he's a little fanatical about what he can do for the world. The facts remain: He's honest; he's patriotic; he didn't plan to kill a man. The situation was forced on him by a vicious, unprincipled opportunist."

"It's still murder," Tom said.

"He might save your life and mine and millions of others."

"It's still murder," Tom said.

David tried again. "The police are investigating Barrgrave's death. If they find he was murdered they'll continue to investigate. They may come here. If that should happen I give you my word your connection with the case will never be revealed. All we ask for is your silence now—let the police handle it."

"We have no connection with the case," Tom said, "unless we keep still. So we have no choice."

Peter Brisco, who had been standing

off to one side, spoke for the first time. "Let things run their course, Curtin. You love Pat. I assume you want to marry her. I can promise you Father's blessing. You can have any help from him you'd like in your contracting business."

"What about Willie?" Tom asked sharply. "He isn't in love with your sister. What could you promise him?"

"The same assurances I give you—and the same help in his business if he wants it. Let the police solve their own problems—that's all we ask."

With astonishment Willie heard his own voice. "The police won't come here, Tom. They think Barrgrave dropped a cigarette in his car, and that it blew up the gas tank. They'll have no reason to suspect anything else." "So you see," David said, "you'd be quite safe."

Tom looked at Willie. "You think it would be safe to play ball, Willie?"

Willie felt a hot flush rising in his cheeks. He hadn't meant that—not really. He had just been pointing out a fact. Tom took his arm away from Pat's shoulder and stood alone.

"What would you do if we refused to cooperate?" he asked David.

"We'd have to think that over."

Tom squared his shoulders. "Well, you'd better start thinking," he said. "I don't know about Pat and Willie, but personally I say to hell with you!"

David's lips formed a smile, but his eyes were cold. "You understand, Curtin, that you're facing an actuality here and not a theory? I know what's going on in your head, and I respect you for it. In theory I agree with you. But the fact is, my father has killed a man, and my brother and I have committed ourselves. We can't turn back now. Besides, there are special considerations involved."

Tom said, "I happen to believe in a democracy of law, and there are no special situations for my dough."

Weariness crept into David's voice as he turned to Pat. "Well, baby?"

"Oh, David!" she said.

"Right or wrong, Peter and I are in this up to our necks, baby. Either you're with us or against us."

"David, David, David!" She was shaken for a moment by heavy sobs. Then, slowly,

she reached out her hand toward Tom. "You've got to stand somewhere, David. You've got to!"

"Pat!" It was Peter, and he sounded like a man with a mortal wound.

"It's a tough decision for us, too, Pat," David said. "Shall Father and Peter and I die for an action we believe is justified? Will you three—"

"You mean you'd actually harm Pat?" Tom asked in a low, angry voice.

"My dear Tom, isn't it her intention to harm us?" David asked. Then he turned to Willie. "And you, Mr. Wexler?"

Icy sweat ran down inside Willie's starched shirt. He wanted only one thing in the world—to get out of there, to run somewhere, to hide from the world for the rest of his life. Then he heard that strange voice coming out of his throat.

"I wish there was a way out," he said. "but I guess I have to stand with Tom."

"I wouldn't think less of you, Willie, if you chose the other way," Tom said.

Willie tried to smile and thought his lips were going to crack open. "I would," he said in a near whisper.

Willie felt strangely lightheaded. It seemed to him that it had been going on all his life, when actually it had only begun that evening around seven o'clock. In the intervening time a man had been murdered, a house deliberately burned to destroy the evidence, and now Willie and Pat and Tom were alone in Jonathan Brisco's air-conditioned library, waiting.

Peter and David had left to talk with Jonathan. They had locked the door after them, leaving Willie and Pat and Tom to do their own thinking. The minute they were alone Tom walked over to the desk and picked up the telephone. After a moment he started jiggling the receiver. He tried the intercom system.

"There's a cutoff switch in the main hall," Pat said in a dull voice. She went to Tom as he replaced the receiver. "Tom, what have I done to you?"

"You have made me very proud," Tom said, "by staying here. Both of you. Perhaps I should explain."

"You don't have to, Tom. I don't understand them—but in a way I do. Father thinks he's concerned about the world. He isn't."

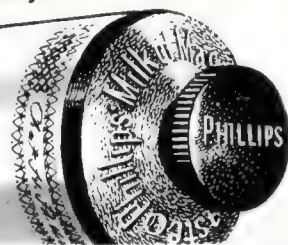
Willie cleared his throat. "There's

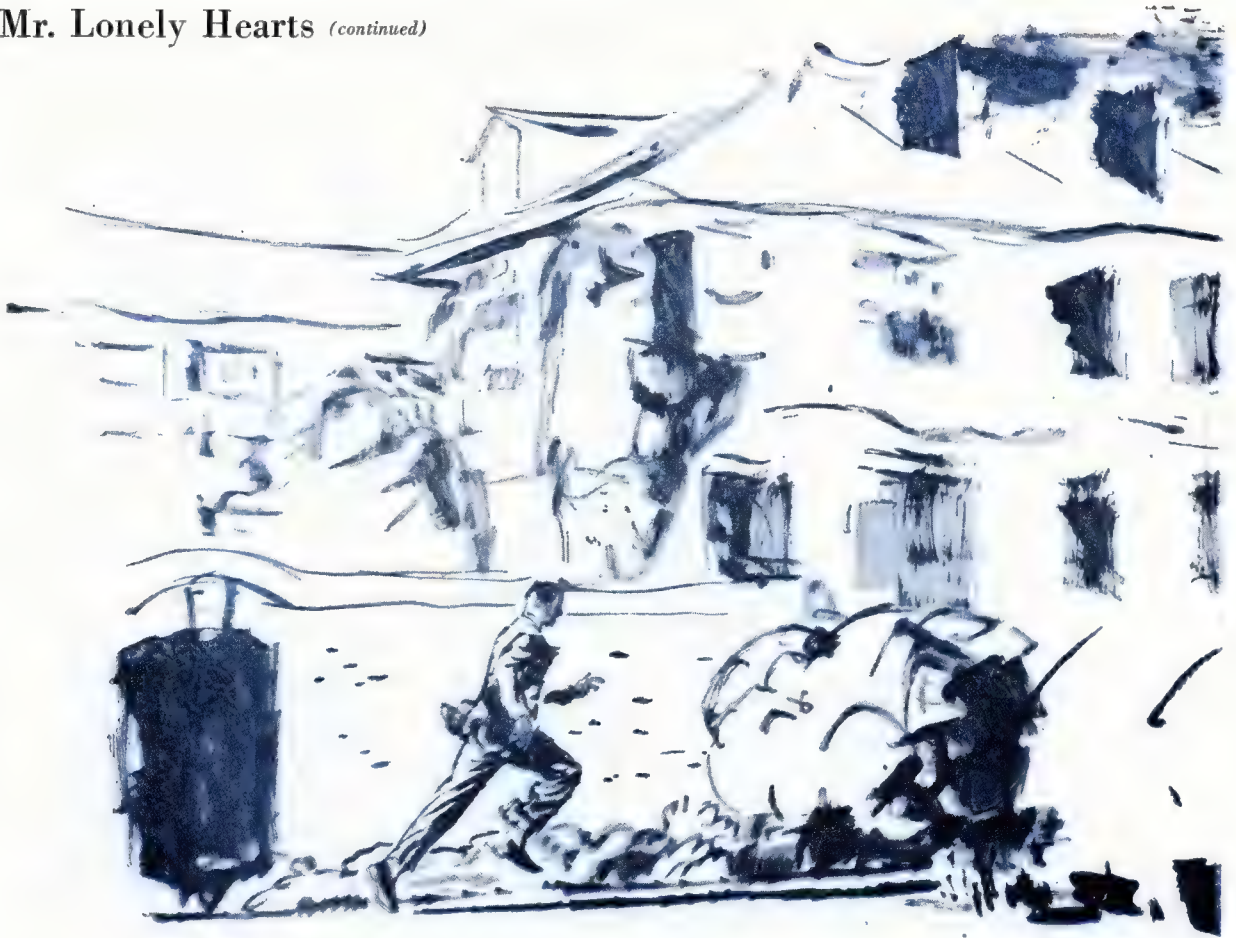
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As he ran he expected lights to go on, guns to go off—but nothing happened. He felt stone under his feet. This was where he was supposed to make his play. But at that moment, he felt the impulse to treachery

been an awful lot of talk about theories and ideas," he said. "But what are we going to do?"

"What are *they* going to do?" Tom said grimly. "What do you think, Pat?"

"I think," Pat said, in a small voice, "they'll find some way to keep us from talking."

"There is only one way," Tom said.

"Tom!"

Willie swallowed hard. "You don't think they'd actually—"

"How else can they prevent us from going to the police?" Tom asked.

"They couldn't get away with it!" Willie exclaimed.

"They would have got away with Barra-grave except for the accident of your being in the arbor, Willie. I don't think they'll allow any accidents this time."

Fear rose up again in Willie and he heard himself shouting, "How can you be so calm about it?"

"Easy, Willie," Tom said. He came over and put his hand on Willie's shoulder. "There's no use telling you how sorry I am. If you hadn't carried that message for me you wouldn't be in this mess."

"We can't just sit here," Willie said. "Oh, don't think I'm blaming you for any of it, Tom."

Tom turned away. "The phone's out. There's no point in trying to break down the door. They'd all be right outside it before we could ever get through." He glanced up. "No way to reach the sky-light."

"That leaves nothing," Willie said.

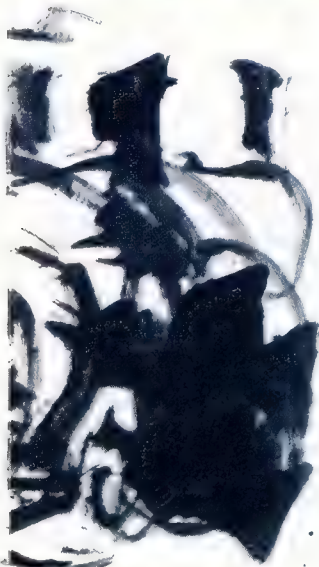
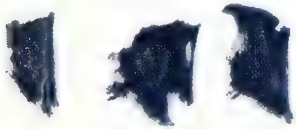
Tom walked around behind the desk. He opened one of the drawers and took

out a stack of writing paper he found there.

"We'll write some notes, Willie, explaining what happened here. I suggest we make three for each of us." He had already begun to write. "We'll put one in each shoe, and one in a pocket. They're pretty sure to search us. If they find a note in a pocket they may stop looking. Then, sooner or later—"

It didn't sound very hopeful to Willie. Of course, if they were found dead somewhere, and the notes Tom was writing were found on their bodies, the Briscos would be caught. But that idea didn't make Willie feel much better.

After Tom finished writing the notes, he handed them to Pat and Willie. Willie didn't even stop to read them. He took



off his shoes and put a note into each. Then he put his shoes back on. His fingers were so numb he had difficulty retying the laces. Just as he took the last one from Tom and slipped it into his coat pocket there was a noise—a noise they all heard that froze them where they were.

They heard the key turn in the lock of the library door.

Tom folded the last of the notes and stuffed it into his own pocket, and then he got up and moved across the room toward the door, motioning the other two to be still.

He stood by the door, listening. Willie, straining to catch some kind of sound, heard nothing. Tom hesitated a long time, then he reached out for the door-knob and turned it. He pulled back the door.

There was no one. There was no sound. It was so silent it hurt. Willie took a step or two so he could look down the hall. Nothing—the hall, with its checkerboard-linoleum floor and the door at the end of it through which Willie had come—when was it?—centuries ago?

Willie's breath went out of him in a gasping rush. "Let's get out of here," he said, and started for the door.

"Hold it!" Tom said. "We were meant to hear them unlock the door. They want us to come out."

"Maybe they realize there's nothing they can do!"

"Oh, Willie!" Tom said. "It's nearly three o'clock in the morning. The party's over. They've all gone to bed. They hear someone moving around down here. One of them comes down with a gun—he sees some figures running, and he shoots. It turns out to be a tragedy. Pat and the boy she was secretly in love with and a friend of his are running so that their meeting won't be discovered, and they get killed. I could think that one up in five minutes myself, Willie."

"People don't shoot just because they've heard someone moving around," Willie said.

"They do when they have hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of valuable paintings and silver and jewelry in the house. They do if they call out, and the people run."

"But we won't run," Willie said.

"Who will know, Willie? Who in heaven's name will know whether we were running or not?"

Willie turned to Pat. "You don't really think they would harm you, Miss Brisco? You're his daughter—their sister—they love you."

"I don't know, Mr. Wexler," she an-

swered slowly. "I don't know. If you'd asked me that question this morning I'd have said they would die to protect me. But—I don't know now."

The last ounce of courage drained out of Willie. "I can't stand it here anymore," he said. "I'm getting out of here, no matter what happens." He started unsteadily for the door. Tom blocked the way.

"Stay where you are, Willie! You've been fine up to now. We've got to figure this."

"They wouldn't just kill us," Willie said, hysteria rising in him. "They couldn't. They're people—with a family—with Pat here whom they love. They couldn't. They're bluffing! I'm walking out. I'm—"

Tom slapped him hard, twice. "Get hold of yourself, Willie! You saw Barra-grave. You saw the house. You heard them talk. The world is full of people like them, only they aren't usually so pretty or so polite."

Willie sank down in a chair and covered his face with his hands. The next thing he knew Pat was kneeling beside him, and he could feel her cool fingers stroking his hair. Pat Brisco! He'd never dreamed he'd ever be so close to a girl like Pat. And she had dropped the "Mr. Wexler."

"Poor Willie," she said. "Tom's right. They've never been crossed before in their whole lives, Willie. They think the Briscos are special—with special rights and privileges. It's too late for them to turn back now."

You can only hang once, Willie!" Tom said.

"Then why don't they get it over with?" Willie cried. "Why did they open the door?"

"They hoped we'd run for it," Tom said. His voice was grim. "It would be better to kill us on the wing."

"So we stay here and make it a little harder for them to explain? Is that all we can do?"

"It won't be long, Willie. It begins to get light in about an hour."

Willie stood up. "I'm going," he said. "If I have to be killed I'd rather have it happen while I'm moving—while I'm trying to do something. Maybe they'll

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He kept thinking of the thing that frightened him so. "I have an idea," he whispered to Pat and Tom. And then he almost wished they hadn't heard him. He didn't really want to be a hero

chase me, and then you and Pat will have a chance."

"No," Tom said.

"Listen to me, Tom. I stayed here with you because I think you are right. We couldn't keep still. I chose to take whatever was coming, but I'm going to take it my way. I'm scared. I don't smell good to myself I'm so scared. I want to get it over with quick. Good luck to you. I—I'm sorry. I guess I just haven't got any hero stuff in me. I can't just sit here and wait, that's all."

He turned toward the door and stopped. Peter Brisco was standing there. He had changed from his dinner jacket to a dark suit and a blue sports shirt without a tie. He lounged, lazily, against the door, his hands in the pockets of his jacket. His face was pale and strained.

"You don't even have to try to be a hero, Mr. Wexler," he said. "We've talked it over."

"Oh," Willie said.

"There's no end to it," Peter said. "It will be you, and then someone else—and we'd always have to live with it."

"Oh, Peter!" Pat cried, almost joyfully.

"We still have one favor to ask of you," Peter said. "I will go with you and Curtin to the state troopers' barracks and tell them exactly what's happened, as far as Barragrove is concerned. But will you leave Pat out of it—and forget what has happened here for the last hour? You haven't been harmed. No one need know you were held here against your will. Will you agree to that?"

Willie turned eagerly to Tom. "There'd be no harm in that, would there, Tom?"

"No," Tom said slowly. "No harm that I can see."

Pat went to her brother. She kissed him tenderly on the cheek. "You won't be sorry, Peter. No matter what happens, none of you will be sorry."

Peter laughed without mirth. "We are the ones who'll have to go to jail, baby," he said. "Well, shall we get started?"

So it had ended, without violence. Willie could scarcely believe it. Tom had made them see the wrongness of their thinking. They started down the hall to-

ward the rear door, Pat walking with her arm linked in Tom's.

"We can take one of the cars in the garage," Peter said. "I'll switch on the outside light."

He touched a button near the door, and Willie could see, through the screen, that the path to the garage was lighted. He waited impatiently while Pat lifted her face to Tom to be kissed. From somewhere outside came the long, low whistle of a night bird.

"Peter!" Pat had whirled around from Tom to face her brother.

Something had happened to Peter, too. His eyes were narrowed, and his face had taken on a queer, lopsided look.

"Tom, that whistle!" Pat said. "That was David! The family whistle! They're out there."

Just then, from another direction, Willie heard the whistle repeated in a slightly higher key.

"It's what you said, Tom! David and Father are just waiting for us outside, in the garden."

Something else had changed about Peter—there was an ugly-looking service revolver in his hand. He reached out and grabbed Pat's arm, pulling her toward him. "All right, Wexler! You and Curtin get out of here—quick!"

Tom Curtin did the only thing that could be done. He made a headlong dive at Peter Brisco. He knocked the gun out of Peter's hand, and he and Peter went sprawling on the checkered linoleum. With a kind of fascination, Willie saw the gun go slithering back down the hall.

"Pat—Willie—hurry up! Run for it!" Tom shouted.

The struggle between the two men was fierce.

"Don't stand there! Run!" Tom shouted again, breathless.

Pat took Willie by the arm. "This way," she said.

Somehow Willie forced his legs to work. Pat had turned him toward the plant conservatory. In the back of Willie's mind was the clear concept that he should go get the gun, but somehow he had no strength to act of his own volition. Pat dragged him through the plant room and out onto the great wide terrace. They stood just outside the door for an

instant, breathing hard. Then they heard the whistle again.

Pat dragged him down a flight of steps and toward a clump of bushes, where they crouched, holding on to each other.

"Where's Tom?" Pat sobbed.

Then they saw him for a moment, swaying in the doorway. He took a step toward the terrace and fell. Before Willie could stop her Pat was gone. A second later she called him.

"Willie! Hurry!"

Willie was astonished to discover that he could move, but he did—like a man in diver's boots. He almost blundered into Pat and Tom in the darkness. Tom lay stretched out on the terrace.

"It's his leg," Pat said.

Tom spoke between his teeth. "The old injury," he said. "I could feel something give when I fell on him."

"Help me carry him over to the bushes," Pat said.

"You two get out of here while you can," Tom urged. "I'll be safe if you get away. Somebody's got to get away!"

"We're not leaving you here," Pat said. "Help me, Willie."

Willie took Tom under the arms and Pat cradled his knees as gently as she could. They half carried and half dragged him along the length of the terrace.

Willie lay on his stomach, peering through the branches of the shrubs. He saw Peter, moving unsteadily, come out onto the terrace. He had recovered the revolver. He stood peering out over the partially lit garden. Then he whistled, long and shrill. The answering whistles came at once. It seemed to Willie that the responses came from the foot of the garden—from the direction they'd have to take if they were to get out to the main highway and safety.

Peter Brisco turned and walked back into the house. A moment later the terrace was plunged into darkness.

"Maybe we could try now?" Willie whispered.

"Wait," Tom said. "Listen."

Willie listened, and in a moment he heard the faint scraping of footsteps on the brick terrace. Peter had come back to wait for them to make some sort of sound.

After a while Willie felt a tug at his sleeve. He moved his head, and the tug became more persistent. Pat and Tom had their faces together, close to the earth.

"I can't move or be moved without making a hell of a racket," Tom whispered. "You two have got to make a break for it. It's our only chance."

"The servants," Willie said. "And Mrs. Brisco—and Pat's sister! If we made a row—if we called for help—"

"The servants live in a wing at the back of the house," Pat said.

"And when we call for help they'll be on us in a matter of seconds," Tom said. "Before anyone in the house could wake, get up, get dressed, and get out here, we'd be—finished. They'd have their story of the escaping intruders. If you could get to the garage and one of the cars—"

"Will they have left any ignition keys handy?" Willie asked.

"I doubt if it would work anyhow," Pat said. "There are iron gates at the entrance. They're probably closed. They'd have made a point of that. You'd have to stop the car, get out, and open them."

"**C**ould you smash through them with a car?"

"I doubt it," Pat said.

Willie remembered the gates. He'd always thought they were handsome. "They're about four feet high and very solid," he said.

"The only thing is for each of you to try a different way out," Tom said. "With luck, one of you may make it."

"It's so hard to take in," Willie whispered. "They're people, like us—laughing and joking at the post office, coming to my theatre, riding around town. It's so hard to take in."

"Shut up, Willie," Tom said. "Pat's the only one who can help us now. She'll know the best ways out. It's up to you to figure it, Pat."

"They know every inch of ground—every path—every bush and tree," Pat said. "David—" and her voice broke. "David will be thinking steps ahead of me all the way. We could never hide from him as children. He could always think the way we thought, and come straight to us."

There was a whistle, only yards away,

and an answer—and another answer. They were closing in, closer and closer. Willie tried to swallow, but his throat seemed to be stuck. He had thought of something, and the very thought of it seemed to paralyze him.

"Think, Pat. Think!" Tom was whispering.

A half mile away were sleeping people who in their wildest dreams couldn't have imagined what was going on so near by. If they could get to one of those houses and a phone—

Willie kept thinking of the thing that frightened him so. Pat and Tom were whispering together. Should they go by the garden—or by the stables—or cut back up into the woodland back of the house? There you could get lost in the darkness, and there the hunt could go on, undisturbed by the coming of daylight.

Willie's mouth was so close to the earth he had the illusion of tasting it. "I have an idea," he said. He had been sure he wouldn't be heard, and that he wouldn't have to say it again.

"Well, Willie?"

"Pat—Pat knows some direct way out of here," Willie said. "Suppose—suppose they thought we were trying it another way and followed us. Then Pat could streak for it."

"I don't get it, Willie," Tom said.

"Suppose I made a break for it in the opposite direction from the way Pat plans to go. Suppose I—I didn't try to hide the fact that I was going for it. They'd f-follow me, wouldn't they? And while they were f-following me, Pat could make it."

"Willie!" Pat whispered. "Oh, Willie."

"They'd catch you," Tom said.

"I know," Willie said. "But it would take a f-few minutes, and Pat could be—" There wasn't any use saying any more. It was horribly clear, it seemed to Willie. "That way you two might make it," he said.

"And you wouldn't," Tom said.

"It seems p-pretty clear we can't all three make it," Willie said. "You can't move, Tom. Pat has the best chance of getting away quickly—she knows the grounds. So—so it looks like I'm elected, if you think it would work at all."

"It might work," Tom said slowly.

"So P-Pat picks the way she wants to

g-go," Willie said, surprised at his stammering. "and I g-go the other way—and that's that."

There was a long silence, broken by the whistling, now dangerously close.

"We can't stall f-forever," Willie said.

"Oh, Willie!" Suddenly Willie felt an arm around him and a cheek pressed close to his. There was the salty taste of Pat's tears on his lips. Willie felt a kind of strange exaltation creeping over him.

"Which way are you going to take, Pat?" he asked, and realized that he had been calling her by her first name for quite a while.

Willie discovered that Pat had a real head on her shoulders as well as all the courage in the world. Now that it was decided, there was no more weeping, and it was she who became the general. Nobody said anything more about what would happen to Willie or what his chances were. Pat laid it on the line very directly.

She would go by way of the stable. It was a large building and it would give her cover for fifty yards. Beyond that was the vegetable garden, which adjoined a neighbor's land. If she could get through the gate at the foot of the garden she would be within hailing distance of safety. In all, she figured, it was about five hundred yards—"about the length of the fifth hole on the golf course."

Willie would move as quietly as he could out of their hiding place and try to get across the formal garden without being heard. Then he would make his play.

There's a flagstone path to the swimming pool," Pat said. "If you run on that you'll be heard clearly. Now listen very carefully, Willie dear. When you get to the swimming pool, bear right, run to the end of the pool and cut left. Keep going as nearly straight ahead as you can. There's a high lilac hedge running all around the property there—but if you keep straight ahead after cutting left you come to a gap in the hedge. Beyond that is a path, a short cut to the country club, leading through woods and swamp. If you get through the gap in the

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He had known the sensation in dreams of running hopelessly from some nameless horror. He tripped and sprawled on hands and knees. Instantly a shrill whistle sounded. This, he knew, was the end

hedge—" Pat had to steady her voice "—if you get through the gap in the hedge, Willie, you may have a chance. The woods and swamp are thick."

"Right at swimming pool," Willie said. "Left around the end of it—gap in hedge—" He took a deep breath. "Well, good-by."

"Wait!" Tom said. "Pat won't move till we hear that they've taken up the chase after you. Don't forget, Willie, if you get clear without attracting their attention, *get help!* Don't count on Pat."

"Good-by," Willie said, trying to make unwilling legs work.

"Willie!" Tom's voice shook a little. "I never thought much about you, never knew much about you, but if we should be lucky enough to get out of this thing alive—"

"I'd better go," Willie said.

Standing up, he felt as if he were revealing himself naked on the town's main street. He expected lights to go on, guns to go off—but nothing happened. He couldn't hear a sound anywhere, yet he had a feeling there was movement around him, that up in the house anxious faces were at windows, waiting, listening.

Inch by inch, Willie eased himself

out of the clump of shrubbery. Surely Peter, on the terrace, would hear the crackling of a twig. If he did, there was no sound from him. Then Willie started across the thick carpet of grass. He was instantly aware of the pieces of paper in his shoes. They made walking uncomfortable. His breathing sounded ludicrously loud to him. They must be able to hear him yards away.

A whistle—farther away than the preceding ones—turned him into a statue for a moment. The answers came—also farther away. And then one that seemed almost on top of him. Willie's instinct was to cover his head with his hands and wait for the blow to fall. Light footsteps were almost at his elbow—and somebody passed him, close enough to touch, and went away from him in the other direction—back toward where Tom and Pat were waiting.

Willie started up again, hurrying now. He hadn't realized he had reached the path, but suddenly felt stone under his feet. This was where he was supposed to make his play. Willie knew the impulse to treachery at that moment. He had got this far undetected. Suppose he continued his noiseless way? He might make it. He might. But the person who'd just passed him was heading

toward the helpless Tom. It would take time to deal with him and Pat. If he moved quietly, Willie might make it.

He wanted to scream, to attract attention to himself as a denial of that fleeting consideration. But he mustn't do anything unlikely. Running was the only thing that was likely. Willie drew a deep breath and took off.

He sounded to himself like someone running in wooden sandals. He hadn't gone ten feet before a shrill whistle of alarm pierced the night. The answers came. They had heard him.

Like everyone else, Willie had known the sensation in dreams of running with all his might from some nameless horror, and getting nowhere. He tripped on a slightly protruding stone and stumbled drunkenly off the path into a neat box hedge. He picked himself out of it, his hands and face scratched and bleeding.

Crawling on his hands and knees, he found the flagstones again. Then he dragged himself upright and ran. His heart was driving against his ribs. It seemed to him that his lungs would collapse at any instant. He fell again.

Pat had neglected to mention that there were three steps at the bottom of

the path. Willie landed on his shoulders, and hot irons of pain ran up and down his back and side. He tried to untangle himself, somehow got to his knees, and then collapsed again. The pain was unendurable. His head spun drunkenly.

He had to get up. He had to make the gap in the hedge. If they didn't find him at once they might think all three of them had escaped that way. He tried to move again, and for an instant the whole world went black.

He couldn't move, and he couldn't open his eyes, but he could hear. They were coming close to him now—or was that the pounding of his heart? No, someone was coming, like the thundering hoofs of a runaway horse.

It took a superhuman effort for him to get to his knees. He was delirious, he told himself. A noise just like a galloping horse coming down after him sounded along the flagstones.

He lurched up onto his feet, his right arm hanging useless at his side. The galloping hoofs were growing fainter. He heard a shout at what seemed a great distance. He knew they were close to him—must have seen him. The pain and the dizziness had dislocated his sense of direction and distance.

There was the pool—turn right. He staggered along the concrete edge of the pool and blundered clumsily into a beach umbrella. The umbrella and a small table went over with a crash. That was the end, Willie knew. He couldn't get up from there. He couldn't.

But he did, tottering drunkenly. The edge of the pool—turn left. Keep going straight to the gap in the hedge—if he got through the hedge—They must be directly behind him now. He imagined he could almost feel them breathing on him. He imagined hands reaching out for him, groping for him. It was too dark to see the gap in the hedge. He would have to feel for it, and he had neither the time nor the energy for that. Then, miraculously, he saw it—a light place in the hedge that must be the opening. He reeled toward it, seeing it through a red mist of anguish. He reached out to part the branches.

Then Willie screamed for the first time in his life. It was not a gap in the hedge.

It was a white dinner jacket outlined against the solid wall of green.

Willie acted without reason. He couldn't turn back. He couldn't even turn aside. He lowered his head and plunged forward, with his last ounce of strength, toward the waiting enemy. Something struck him on the jaw with the violence of an exploding infernal machine and, mercifully, Willie knew no more. . . .

Willie came back from somewhere. His eyes were closed. He thought he must have been sleeping cramped up on his shoulder, because it hurt him. He tried to move, and it hurt him unbearably. Then he smelled cigarette smoke. He wondered who could be in his room. It frightened him. Slowly he opened his eyes. He could see the tops of trees, and above them a pale-gray sky.

Then it came back to him in all its horror. He struggled up to a sitting position. He was in the woods, and directly opposite him, sitting with his back to a tree, was David Brisco. His white dinner jacket was grass-stained and torn. Resting across his knees was a rifle. He was smoking a cigarette, and his eyes had been closed, too, until Willie moved.

"What are you waiting for?" Willie asked. His voice was thick.

"Listen," David said. "You should hear it any minute."

"They've caught Pat and Tom."

A smile moved David's lips. Willie couldn't figure it—half proud, half rueful. "Not Pat," he said. "And if they've found Tom it doesn't matter now. Didn't you hear the horse, Mr. Wexler?"

"Horse?" Willie had heard horses thundering after him, but those horses had been imaginary.

"Pat got to the stable while we were chasing you in the darkness, Mr. Wexler. There was no time to saddle or bridle her horse. Just a halter and a rope, and she crawled aboard." He chuckled. "I taught her to ride, you know. Down the drive and over a four-foot iron fence, with nothing but her heart to hold her on."

"She got away!" Willie whispered.

"Yes, she got away." Carefully, David cleared away a patch of leaves beside him and pushed his cigarette into the earth, crushing it out as a man who is used to the woods always does. "There

were three of us, Mr. Wexler—all armed, all so very clever, all used to hunting noiselessly in the darkness of the woods, all without having tasted defeat in any aspect of our lives—and a little girl, and the rawest tenderfoot alive—" He shook his head, laughing softly again. "I don't mean to belittle you, Mr. Wexler. But catching you should have been as easy as shooting fish in a barrel."

"You could have shot me here."

"The hunt was over," David said. "You may not know it, Mr. Wexler, but when you fell at the foot of the steps by the pool you were unconscious for two or three minutes. I found you there. But Pat was gone. After that I only wanted to keep you from getting help first. An unpardonable sense of family pride, I'm afraid."

David found another cigarette in his jacket pocket. The flame of his lighter revealed his face. Strangely enough it seemed to Willie to be less tired, less strained than it had been earlier.

"You're going to tell this story over and over again, Mr. Wexler," David said. "When you do, remember one thing. My father really believed it was more important for him to be allowed to serve his country than to live by its rules. My brother believed it. I believed it. I think I still believe it. I think it would have been far wiser to hide the truth about Martin Barrgrave's death and allow my father to work for his country's welfare. But unfortunately I have the ability to see two sides of an argument. I understand your view and Curtin's—that perhaps we cannot save the democracy we love by breaking its rules."

"I don't know," Willie said. "It—it's something like a hit-and-run driver. You can't let that happen, you know. People would be getting killed on the streets all the time."

"Homely but apt, Mr. Wexler," David said. His cigarette stopped halfway to his mouth. "Listen!"

In the distance, but coming closer, Willie heard the siren of a police car. "Shall we go up to the house, Mr. Wexler?" David said. "Perhaps you should break that rule of yours about not drinking. That shoulder must be giving you hell." THE END

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BY ALBERT JOHNS

Few of the American voters who will go to the polls next November to pick a President realize what a diverse choice of candidates they will actually have. Yet there will be, as always, scores of candidates, each representing a different political party. To be sure, they will be too unorthodox, revolutionary, or downright lunatic for most voters. Still the choice will by no means be limited to Democrat or Republican.

Among the 1952 crop of maverick candidates now campaigning are a reformed drunkard, a grocer who favors inflation, at least four varieties of Marxist, a lawyer who was in jail when nominated, a West Point graduate with pacifist convictions, a publicity agent, and a former civil servant who lives in a truck.

Almost any citizen over twenty-one can form a political party and nominate himself for the Presidency, provided only

that the party observes the Federal Corrupt Practices Act, which requires each party to make public all donations and expenditures. But he must first get himself listed on the state ballots. Each of the forty-eight states has different election laws, a few fairly lenient (in Tennessee, not much more is needed to make the ballot than a petition signed by ten people), but most of them pretty stringent (California demands half a million

WON'T GET ELECTED

Photos I.N.P.

signatures). Voters can usually write in a name, but no candidate lacking official status draws a very big following.

Of the minor political parties that ran candidates in 1948 only six got on any ballot, and out of 48,833,680 possible votes all the minor parties combined polled under three million. Some parties won less than ten. Such dim prospects of success, however, fail to dim the zeal of the dark, dark horses.

Who are they, and what do they stand for? Marxism is responsible for the majority. At present the admittedly Marxist parties number four—Communist, Socialist, Socialist Workers, Socialist Labor. Each of these claims to be the only correct interpreter of Karl Marx's ideas. A fifth party, the Progressives, has been so heavily infiltrated by Communists as to be virtually their captive.

Although the American Communist Party still enjoys legal status, it has supported no candidate in its own name for any federal office since 1940, when it nominated Earl Browder for President. (One reason is that it would have to expose its financial structure to public view.) It does, however, actively support candidates campaigning under other banners.

The American Socialist Party, the extreme right wing of Marxism, has been growing increasingly subdued, conservative, and unaggressive. On numerous issues—American foreign policy in Korea, for instance—it sees pretty much eye to eye with the Government. In 1948, thirty-one states admitted the Socialists to their ballots. But Norman Thomas, their perennial candidate, gathered only 139,000 votes. In 1952, for the first election since 1928, Thomas will not run. The new standard-bearer bears the Wodehousian name of Darlington Hoopes.

The Socialist Workers, a microscopic splinter party (twelve states, 13,613 votes in 1948), consider themselves to be the

only true-blue Communists. They are the Trotskyite, anti-Stalin Communists, who quit the party in 1928, denouncing what went on in Russia as mere bureaucracy existing chiefly for the aggrandizement of Stalin and his gang. "Our quarrel with Stalin," says the party's campaign manager, George Clarke, "is that he is not nearly anticapitalist enough."

Eighteen S.W. leaders were jailed in 1942 for sedition. They had been violently criticizing the United States for fighting "an imperialist war for profits," a point of view that placed them squarely in bed with their archenemies, the pro-Nazis. Among those jailed was Farrell Dobbs, a former coalyard worker and union organizer, who edited the party's shrill weekly newspaper, *The Militant*. Dobbs is the S.W. Presidential candidate in 1952, as he was in 1948.

The party platform? A six-hour day, thirty-hour week for labor, with no reduction in pay; trade-union wages for servicemen; hundred-per-cent taxation for incomes over \$25,000, none for incomes under \$5,000; nationalization of all basic industries.

The Socialist Labor Party, started in 1874 as the Workingman's Party of North America, antedates most of the American Marxist parties. Its Presidential candidate this year is Eric Hass, a professional political journalist. The party dismisses all issues as manifestations of capitalism. Its only plank is: wipe out capitalism root and stock and begin afresh with socialism. Should Hass be elected, his first act would be to abrogate the Constitution. He would then step down and let a labor-union committee run the country.

Capitalists, however, need lose no sleep. In the 1948 election, when the S.L.P. got on twenty-one state ballots, it won 29,061 votes.

Contrary to a widespread misconception, the Progressive Party did not cease



The Dixiecrats dramatically bolted the Democratic convention in 1948 on the issue of civil rights. Their candidate, Thurmond, polled almost a million and a half votes.

to exist with the defection of Henry Wallace, its Presidential candidate in 1948, who broke with it in 1950 over the Korean war. Wallace upholds the Government's policy; the Progressives attack it, though they have had nothing very harsh to say about the Russian role in Korea. "We haven't changed," declares C. P. ("Beanie") Baldwin, the party's national secretary. "Wallace has."

The Progressives claim their voting strength is a million and a half. It is true that in 1948 they were on all but four state ballots and rolled up well over a million votes. It is doubtful, however, that their 1952 candidate will be able to achieve a fraction of that. Right now he is in jail. He is Vincent Hallinan of San Francisco, a fifty-five-year-old criminal lawyer who was sentenced to six months for contempt of court while defending Harry Bridges—the Communist

(Continued on next page)



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Presidential Candidates (continued)

Would you like to run for President? It's easy—just form a party and nominate yourself. Maverick politicians prove that no matter what you stand for, somebody will like it



Vegetarian candidate Brigadier General Herbert C. Holdridge of Pismo Beach, California, is a retired Army officer who stands for absolute pacifism. "All life is a form of vibration," he says, "and I don't want to vibrate at the rate of, let's say, a pig."

labor boss of the West Coast longshoremen—from charges of perjury.

Regarding the Communists, Beanie Baldwin bluntly admits, "We've never disassociated ourselves from them, and we never will. We welcome any group that agrees with our policies."

What are those policies? Like the Communists, the Progressives advocate bringing United States troops back from Korea, cutting the armaments budget, ending the wage freeze and increasing the welfare budget, and repealing the Smith Act and the Taft-Hartley Act.

There is only one openly Fascist party in the United States today—the Christian Nationalist Crusade, and it is less a bona fide political organization than a device for the personal enrichment of its founder, Gerald L. K. Smith, a burly, bull-lunged, unfrocked minister, with a long record of pro-Nazi activities. It has, however, all the outward trappings, including an official organ, *The Cross and the Flag*; headquarters in St. Louis; and a ten-point program. Some of the points:

"Preserve America as a Christian nation, being conscious of the fact that there is a highly organized campaign to substitute Jewish tradition for Christian tradition. . . . Fight mongrelization and all attempts being made to force the intermixture of the black and white races. . . . Stop immigration. . . . Oppose world government and a superstate. . . ."

Smith is an efficient money-raiser who has persuaded people through his rabble-

rousing lectures and writings to donate to his "crusade" a yearly total of as much as \$100,000. In 1948 he put himself forward as the party's Presidential candidate. No state would accept his name on the ballot. He got forty-two write-in votes. Many write-in votes were disqualified, the writers-in having been too illiterate, ignorant, or careless to have entered them properly.

The son of one contributor obliged Smith to return the contribution. His

parent, it developed, was an inmate of a mental institution.

The indestructible Prohibition Party, the objectives of which scarcely need to be defined, has come forward with the most colorful candidate since its inception eighty-three years ago. At its convention, held in the First Baptist Church of Indianapolis and attended by about a hundred and fifty delegates from twenty-seven states, it nominated Stuart Hamblen, a six-foot-two, 214-pound reformed alcoholic from Arcadia, California.

Hamblen refers to himself as a "cow-boy evangelist." In his prereform days he was a television pitchman, peddling everything from breakfast food to cigarettes. In Hollywood he chanced to attend a sermon by the evangelist Billy Graham. He instantly saw the light and forswore drinking, among other vices.

The Prohibition Party can usually count on \$50,000 or so in annual donations. In 1948 it won a place on nineteen state ballots and received 103,216 votes. No Prohibitionist has assumed any public office since 1942. That year the party had the inexpressible joy of seeing one of its own elected to the high office of constable of Starr township, Kansas.

The minor political party that polled more votes than any other in 1948 was the States Rights Democrats. In nineteen states they got a total of 1,169,021. The party burst into existence during the Democratic convention of that year. It is the party of Dixiecracy. Outraged by the inclusion in Truman's platform of the Civil Rights plank, a number of normally reliable Democrats bolted and wrote their own ticket. To run on it, they nominated Governor J. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina. At this writing it seems unlikely the Dixiecrats will run their own candidate in 1952.

One of the country's oldest minor political parties is the Greenback Party. It was founded in 1874. Its platform has



Perennial candidate Norman Thomas, who ran for the Presidency six times on the Socialist ticket, has now stepped aside in favor of Darlington Hoopes. Under Thomas' conservative guidance the Socialists have become the right wing of Marxism.

the virtue of simplicity: the way to cure the country's economic ills is to print money whenever needed. In the 1878 elections the Greenbacks drew a million votes and elected fourteen congressmen. Ten years later they had very nearly ceased to exist. The present party, with headquarters in Indianapolis, is a revival that depends entirely on write-ins.

Its 1952 candidate is a grocer, Fred C. Proehl of Seattle. Since the 1948 Greenback candidate, a farmer from Crayville, New York, polled six votes, nothing is likely to happen next fall to take Proehl away from his grocery.

Should austere, Bible-quoting, pacifist, retired Army officer Brigadier General Herbert C. Holdridge of Pismo Beach, California, become President, it would be a sad day for the nation's cattlemen, meat packers, and butchers. The general is the Vegetarian Party's candidate.

The Vegetarians claim to be the only absolute pacifists, for they regard the destruction of animal as well as human life with abhorrence. General Holdridge is a vegetarian of six years' standing. He got that way at a Vegetarian banquet to which he was invited in Washington, D.C. He testifies that during this banquet there was suddenly transferred from his unconscious to his conscious mind a memory of boyhood. "I remembered," he related later, in his speech of acceptance, "how on a Michigan farm I helped slaughter a dozen hogs, went to bed that night unable to eat or sleep, mentally and physically ill. Since then I have shuddered at the very thought of eating flesh."

The general added that all life is a form of vibration and that we take on the vibration of the food we eat. "I, for one," he thundered, "don't want to vibrate at the rate of a pig."

At the last election the Vegetarian Party garnered four write-in votes.

On the outermost fringe of politics abides a host of parties that begin and end with a single obsessed individual.

The Spiritual Party is the creation of Edward Longstreet Bodin, a fifty-eight-year-old New Yorker who bills himself as "athlete, soldier, reporter, author, literary agent, editor, lecturer, publisher, corporation treasurer." At present he is

also publicity agent for the octogenarian health-faddist, Bernarr Macfadden, and not long ago arranged for his client to parachute into the Hudson River.

Bodin considers himself merely a Presidential candidate pro tem. He is prepared, he says, to step aside for any candidate of more spiritual qualities. He winds up his campaign speech, which he has delivered in thirty-five states, by bellowing, "Now is the time to seek the holy lash of indignation!" He then produces a bull whip from beneath his coat and snaps it over the heads of his listeners. "It's very dramatic," he says.

"Call me cracked," Bodin tells his critics, "but remember that the Liberty Bell is also cracked. And if a cracked bell can inspire right—so can a cracked Bodin. A crack lets in light."

Another Presidential candidate of decidedly spiritual policies is Captain Don Du Mont, a former shipbuilder of New London, Connecticut, whose brother is the TV tycoon, Allen Du Mont. A cultivated, plausible, likable man in his fifties, the captain calls his party the Republimerican Party. His slogan is "a dependable deal in '52," and the major plank in his platform demands a return to basic Christian virtues in government. To promulgate this ideal throughout the nation, Du Mont has sacrificed a sizable income.

Du Mont has traveled in, lived in, and campaigned from an old mail truck he purchased from the Post Office Department, by which he was once employed. Last January he drove the truck to Washington, parked it in a lot near the Capitol, and proceeded to proselytize legislators and political reporters. The kindly manager of a nearby hotel permitted him to take baths there now and then and occasionally loaned him money. By spring he had accumulated parking charges of \$150 and, unable to pay them, left the truck as surety while he headed north. It is evidence of the captain's charm that both the hotel manager and the owner of the parking lot speak of him with a kind of grudging affection.

Easily the least inhibited of the one-man parties is Henry Krajewski's Poor Man's Party. Its headquarters are in the Roseland Ballroom Building, the re-



Spiritual Party's Edward Longstreet Bodin proclaims: "There is no inflation in heaven," describes himself as "soldier, author, editor, etc." He is also a press agent.

nowned New York rendezvous of dime-a-dance enthusiasts. Krajewski stands for: no income tax for families earning less than \$6,000 and tax exemption for families with more than four children, free milk for all school children, votes for eighteen-year-olds ("If they can fight, they can vote"), a national lottery, free maternity care, earlier Social Security benefits.

A man of many parts, Krajewski ("Farmer" Krajewski, age forty, owns a pig farm in New Jersey, where he lives with his wife and nine children), has played professional football with the Bayonne Vikings; challenged heavyweight Tony Galento to a fight, the gate to go to charity (Galento, says Krajewski, declined); learned to play five musical instruments and speak six languages; run twice for local political offices, being both times roundly defeated. The porcine theme has been dominant in Farmer Krajewski's career. He raises as many as four thousand hogs at a time. When campaigning, he frequently appears with a piglet tucked under one arm. He has not done so yet, but sooner or later he will probably promise "to bring home the bacon." **THE END**

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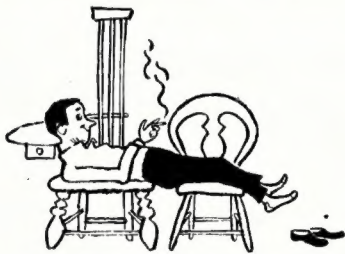
HIGHWAY DEATH TRAPS

Quincy, Massachusetts: Your June story, "Where's Your Nearest Death Trap?" is indeed helpful in eliminating the daily auto tragedies that occur in this state. Our hat's off to you. —DELCEVARE KING
Chairman, Granite Trust Co.

Hartford, Connecticut: West Main Street in New Britain is not Connecticut's leading death trap. A check with the State Department of Highways shows that it is only the sixth most dangerous highway in the state and as such seems like a fine place for safe Sunday driving.

—CRAIG PEARSON
The Hartford Courant

The last comparative statistics issued by the Connecticut State Highway Commission were for the period 1946-1949. Since then West Main Street has decreased its accident rate considerably. —The Editors



Chicago, Illinois: Every time I hear the word "automobile" I rush to the nearest reasonably comfortable place and lie down. My wife and children complain

ANALYSIS OF TEST ON PAGE 13

How Do You Feel About Men?

If your thoughts followed A—you are likely to be "Miss Anxious." You are willing to sacrifice your pride to keep your relations with the man in your life going smoothly. You would be very unhappy if you made your man so angry he really left you.

If you identified yourself with B—then you are "Miss Contented." You want a relationship that is stable and friendly, but you don't get very emotional about it. You prefer security to drama, and once married you'll heave a sigh of relief now that your life is set.

If you thought along C's lines—then you are "Miss Protective." You want to feel that you take care of the man in your life—see that he wears his rubbers on rainy days, perhaps. You are devoted to him, but you aren't so worried about losing him as about taking good care of him. Such a man may sometimes feel his life is not his own.

about this, but I'm alive, healthy, and more rested than I've been in years.

—ROBERT SLEDGE

THE CHARITY MILLIONS

New York, New York: I have read with care "Where Does Your Charity Money Go?" in your July issue and am struck by the fact that it was written by Albert Q. Maisel. In an article in 1946 Mr. Maisel advocated the single fund-raising drive and singled out the National Tuberculosis Association and the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis as two of the agencies conducting independent drives that should join a united drive. His change of opinion seems to me to be exceedingly significant.

His thinking, however, is in accord with that of the vast majority of directors of the three thousand tuberculosis associations—that the many efforts in various communities to establish united-fund drives are not due to spontaneous revolts against multiplicity of fund drives but are in fact due to high-pressure campaigns of a relatively few individuals from outside the community.

Our tuberculosis associations are in full accord with community chests that are formed by agencies voluntarily banding together to raise money. We strongly object to campaigns that attempt to force agencies into a single drive through efforts such as Mr. Maisel describes.

—JAMES E. PERKINS, M.D.
Managing Director, National Tuberculosis Association

Cincinnati, Ohio: I was horrified by Mr. Maisel's attack on community chests. It strikes me as intemperate as well as indecent. I am sick and tired of supporting dozens of different drives. I am in favor of everybody's getting together in one big drive. —WALTER S. JOHNSTONE

So is Mr. Maisel—providing everybody really gets together and is not forced to. —The Editors

ODD MONIKERS

Springfield, Massachusetts: Many of my friends brought to my attention your June article, "Does Your Name Fit You?" by Caroline Bird, because of the line, "One unhappy girl is Versa because she arrived on her parents' anniversary."

I was born on my parents' anniversary, and my father derived my name, Versa Rae, from the word anniversary. Mine is the original name, and I am far from unhappy with it. —VERSA RAE SWEET

Miss Sweet is in the distinguished company of the children of the late Governor Hogg of Texas, who named his daughters Ima and Ura. —The Editors

JUNIOR-SIZED BOLGER

New York, New York: After reading "The Dancing Scarecrow," E. J. Kahn's wonderful story on Ray Bolger in the July issue, it was hard to believe that the beloved dancing funnyman has already hit the half-century mark. Somehow I always think of him as being particularly and perpetually young. His universally appealing verve brings to mind eighteen-year-old Joel Grey, who recently rocked them at New York's Copacabana, and who, I think, could double as a juvenile Bolger.

—EDDIE BLUM



Joel Grey (right)—another Bolger?

THE BISHOP SHEEN STORY

New York, New York: My sincere congratulations to COSMOPOLITAN and Bob Considine for the excellent typewriter portrait of Bishop Fulton J. Sheen. The story projects the rare personality of His Excellency. It was that personality that prompted me to schedule his program on our TV network despite all kinds of advice to the contrary and against such formidable competition as Milton Berle and Frank Sinatra. We knew Bishop Sheen could not miss.

—JAMES L. CADDIGAN
Director of Programming
Du Mont TV Network

Washington, D.C.: His program moves me to the point of indifference. When I want a sermon I'll go into a church and get it. —JOHNSON R. POLK

Boston, Massachusetts: I am a Presbyterian, and I am not interested in being converted, but I certainly am interested in good TV entertainment, and that the good bishop does provide.

—RODNEY R. GHENT

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